

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

MAY, 1892.

No. 1.

ON A PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

WAS this his face, and these the finding eyes
That plucked a new world from the rolling seas?
Who, serving Christ, whom most he sought to please,
Willed his one thought until he saw arise
Man's other home and earthly paradise—
His early vision, when with stalwart knees
He pushed the boat from his young olive-trees,
And sailed to wrest the secret of the skies?

He on the waters dared to set his feet,
And through believing planted earth's last race.
What faith in man must in our new world beat,
Thinking how once he saw before his face
The west and all the host of stars retreat
Into the silent infinite of space!

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1892.

George E. Woodberry.



THOMAS COUTURE.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS COUTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.



My first meeting with Couture, who became one of my best and dearest friends, was odd and characteristic. It was in 1834; I was not yet one and twenty, and had just arrived from the United States, well provided for in the way of courage and determination, with a goodly stock of youthful illusions, and very little besides. I was just beginning to understand a few words of French, and had entered the studio of the great and unfortunate painter Gros. If I understood but few of the things the master and pupils said to me, I understood the language of the pencil, and worked all the harder that I was more estranged.

One day, as the model was resting, and I was looking at my morning's work in a somewhat melancholy state of mind, a short, thick-set young man, with bright brown eyes and shaggy hair, unceremoniously pushed me aside, saying, "Donne moi ta place, petit." I was going to protest, when I saw my fellow-student so absorbed that I grew interested in what he was doing. He coolly turned over my sheet of gray paper and sketched the model, who, resting, had fallen into a far better attitude than that which we had copied. The outline drawing was so strong, so full of life, so easily done, that I never received a better lesson. When he had finished, he left my place as coolly as he had taken it, seemingly quite unconscious of my existence.

I did not then know the name of this free-and-easy comrade, but I kept the drawing and prized it. I am sorry to say that the woman intrusted with the care of my room had but small respect for the fine arts, and being one day in need of paper to light my fire, took a number of drawings for that purpose. Among those drawings was the outline sketch by Thomas Couture.

I was scarcely able to profit much by my illustrious master's directions. Baron Gros had been a very successful as well as a very great painter. His "Battle of Eylau" and his "Plague of Jaffa" at the Louvre show what he was capable of doing. But little by little fashion changed; other painters became the favorites of the moment, and Gros was left somewhat in the background. There are but few sorrows more cruel than such a sorrow — to feel one's own power; to know that one's rivals are less truly artists than one's self; and yet to assist, powerless, at

the crumbling away of one's own fame. And, as often happens, the very public, so eager formerly to praise, seems to find a cruel delight in throwing mud at the fallen idol. The criticisms which were not spared Baron Gros when his last picture was exhibited at the Salon so cut him to the heart that he threw himself into the Seine. His body was found near Saint-Cloud.

Gros's pupils dispersed, and I had no opportunity to make further acquaintance with my eccentric fellow-student.

Some years later, when the estranged boy that I was in 1834 had become a young man, I happened to pass with a comrade, a young Englishman named Coplis, near the shop of Desforges, who sold canvases and paints, and who also exhibited pictures in his window. I was greatly struck by a picture representing a young Venetian, and endeavored to excite my companion to enthusiasm. Coplis was hungry, and at first thought more of his delayed lunch than of the painting. But he soon forgot his hunger, and exclaimed, "By Jove! I must get my brother to buy that." Lucky fellow! I had a certain respect for a painter whose brother was rich enough to buy pictures. In those days painters were by no means able to build their own grand studios, and to fill them with wonderful draperies and precious bric-à-brac; as a usual thing, they belonged to modest families, who mourned over the son and brother who had embraced such a profession.

Mr. Coplis bought the picture signed Thomas Couture, and paid the color-dealer a thousand francs for it. I afterward found out that the artist received only three hundred francs. As it happened, it was I who was commissioned to go to his studio. As soon as I entered I saw that Couture was no other than the fellow-student who had so unceremoniously taken my place. I was so delighted at the coincidence that Couture, who naturally did not recognize me at all, thought me a little crazy. I exclaimed, "I am so glad that it is you!" I must now confess a little weakness of mine. When I am excited and pleased by any unexpected event, I rather enjoy the bewilderment of those who are not in the secret. After all, each must find his pleasure where he can. But after a while Couture understood that I was not the rich amateur who had bought his picture, but only a poor devil of a painter like him-



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE LITTLE CONFECTIONER.

self, and that we both had been pupils of Gros. Our friendship dated from that moment.

There was in Couture's talent such vigor, such frankness, so much of life and truth, that my admiration for the artist equaled my liking for the man. He was apart among the painters of the day; as far removed from the cold academic school as from the new art, just then making its way, with Delacroix at its head. The famous quarrel between the classical and the romantic camps left him indifferent. He was, even then, of too independent a nature to

by the wayside, a goatskin about his loins his only garment, thin, his deep-sunken eyes full of despair, his brow overshadowed by a thick shock of black hair, seems to ruminate over his past follies and their consequences. In the background pass a man and a woman: the young woman is full of compassion, while her companion points to the prodigal and seems to tell his story. The contrast between the prodigal son and these lovers is very happily indicated; and the rich tones of the man's red drapery relieve the somberness of the rest of



STUDY FOR "THE LOVE OF GOLD."

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

follow any chief, however great. He was—himself. His great aim was to approach nature as near as possible, to give life and passion to his painted figures. And in that he succeeded wonderfully.

On that first visit of mine to his bare studio—a very different-looking place from the lovely boudoir-like studios of fashionable painters nowadays—I saw him at work on a picture only just sketched in. He exclaimed: "The amateur who will buy that canvas for a thousand francs will have his money's worth. Don't you think so?" A thousand francs! The picture was large, and represented the prodigal son, a life-size figure. The young man, seated

the picture. While examining the sketch I said to my new friend: "My sitters pay me a thousand francs for a portrait. If you will allow me to pay you by instalments, I will be that amateur,—and a proud one too,—and I offer you not a thousand francs, but fifteen hundred."

I was very proud of my purchase, but a little troubled too. In those days my sitters were not very numerous, and I borrowed of Mr. Coplis, the brother of my fellow-student, the first sum paid to Couture. But I never regretted this youthful folly of mine. "The Prodigal Son" remained in my studio for many years, and I took it with me to America. Finally I gave it, with many other



ADVOCATE PLEADING.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

pictures, to the city of Chicago. I am sorry to say that the whole collection was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. A small sketch of "The Prodigal Son," and a most spirited one, still exists; it belongs to M. Barbedienne, the famous bronze-dealer, who was a personal friend of Couture, and possesses a number of pictures, drawings, and sketches by the master.

Thomas Couture was of humble origin, and had to fight his way in life; he fought it bravely and successfully. He was born in Senlis, not far from Paris, on the 21st of December, 1815. Sturdy, thick-set, short, with a big voice and somewhat rough manners, he was by no means what is called a "lady's man." He never frequented society, and had a profound contempt for those who did. He was a great worker, in his youth especially, for later he grew much fonder of his ease. He cared only for the life of the studio and for artists' jokes, and, I am sorry to say, practical jokes were his particular delight.

If he had not been a painter, he might have been a most inimitable comic actor. When he told a story (and he told funny stories by the dozen), he would act it; his face would turn and twist, his eyes would dance, his nose, with its peculiar nostrils opening upward, would sniff, and he managed so admirably to render the tone

of voice and the gestures of those he imitated that he actually looked like them. I remember that many years later, happening to speak of a very fussy old lady whom we both knew, and whom he had known when she was young, he so caught the twist of her head, the pleading of her eyes, the flattery of her society phrases, that I saw her before me, and not only as she was then, but as she must have been twenty or thirty years before.

Couture was a staunch and faithful friend. We were often separated, as I continually went to America or to England; but when I returned to Paris I was sure to find my old comrade such as he had been when we parted. When I married, and presented him to my young wife, the impression was not so favorable as I should have liked. His big, loud voice, his free-and-easy manners, and especially his practical jokes, which he did not always reserve for the painting-room, greatly disturbed the shy young Englishwoman. At one time he never came to dine with us without bringing in his pocket a tame lizard, which would run up his back and nestle against his neck, or would play the same trick with unsuspecting strangers. He did his best to inspire a disgust for oysters by showing the creatures to be living at the moment when they were swallowed. Many other



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

HARLEQUIN PLEADING.

such trifles were set down against him at first; but with time, and especially after he himself, rather late in life, married, these eccentricities were softened down, and his real sterling qualities—the good heart, the faithfulness, the sturdy courage, and the manly energy—grew to be more thoroughly appreciated.

These strong qualities did not go without a certain rough independence of character which did not help him to success and official dignities. He divided the world into two distinct classes: artists,—that is, those whom God created to be the masters of the world,—and the others, whom he called with infinite contempt “*les bourgeois*.” The greatest statesmen, kings, noblemen, or shopkeepers were all bourgeois,—that is, inferior beings, who should consider it an honor to buy pictures or statues at the highest possible rates. As to allowing them a voice in the matter, the right of directing in any way the artist they employed, that was not to be thought of. Their first duty was to be eternally satisfied, grateful, and enthusiastic.

At the time that Guizot published his work on Washington I was commissioned by a group of Americans to paint a portrait of the great statesman. The sittings were most agreeable, and conversation between the painter and the sitter never flagged. I happened to mention Couture, and I spoke so warmly of my fellow-student that Guizot expressed a wish to see him. The picture of “*The Prodigal Son*,” which he had admired during his sittings, proved to him that my enthusiasm was not inspired merely by friendship. We therefore went together to Couture’s studio. He had utilized one of his bare walls to sketch in the picture which was to become so celebrated under the title of “*The Romans of the Decadence*.” Even in that rough state it was easy to see what a strong work it was, and the visitor was very much struck by it. Guizot was then all-powerful, and a more courtier-like painter would have shown himself more flattered by this visit than did Couture; he considered it but his due. When the statesman asked him whether he had no order for this picture, he answered, “*J’attends*.” The orders should come to him; he would never run after them. Guizot smiled, but continued most graciously:

“Who was your master?”

“Delaroche.”

After the death of Gros, Couture had entered Delaroche’s atelier, but remained only a short time under a master whom he did not admire.

“M. Delaroche is a friend of mine,” answered Guizot; “I shall have great pleasure in speaking of you to him.”

And he evidently did speak to Delaroche of his pupil, for a short time after this visit

Couture happened to meet his old master, the most successful artist of the day, the favorite painter of Louis Philippe and of all his family. Delaroche went up to him and said:

“M. Guizot seems to have been struck by your work; he told me so. I replied that you had been my favorite pupil, you had natural talent, but you have strayed from the true path, and I cannot recommend you.”

Probably the favorite court-painter influenced his royal patrons, for when the “*Decadence*” was exhibited at the Louvre—in those days the “*Salon*” took place in the long gallery, the modern canvases hiding the works of the old masters—the King, Louis Philippe, when he visited the exhibition, managed to turn his back on Couture’s picture, both in coming and in going. The painter’s contempt for “*bourgeois*” taste by no means kept him from feeling this royal behavior most keenly. However, the picture had such great success, was so generally praised, suddenly causing its author to become famous in a day, that the state bought it for the very large sum of 6000 francs. This sudden reputation of his ex-pupil probably caused Delaroche to modify his judgment. At any rate, he called on Couture some time after the purchase of his picture, and said:

“Monsieur Couture, I have greatly disapproved, I still disapprove, of your conception of art, but I do not deny that you have talent. You have made for yourself a place in art; let us be friends.”

But Couture was not a man to be taken by a few pleasant words; he drew back and answered:

“Monsieur Delaroche, you have had immense success, you are a member of the Institute, you have innumerable admirers. I never was, I never can be, among those admirers. Therefore there can be no question of friendship between us two.”

And, bowing, he left the great man somewhat astonished at this manner of responding to his advances.

Couture was a good painter, but a very bad courtier; he proved it every time he was placed in contact with the great ones of this world, whether sovereigns or members of the Institute of France. That was not the way to make of his talent a popular talent. The rough independence of his nature could admit of no sort of compromise. He had several opportunities of making his way to honors and to fortune—opportunities which another might have utilized, but which he wasted. Doubtless he made good resolutions, but when the time came he was unable to control his impatience and his sharp retorts.

If Louis Philippe did not appreciate the painter of the “*Decadence*,” his reputation was



STUDY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL. (MADE IN ONE SITTING.)

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

so well established when Napoleon III. took possession of the throne that it was impossible to treat him slightly, though Couture's talent was not such as courts, as a usual thing, care to encourage. The favorite painter of the Third Empire was Winterhalter, as Delaroche had been of the Orleans family. However, an order was given to Couture for a large picture representing the baptism of the little Prince Imperial. He went to work with great ardor, making sketches, and preparing a vast composition. In the course of the work he had to have sittings from the various members of the imperial family, and their immediate followers. If a portrait-painter, when his sitters are ordinary mortals, has nearly always to undergo many unpleasant scenes, it is easy to judge how his temper is tried, and his nerves unstrung, when those sitters are princes or sovereigns. It is

likely that in Couture's case the sittings were not agreeable either to the painter or to his models. Napoleon III. wished to direct his artist, and of all artists Couture was the least easy to direct. Finally, one day, goaded beyond endurance, the painter turned around and said:

"Sire, who is to paint this picture—your Majesty, or I?" And neither painted it! The Emperor gave no more sittings, turned his back on the painter, and his courtiers turned theirs also. The order was not maintained, and all the work of many months was wasted.

Couture never recovered from this bitter disappointment. He shook the dust from his feet, and returned contempt for contempt. From that day on he never sent any work to the annual Salon, and, little by little, so retired from the world that many thought him dead. For many of his contemporaries he remained the

painter of the "Decadence," as though he had painted only that one picture. How many times have I not heard young painters exclaim: "Couture—ah, yes, Couture of the Romans. But he died ages ago. Or, if he still vegetates somewhere, he must be very old indeed. No one has heard of him for many a long year!" In reality, when Couture died, in March, 1879, he was not sixty-four years of age.

The truth is that Couture never ceased working, though he worked after a somewhat irregular fashion, giving himself numerous holidays. If he was neglected by the great mass of his countrymen, he was appreciated elsewhere. One of his most charming works, the "Falconer," of which I made a copy the size of the original, is in Germany. But most of his pictures were bought, I am glad to say, by Americans. It is rather odd that the "nation of shopkeepers," as ours is often termed, should have a love of art, and the instinct of the real amateur, more fully developed than many an Old World country. When Millet was still, if not unknown, at least violently criticized in France, America already possessed some of his best works. Barye found his most fervent admirers in the United States. Couture painted almost exclusively for Americans.

Couture married rather late in life, and had two children, both girls. He was adored by his wife and daughters, and his married life was a very happy one. Perhaps, with our ideas on such matters, we might consider that his theory of the superiority of the male creature, and his right to absolute devotion on the part of his womenfolk, was a reprehensible theory. But he made an excellent father and husband in spite of his conviction that a man was not made to be faithful to one woman, and that education for girls was a dangerous modern notion, not to be encouraged by a reasonable man.

In 1869 he purchased a country place at Villiers-le-Bel, a short distance from Paris. The house dated from the time of Francis I., and the garden, or rather park, was filled with grand old trees. Here he resided during the last ten years of his life, going to Paris only during a few months in winter. His peculiar ideas of happiness caused him to live in what other mortals might consider great discomfort. Under pretext that nature managed things for the best, he never allowed a gardener to work on his grounds. He was, besides, quite convinced that such hirelings made it a point to sell his vegetables and to steal his fruit. As a natural consequence the beautiful place went to ruin; the trees brought forth no fruit, and the earth yielded no vegetables. He himself took great delight in wearing peasant's garments and in walking in *sabots*—they at least had nothing to do with civilization! But as he had a thorough appre-

ciation of the delights of a good table, he employed an excellent cook, and his devoted wife took care that his meals should be of the best and his truffles of the largest. But for the rest of the service a village girl was quite sufficient, and he deemed it by no means beneath their dignity to utilize his wife and daughters in domestic duties of the most active sort.

In his country retreat he was not, however, abandoned. Pupils gathered about him, living in the village so as to profit by the master's advice. Among these were many Americans. Mr. Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, was of the number. Couture was an excellent master, and took great interest in the progress of his pupils. His great precept was, "Look at nature; copy nature." He published a little book full of good advice to young artists, giving the result of many years' experience. All his pupils were fond of him, which proves that the exterior peculiarities which sometimes shocked strangers were soon overlooked by those who were able to appreciate his sterling qualities. A man who is loved by the members of his family, to whom all his friends remain faithful, and who is appreciated by young people, is sure to be of a thoroughly lovable nature. Still, it must be owned that the first impression was not always quite agreeable. On one occasion an American, a rather shy and exquisitely polite gentleman, and a great admirer of Couture's talent, went, provided with a letter of introduction, to pay his respects to the master. The master was in his bath, but when his wife told him of the visit, "Let him come in!" exclaimed he, and, much to our countryman's confusion, he was received by Couture, soaking placidly in his bath. He rather splashed his visitor, for, like many Frenchmen, he gesticulated freely while conversing.

Couture was fond of telling the story of his first pupil. He was still a young man when, one morning, he heard a timid knock at his door. "Come in!" said he, in that big, gruff voice of his, scarcely calculated to encourage shy visitors. A young fellow, slightly deformed, dressed like a well-to-do countryman, entered, and, not without much hesitation and much stuttering, begged the painter to take him in as pupil. "I have no pupils; and I wish for none," was the discouraging answer. But the youth, if he was timid, was tenacious; he would be so discreet; his master need not feel his presence; all he asked for was a corner of the atelier from which he could see the great artist at work; he would make himself of use, wash the brushes, set the palette, run errands—do anything, in short, that was required of him. Couture continued to say no; the young man continued to plead. Finally the artist impatiently took up his pipe and found that his tobacco-pouch was

empty. "Go and buy me some tobacco!" he cried. The young man disappeared, reappearing soon; Couture smoked, was mollified—and yielded.

This strange pupil remained with him for more than a year. Couture often wondered how he managed to live. He seemed poor, but he never borrowed money. He spent all his time working, without showing very great natural talent, and Couture's excellent heart was much concerned. How was that poor fellow ever to get salt for his porridge with his painting?

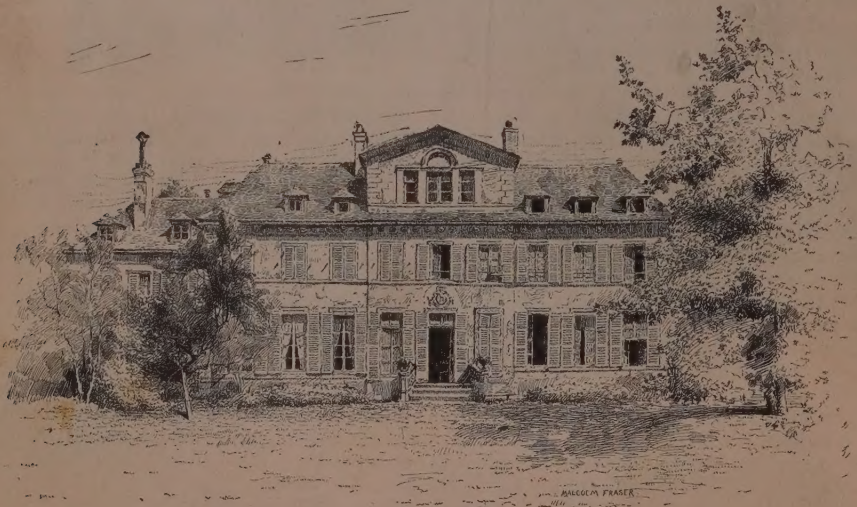
One day the pupil begged a great favor of his master—to let him invite him to dinner. Couture consented, and, to his amazement, the young man, dressed like a gentleman, took him to the best restaurant in Paris and ordered the best dinner that restaurant could provide.

The poor, humble pupil, who ran on his errands and washed his brushes, was a very rich amateur whose passion for painting had led him to seek the sincere and disinterested lessons of a master he admired. Later, Couture went to visit his ex-pupil in the latter's beautiful château in Normandy, which contained one of the finest collections of pictures and rare curiosities in all France. It is needless to say that the master was received with enthusiasm by the pupil. M. Dutuit (the pupil) left his magnificent collection, with a large endowment, to the city of Rouen. One of the pictures is a small whole length of Rembrandt, which I once copied.

Couture's method of giving a lesson to his pupils was as follows: While they looked on

he painted a head from the model, and while he painted made judicious remarks as to the drawing, the color, the light and shade. Some of these heads, dashed off in two hours, are charming. M. Barbedienne, Couture's great friend and admirer, possesses several of them.

In the same collection are numerous drawings, sketches, half-finished pictures, most interesting to those who like to follow the workings of an original genius. Among these is the sketch for his picture, the "Love of Gold." Seated at a table, a man with a fiendish face grasps bags of gold, jewels, and precious stones; crowding about him, eager for the spoil, we see beautiful women, writers willing to sell their pen, artists their brushes, warriors their valor. Couture's love for symbolical painting grew with years, developed probably by solitude. In the very retired life which he led he did not follow the movement of modern art; he even refused to see what other artists did, declining to let them see his own works. Another of his symbolical pictures, of which M. Barbedienne possesses a large, nearly finished sketch, shows us a beautiful young woman seated in a carriage, whip in hand, driving, instead of horses, a group of men—among them a poet, a warrior, and a satyr-like old lover. I prefer, as a general thing, his simpler works. Among these I must speak of a little picture representing a boy carrying a tray on which are glasses full of wine or red syrup; his head is covered with a sort of white twisted cloth, and is singularly living and strongly painted. Couture's love of symbolical pictures sometimes carried him to the verge of caricature, as in his series of pictures



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER,

THE HOUSE OF COUTURE AT VILLIERS-LE-BEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

of lawyers. He had two pet hatreds—lawyers and doctors. In M. Barbedienne's gallery are some very spirited drawings and sketches of lawyers speaking before the court, or sleeping during the discourse of their brother lawyers. As to doctors, he never would allow one in his house. He was so violent in his animosity that, when he fell ill, he refused all medical aid. And his was a terrible sort of disease, which could not be cured, although his sufferings might at least have been somewhat allayed.

My poor friend died of a cancer in the stomach on the 27th of March, 1879. His loss was a great sorrow to me. We had been young men together; we had seen years roll on without bringing any change in our mutual feelings, and when one of us experienced some success in life it was a joy to the other. For his talent I had a sincere and profound admiration; for his strong and manly nature the greatest sympathy. He was a friend in the broadest and best sense of the word.

George P. A. Healy.



"BECAUSE IT IS THE SPRING."

"I will be glad because it is the spring." AMY LEVY.

SHALL I be glad because the year is young?
The shy, swift-coming green is on the trees;
The jonquil's passion to the wind is flung;
I catch the May-flower's breath upon the breeze.

The birds, aware that mating-time has come,
Swell their plumed, tuneful throats with love and glee;
The streams, beneath the winter's thralldom dumb,
Set free at last, run singing to the sea.

Shall I be glad because the year is young?
Nay; you yourself were young that other year:
Though sad and low the tender songs you sung,
My fond heart heard them, and stood still to hear.

Can I forget the day you said good-by,
And robbed the world and me for alien spheres?
Do I not know, when wild winds sob and die,
Your voice is on them, sadder than my tears?

You come to tell me heaven itself is cold,—
The world was warm from which you fled away,—
And moon and stars and sun are very old—
And you?—oh, you were young in last year's May:

Now you, who were the very heart of spring,
Are old, and share the secrets of the skies;
But I lack something that no year will bring,
Since May no longer greets me with your eyes.

Can I be glad, then, in the year's glad youth?
Nay; since for me the May has ceased to shine.
What shall I do but face the cruel truth?—
You made my spring; and now spring is not mine.

Louise Chandler Moulton.



WAITING FOR A BREEZE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.)

COAST AND INLAND YACHTING.



FACH advancing year makes more apparent the universality of a taste for aquatic sports among the American people. Yachting has ever been a growing pastime by the waters of the North Atlantic coast. We now find white sails in the least-expected places: yachts and yachters where but a few years ago the only sailers were the timid wild duck and the solemn mud-hen; boats upon waters that have scarcely ceased to ripple from the agitation of their first invasion by a launched vessel; butterfly canoes scudding over rivers that not a decade since knew no alien thing save the Indian's dugout; lakes upon which float shapely vessels of pattern so modern that they almost seem uncouth in their intrusion upon Nature's primeval landscape; sloops and cutters, schooners and cat-boats, every kind of sailing craft in short, that can be made to cater to the yachter's insatiate desire for sport. In yachting the United States takes first rank; her yachts and yachters outnumber and outsail those of all other countries. Few among the "land-lubbers" of the country, and not many yachters, realize the magnitude of this national pastime. The Queen's Cup races gave the sport a publicity which it never had before, but even these events did not bring to general public notice an adequate conception of the extent of this interest.

It is safe to estimate that there is at least one yacht to every ten thousand people in the land, and that an average yacht will carry at least ten persons. This means that there are at least six thousand yacht-owners in the country, and that sixty thousand people may participate in pleasure-sailing: a large number, surely, to be devoted to a sport which is necessarily confined to localities near the water, and which is an expensive pastime. The public hears much of vessels of the *Volunteer* and *Grayling* types, champions of the "big-boat" classes, but the real yachters of the land are the owners of small boats; in fact, the big-boat owner gener-

ally keeps a small yacht in which to enjoy himself when he feels like being master of his own craft. A few statistics will render this quite plain.

Figures that are somewhat incomplete show that there are over 200 organized yacht-clubs in the United States, which enroll nearly 4000 yachts. Of these, less than one thirteenth are steam vessels, launches, etc., and not sailing-boats at all. One eleventh are classed as large yachts, including many steam and sail vessels, big schooners and sloops, all of more than forty feet water-line measurement. That is to say, of 4000 recorded yachts, five sixths are sailing vessels under 40 feet. This shows conclusively that the majority of American yachts are small boats that are managed by their owners. It is safe to assert that there are at least 2000 more small yachts which are not entered in clubs, and of which no exact record can be given.

The 200 clubs report a membership of over 7000 men, 4000 of whom are yacht-owners. Leaving out one sixth of them as owners of large and very costly vessels ranging in value from \$5000 to perhaps \$500,000 each, and assuming the average cost of the small yachts to be about \$1000, which is a low figure, one finds that five sixths of these 4000 yachts represent an invested capital of over \$3,300,000: a large sum when it is remembered that yachts never pay back anything in profit to their buyers, and that, like horses and carriages, they eat up a good deal of money all the time. The average dues, etc., of a yacht-club are about \$25 a year, not counting extras. This, paid in by 7000 members of clubs, shows a revenue of \$175,000 per annum, which really represents no part of the great cost of yachting, for every yacht-owner has to pay his own expenses, and the club dues are spent on shore. At a very low estimate the owner of a small yacht will spend \$50 a month during the season of about five months. This means that the small-yacht sailers of the country spend at least \$800,000 in a sea-

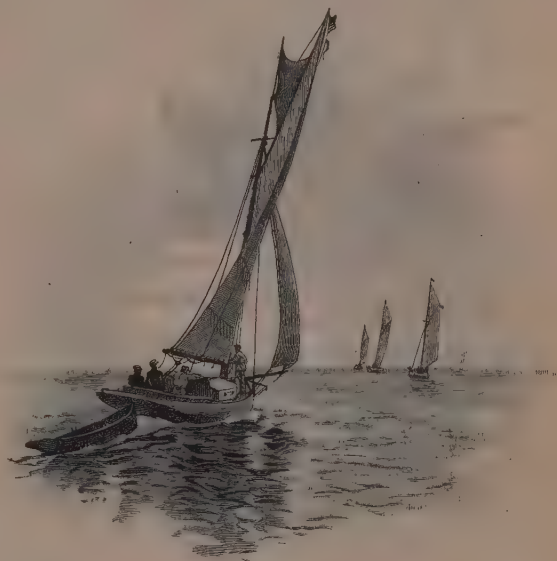
son. How much their yachting costs the owners of the big boats it would be impossible to state; the sum is enormous.

A glance at the distribution of the yacht-clubs of the country will not be uninteresting, even to old and well-informed yachting men, and will prove beyond question that American yachting, like American education and American politics, is not the especial prerogative of any part of the country. A map of the United States will show that in certain regions there are lakes, many of which are not little ponds, such as charm the eye of the tourist in foreign lands, but large bodies of water admirably adapted for the sailing of yachts; and investigation proves that the yachts are there. Passing for the present those freshwater seas known as the Great Lakes, and directing attention to smaller and less generally known fresh waters, we find a lively interest in sailing in Minneapolis, whose people support a flourishing club of 200 members. Their fifty boats, some of them of the best Eastern design, ply from the clubhouse on Lake Minnetonka, which has an irregular shoreline nearly a hundred miles in the circuit. There is yachting also on the White Bear Lake near St. Paul, although no club exists there. In Wisconsin, in addition to the yachting interests on the borders of Lake Michigan and Green Bay, there is a club at Oshkosh, on Lake Winnebago; another at Oconomowoc, on La Belle Lake; and a third at Tomahawk Lake. These yacht-clubs of two States are represented by an average of 40 boats each, which is as good a showing as some of the oldest clubs of New York harbor can make.

Upon the lakes which form the central New York group there are yachts innumerable, and of every type known to the boat-sailer. The yacht-lovers of that region maintain three large and well-equipped clubs, whose members sail those often perilous waters; for lake-sailing is no boys' play, and one who would handle a yacht in treacherous inland waters must be a good sailor indeed, or his sailing time may be short. Lake George, because of its treacherous winds, was until recently considered unfit for sailing, and twenty years ago a sail-boat was rarely seen upon its waters. The trouble

was that the only sail-boat known there was that most dangerous compound of two very different ideas, the rowboat with a sail. But proper principles in building have made it possible for the yachter to use the waters of this mountain-bordered lake, and a successful club has been established.

Lake Champlain is one of the most delightful yachting grounds anywhere away from the sea. At Burlington, on the Vermont shore, there is a large and ambitious yacht-club. Many of the earlier Champlain yachts were vessels bought in New York harbor, and thence towed up the Hudson River, and through the canal to the lake. In the once desert wastes of Utah is a remarkable body of water, the Great Salt Lake, upon which a few sloops and catboats, as well as steamers and rowboats, are to be seen.



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

OFF FOR A CRUISE.

The lake is about seventy-five miles long, has many islands, and is a good sailing ground, except that the yachter must be wary of spray from the bow, since the water is so strongly charged with chemicals that a drop of it in the human eye will cause pain and inflammation.

Upon the five great lakes which form the chain of waterways from Duluth, Minnesota, to Kingston, Canada, floats a yachting fleet which is equal in all points of excellence to any in the world. These tempestuous freshwater seas are of uncertain temper, like the North Atlantic, and none but doughty seamen may go upon them in safety. Cleveland and Detroit, Milwaukee and Erie, each has its well-



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN, NEWPORT CATBOAT.

established club; Rochester has one, and Toledo and Kingston have two each, while the great clubs of Chicago and Buffalo are as well known in the yachting world as are many of the most popular clubs of New York and Boston. And besides, many yachts are to be found on the waters of Green Bay, the Georgian Bay of Canada, and some of the smaller bays and river-mouths along the coast of the lakes.

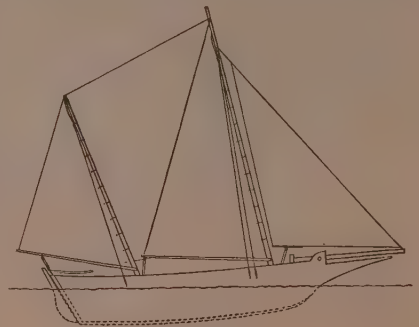
On the American side of the Great Lakes every kind of craft may be found, many of them built from designs by eminent yacht-architects. The sailor of the Great Lakes has little chance for his life in a storm if his boat be poor, since harbors of shelter are few and far apart, the winds violent, and the waters rough. The Canadian yachters of the Great Lakes use powerful boats, cruise far, and face bad weather bravely. Their favorite yacht is that of their home country, the cutter, although one will find other types in their fleets. They have two clubs at Kingston, three at Toronto, and one at Hamilton. At Montreal and Quebec there are clubs whose boats cruise the St. Lawrence. There are also two sea-coast Canadian clubs, one at Chatham, New Brunswick, and the other at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The members of these latter clubs use only stanch sea-boats, for the coast off which they cruise is a perilous one for all vessels. The yachters of the Canadian sea-coast are no fair-weather sailors, but boating men of the ablest sort.

Formerly the South took little interest in yachting. In recent years, however, this sport has taken a strong hold upon the people of that

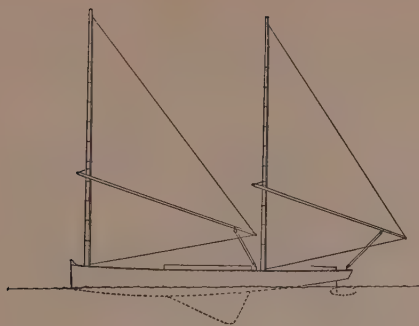
region, and to-day the coast waters from the Carolina line to Galveston, Texas, are well supplied with sailing pleasure-boats. Most of the Southern yachts are of light draft, for the waters of the South are shallow; and the number of flat-bottomed and very shoal round-modeled yachts far exceeds all other types. On the inlets of Florida and along the Gulf of Mexico the craft of the pleasure-seeker may be seen all the year round, for there is no beginning or end to the Southern yachting season. Though yacht-clubs are not numerous in the South, North Carolina has two, South Carolina one, Maryland two, Louisiana one, Alabama one, Georgia one, and Florida maintains three. There is also a club in prospective at Galveston, Texas. Some of these Southern clubs are strong in membership; the New Orleans club, whose yachts sail upon Lake Pontchartrain, is notable for the number and standing of its members.

The yachts chiefly used in Southern waters are, as has been stated, light-draft vessels of the generally accepted types which have been developed in the North. Sloops and cat-rigged boats are in the majority; but schooner-rigged sharpies are popular with those who like yachts of good size, and the builders of vessels of this type find a ready market for their boats in the South. The only type of yacht which is of Southern origin is the buckeye, or, as it is sometimes called, "bugeye," a vessel which tradition says was first conceived by the dug-out builders of the Dismal Swamp, and which will be described more fully later on.

Some Americans belong to the Havana Yacht Club, an organization of several years' standing, whose members cruise among the West Indies, a most seductive sailing ground. Among the yachts of this club are many boats which were built in New York, Philadelphia, and New England, and have made the voyage to Cuba, never to return; for well-built yachts, it is said, find a ready sale at Havana and in other parts of the West Indies. At Bermuda there is no



THE BUCKEYE.



THE SHARPIE.

club, but yachtsmen are numerous. Schooners and cutter-rigged craft prevail, the keel type of boat being the favorite. Small, light-draft boats are also in use there for pleasure-sailing. Many of them are built in New York and shipped by steamer to Bermuda and the West Indies. Among these is a style of narrow, crank boat, generally open, square-sterned, and modeled much after the pattern of what is known as a "cargo-boat," and equipped with a centerboard and a pole-masted rig. These boats are popular as "flyers," but can be kept right side up only by alertness and skill in the handling. They carry no ballast, the crew sitting "hard to windward" to keep them "on end." For dare-devil sailing such boats, like the narrow canoe, are just the thing, but they scarcely deserve the dignity of being called yachts.

On the Pacific coast, throughout the whole range of the sea-board, from the tropical waters of Lower California to Puget Sound, wherever there is a bay that will afford harbor, and a town that will support people, the yacht is used as a vehicle of pleasure. The number of organized clubs on the Pacific coast is small, but the clubs which have been formed there are all strong in membership and active in yachting. San Francisco, of course, takes the lead with two very good clubs and a fleet of yachts that would not shame any seaport town of the East. Many of the San Francisco boats are large schooners, a number are powerful seagoing sloops, while of smaller craft there is an abundance of almost every type, although the New York catboat and the flat-bottomed sharpie of Long Island Sound are seldom met with, and seem not to be in favor. The keel cutter has its representatives in the harbor of the Golden Gate, and the yawl-rigged boat is very popular, perhaps the favorite above all other

types. Pacific yachters appreciate the good points of the yawl, for the squalls which blow over the waters of the west coast are sudden and severe, and no rig meets these conditions of weather so well as does the yawl. There is also a flourishing organization at Tiburon. At Tacoma, in Washington, there is a club whose yachts fly their pennants upon the waters of Puget Sound, and cruise as far north as the British dominions. No other organized clubs exist on the Pacific coast; but private yachts are kept in many places, notably at Santa Barbara, San Diego, and Oakland, in California, and it is predicted that the near future will witness the formation of a Pacific coast yachting fraternity similar in principle and purpose to the New York Yacht Racing Association of the East. The day is not far off when these and associations of the clubs of the Great Lakes and those of the South will concentrate the American yachters in four grand divisions. Then may be formed the American association of all yachters which some optimistic yachting men desire.

From the organization in 1844 of the first band of pleasure-sailors, the New York Yacht-Club,—whose anchorage at Hoboken, New Jersey, was the scene of the first club regatta ever held in America,—the progress of the Eastern yachter has been steady; until to-day the yachting investment of the Atlantic coast is beyond a doubt the most important aquatic interest in the world. It is in the East that the problems of yachting have been propounded and solved. The distribution of yacht-clubs over the Eastern waters is uniform, and every-



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN. ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

A "SADBAGGER" SLOOP.

where in accord with the availability of the sailing grounds. There are clubs enough, and not too many; these clubs are forming alliances which lead to harmony and good feeling throughout the whole fraternity, and their opportunities are boundless, for they have at their doors every outlet that a yachter can desire. There is inland water on the innumerable bays which everywhere indent the coast; there

yachts innumerable, and the sail-boats of many rowing and canoeing clubs, the total composing a fleet of pleasure-craft greater than that of any other part of the world.

Concerning the craft used by the yachters of the East it will be needless to speak, excepting in a general way. In the mass of vessels which make up the total of their squadron of yachts may be found every kind of boat, from the great steamer, which is really an "ocean greyhound" in appearance and speed, to the modest little skipjack. There are cutter and sloop, schooner and yawl, sharpie and sand-bagger, each filling its place, and all getting on very well together. The center-board boats of course outnumber the keel boats, and the sloops outnumber the cutters; but there is no especial type of yacht which can be said to be the distinguishing Eastern style. Everything is in use, and it is safe to assert that everything new will be tried and, if found good, adopted by these masters of the art of sailing.

The earliest form of yacht was, of course, a rowboat with a sail. This in time gave way to the wider-beamed boat with greater sail-carrying ability and a center-board. With the adoption of the center-board the era of American yachting really began. The steady improvement of center-board models, and the importation from England of the cutter type of narrow, deep-keeled boats, furnished yacht-builders and -designers with material for thought and experiment during many years; and their endeavors to improve are not less earnest to-day than they have been in the past. From the primitive sprit-sail pleasure-boat comes the ever-present and universally favored center-board catboat, a type of yacht which for speed, handiness, and unsafety has never been surpassed. Keel catboats are also built, but the typical American "cat" is the center-board boat of light draft, big beam, and huge sail. The two objectionable points about boats of this class are their capsizability, and their bad habit of yawing when sailing before the wind. Yet the cat is the handiest light-weather boat made. It is very fast, quick in stays, and simple in rig; but it can never become a first-class seaworthy type of yacht. It belongs among the fair-weather pleasure-boats, and is



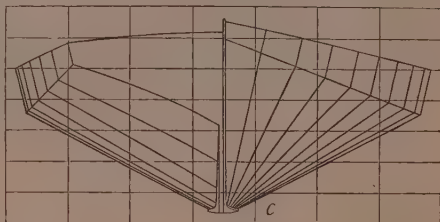
DRAWN BY W. TABER,

A SKIPJACK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

are great rivers upon which the lover of natural scenery may sail his boat; deep waters for the cutter-lover, and shoal inlets and sounds for the advocate of the sharpie; Long Island Sound gives the short cruiser a field for his water rambles such as can be found nowhere else on the globe, and for him who would cruise over pleasant waters between green mountains there is the beautiful Hudson; while "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" lies outside, inviting the bolder yachtsman to wander far from land. No such field exists anywhere else as that granted the sailer of the Eastern coast, and he is availing himself of his advantages to the utmost.

The yachts of the Eastern clubs may be classified in five general groups: Those which make their home ports between Cape Cod and the coast of Maine are enrolled in thirty-two clubs; those of the Sound and the south shore of Long Island comprise thirty organizations; those of New York harbor and northern New Jersey waters are entered in twenty-one different clubs; the Hudson River has eleven well-established yachting homes; and Delaware Bay has four. To these should be added private



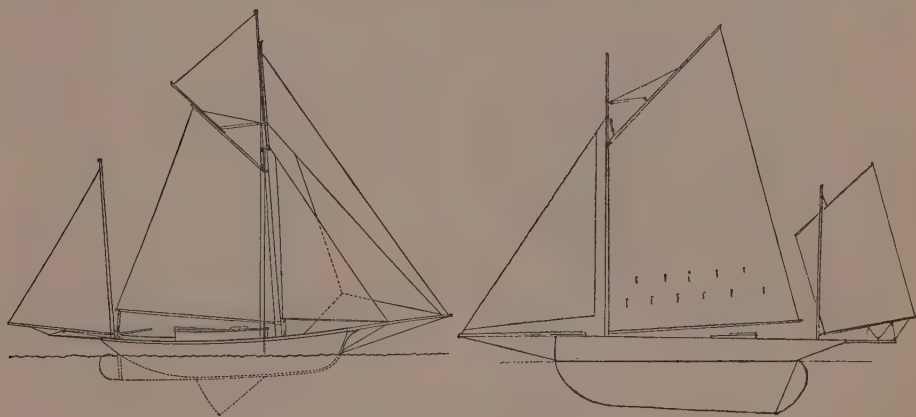
BODY-PLAN OF A SKIPJACK.

not a good cruiser. Its popularity in the waters of New York harbor and the Sound is often a cause of perplexity to old yachters, who have learned by much experience that it is not by any means the best boat that can be used for pleasuring. But its simplicity of design and rig, and its handsome appearance, seem to insure it perpetual good will and a long life among the favorite boats of the time.

Cat-rigged boats with heavy keels are undoubtedly safe and serviceable cruisers, since they are not easily overturned and can face rough weather. They are popular in the waters about Boston harbor and Newport, but

synonymous terms with a great many yachters, and no one can deny that these boats, like Brother Jasper's sun, "do move."

While describing the sandbaggers it may be well to call attention to a type of yacht hull which has been in use for many years, and which is in every practical respect identical with the ordinary light-draft hull. The difference between this type of hull and others is wholly one of cost and appearance. From a sailing point of view this boat, called a "skipjack," or "smoothing-iron," is merely a hard-bilged light-draft boat; that is to say, its peculiar shape has no perceptible effect upon its use as



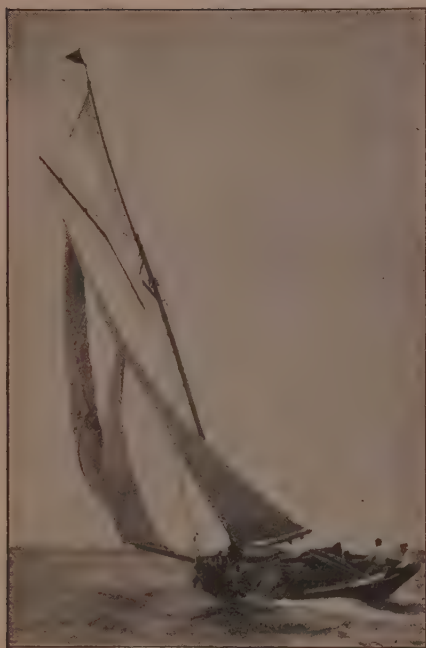
TYPES OF AMERICAN SLOOP-YAWLS.

are not favored by yachters of New York and vicinity; in the shoal waters of the South they are never seen, for the patent reason that light draft only will serve for use in Southern yachting grounds.

From the center-board catboat grew the jib-and-mainsail sloop, a type of yacht which has always been noted for its great speed and general unhandiness. Small yachts of this kind are always racers, and the interest in racing is sufficient to keep them in the lists of popular boats. In design they are like the catboats, the only difference being in their rig. These two boats, the center-board cat and the jib-and-mainsail sloop, are what yachters call "sandbaggers"; that is to say, their ballast consists of bags of sand which are shifted to windward with every tack and thus serve to keep the yachts right side up. A boat ballasted in this manner can carry more sail than rightly belongs on her sticks, but she cannot be very safe or comfortable. Her place is in the regatta. It is not beyond the truth to assert that the sandbaggers constitute probably two fifths of the total of small yachts. They will never cease to be popular, for the reason that speed and sport are

a vessel. The skipjack is always an odd-looking boat, is never handsome in appearance, and cannot be made to appear pleasing to the nautical eye; but its sailing qualities are excellent. Many men who desire a small yacht adopt the skipjack, and from such a boat get much fun with small outlay of money. A strong, well-built, and correctly molded skipjack is just as good a boat from a sailor's point of view as a sharp-bilged, round-finished vessel of the same general shape.

Passing the sandbaggers, the next popular and most universally used yacht is the ballasted sloop. A sloop may be a center-board boat, or a keel boat, or a combination of both. She has only one mast, and carries a topmast. Her sails are many, and, like the cutter, she is permitted to carry clouds of canvas in a race. Technically speaking, a cutter differs from a sloop only in one point, as the terms "sloop" and "cutter" really apply to the rig of the yacht. The cutter has a sail set from her stem to her masthead; the sloop has not. This is the technical point of difference. This sail is called a forestaysail, and its presence marks the cutter rig. The term "cutter," however, is usually applied to the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

A CUTTER "RAP-PULL" IN A GOOD BREEZE.

long, narrow, deep-keeled vessel, and has in common parlance grown to mean a boat of that type. It is in that sense that it is generally understood. It is worthy of notice that nearly all yachters who cruise about in summer, and especially those who are fond of speedy boats, use either sloops or cutters; and it is remarkable to see how much comfort can be found in boats of these types, even when quite small. A little cutter or sloop not twenty-five feet long will be provided with berths for four men, dinner-table, lockers, cook-stove, and many other general comforts; and a yacht thirty-five feet long will sleep six people without overcrowding, and have one state-room. The deep-keeled boat is of course the more comfortable yacht, because she has head-room enough to enable one to stand erect in her cabin. Any one who has done much yachting knows how uncomfortable a shallow boat becomes during a long cruise.

The average yachting man, if he be of that stuff of which good seamen are made, soon finds his chief delight in being master of his own vessel. He likes to feel that it is his skill, his prowess, his intellect, that rule the ship in which he sails; and finding this complete mastery of the vessel to be impossible aboard a big boat, he longs for one which he can handle alone. This independent and sportsmanlike instinct of the American yachter has culmi-

nated in a liking for certain classes of very small boats,—“single-handers” they are called,—and this liking has given impetus to the building of some little vessels which are really marvels in their way. Simplicity and handiness of rig have been considered in their construction, and this has led in many cases to the adoption of what is known as the yawl style, a rig which for safety and convenience has never been surpassed by any other. The yawl is really a schooner with very small mainsail. For small cruising-yachts it is an excellent rig, and preferable to the cat rig. Cat-yawls are also in use; they are merely yawls without jibs. With such rigs as these, a yachter can go alone upon the water without fear of trouble, and with no need of assistance. Naturally, with men of moderate means who love the water, these small single-handers have become very popular. Some of them are not over sixteen feet long, yet the solitary skipper-crew-and-cook, all in one, of such a boat finds in his yacht comfortable sleeping-quarters, cook-stove, dinner-table, and all necessary “fixings.” The ingenuity displayed in fitting out the cabins of these little boats is quite remarkable.

Of the many nondescript rigs which are applied to small yachts, two are in common use. One of these is the sharpie, a simple leg-o'-mutton rig used with flat-bottomed boats. Large sharpies have been built with fine cabin accommodations, and such boats are particularly adapted to the shoal waters of the South. They are fast sailers, but, owing to their long, narrow bodies and light draft, are not always trustworthy. They are cheaper to build than boats of other designs. Numerous modifications of the sharpie exist, but the genuine sharpie is always flat-bottomed and leg-o'-mutton rigged. The sharpies of the Sound are famous in their way, and some of the sailors of those waters have even gone to the extreme notion of assuming that they are preferable to any other type of vessel for yachting purposes. Such an assumption is of course absurd, for at best a sharpie is an imperfect vessel, owing to its flat bottom. As an old sailor once remarked, when asked his opinion about boat hulls, “A wessel wot’s more out o’ water than she’s in ain’t no safe wessel for them as likes to keep dry.” But the sharpie has its place among the yachts, despite the old sailor’s opinion, and that place is clearly defined by Nature, who has made so many shallow sailing grounds upon which no other type of boat can go. The sharpie, like the gunboats of which President Lincoln once spoke, “can go wherever it is a little damp,” and its ability to do this entitles it to much respect from the American yachter, who must, if he would sail at all, often frequent very shoal water.

Buckeyes are favored only in the South. Originally the buckeye was a log hollowed out and shaped into a boat, and was used by the negroes. To-day, however, buckeyes are built upon carefully drawn plans, and many of them are excellent vessels. They are common on the coast waters south of the Delaware Bay, and are used chiefly for hunting-boats, their cheapness, handiness, and roominess rendering them useful to the sportsman. A true buckeye is a double-ender, but some large ones have been built with an overhang stern, which destroys the ideal and creates a new kind of craft. The buckeye is not considered "pretty" by yachting men, but it is in every respect a serviceable boat, being both speedy and safe. The lee-board, a primitive contrivance designed to check the drift of a sailing vessel, was attached to the earlier buckeyes, but nowadays the regulation center-board is used with these boats. Lee-boards are sometimes used with flat-bottomed freight-vessels such as one sees in the waters of the Great Lakes and the Gulf of California; they are also attached to some sailing canoes, but are not properly a part of the equipment of any boat worthy to be called a yacht. The lee-board is merely a blade of wood dropped at the side of a vessel to give her a hold upon the water.

Similar to the buckeye in appearance is a vessel used in waters a thousand miles distant from those which are the home of the buckeye, and commonly known as a Mackinaw boat. It is the typical vessel of Lake Superior, upper Lake Michigan, and Green Bay. This boat is also a double-ended craft, rigged generally with two leg-o'-mutton sails, sometimes with the addition of a jib. The Mackinaw boat is popular as a fisherman, and the Indian fishers of the Great Lakes use it in catching whitefish, one of the chief industries of those waters. It can outsail the average fancy yacht, and is a very trustworthy sea-boat, two excellent qualities which have led to its adoption by many yachters of the Lakes as a general cruiser and pleasure-boat. The simple Mackinaw boat has no deck, and has a very pronounced sheer and a high bow and stern, but since it became a yachting craft it has been improved by the addition of deck and cabin, and is one of the best yachts for all-round use that one can find.

A few years ago the sailing public was surprised by the appearance upon the waters of a spider-like contrivance which its friends said was a "catamaran." This new claimant for yachting favor was like the raft of the South Sea Islanders only in name; in fact, it was not a catamaran at all, but a new device for racing over the water by means of sails. Wonderful feats were predicted for the future of the catamaran, and it certainly did accomplish some-

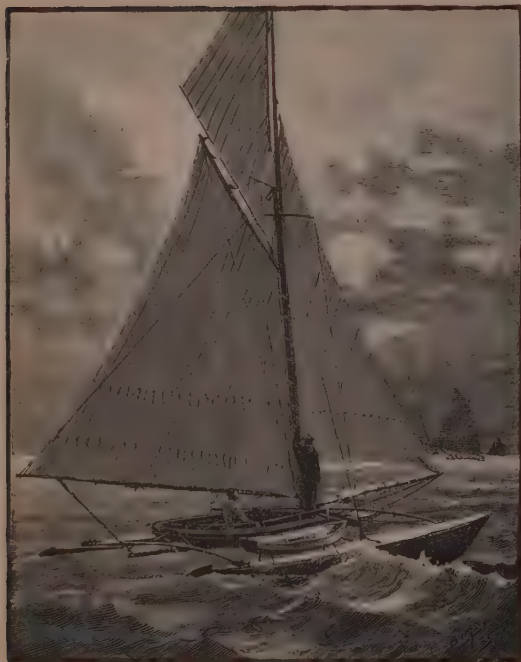
thing; but after a long and fair trial (for the yachter, no matter how bigoted he may be, will always try a new boat) it was discarded as a useless, dangerous, and decidedly unsatisfactory kind of craft. The theory of the catamaran's designers was that by setting sails upon two narrow, sharp hulls placed wide apart great speed could be obtained, because of the small resistance offered by the water against such hulls, and because the wide spread of the two boats would render the craft uncapsizable under lateral wind-pressure. Theory failed to fit facts, however, and the catamaran has long since disappeared from the surface of the waters; its moldering form may be seen almost any-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

A SLOOP CLOSE-HAULED TO WINDWARD.

where upon the shore of a yachting harbor, a shattered monument to the time, labor, and money that were sacrificed in giving it a trial. The faults of the catamaran were many. It did indeed show speed, provided the conditions under which it was used were exactly to its liking; but Nature has a way of making her conditions disagreeable to the sailor and the ship, and the genius who conceived the catamaran seems not to have taken this into his reckoning when he created his boat. The catamaran was always out of order in rough water; often a moderate chop sea was sufficient to shake it in twain; it had a bad habit of losing or break-



A CATAMARAN.

ing its rudders; it was even guilty of letting its center-board be twisted out just when the center-board was handy to have; it would not rise to a sea, neither would it go through it steadily, as does a well-fined cutter; and it did actually capsize in a very disagreeable and unseemly manner, kicking up its heels and plunging nose down, as a cat-boat will sometimes "pitch-pole," thus turning a porpoise-like somersault, and disgracing both itself and its master. So the catamaran, after a just trial by a jury of all the yachters, has disappeared, and is not likely to be seen again.

Another style of craft, now out of date and rarely seen, is the pirogue, or, as it was usually called, "periauger." This vessel is a double-ended, narrow hull, rigged with two pole-masts each carrying a gaff-sail—what might be termed, in brief, a double cat-rigged boat. The pirogue was at one time the Jersey Dutchman's favorite boat, and in the early days, when New York was still remembered as "New Amsterdam" and Jersey City was known as "Powles Hook," a pirogue-ferry was operated by the enterprising Dutch of the two towns on the opposite shores of the Hudson. In those days a "voyage" across the river against adverse winds was considered quite a journey, and the pirogue making the best time became famous. A comparison between the pirogue-ferry of those times and the equipment of such ferries as now ply across the

Hudson is suggestive of the march which progress has made in a few brief decades. The pirogue is rarely seen nowadays, but one meets it occasionally. It is generally used as a hunting and pleasure-sailing craft. Originally it was fitted with a lee-board, but in the modern boat the center-board takes the place of that discarded contrivance.

A new aspirant has recently come into the yachting field, of which much is expected by certain advocates of shoal-boat sailing. This new craft is really an improved "sneak-box," a form of duck-hunting boat in use all over the country. The sneak-box of the West is a rowboat, but duck-hunters on the New Jersey coast and other waters of the Atlantic seaboard inlets have always built their sneak-boxes with a view to carrying sail, and constant improvement has actually developed a boat which is an exceedingly fine sailer, and a weatherly craft. The further improvement mentioned, which has resulted in the creation of a new type of sail-boat, is known by the somewhat non-nautical name of

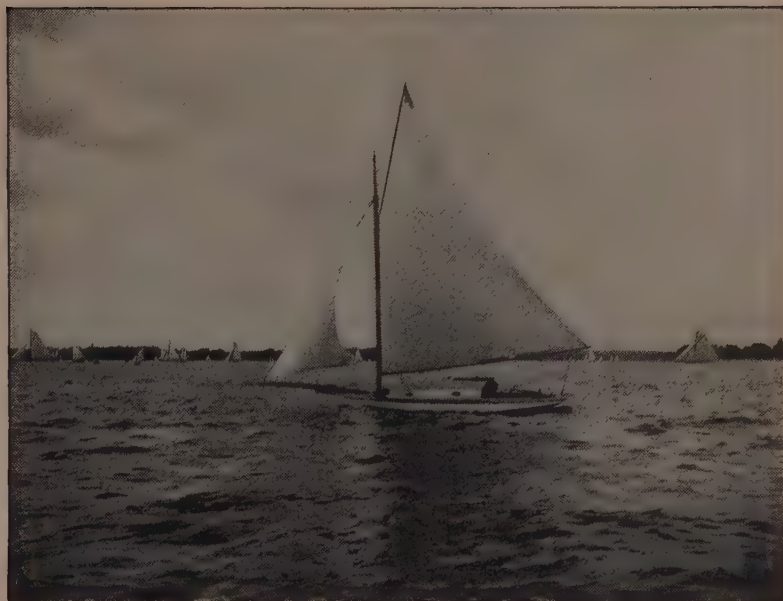
"watermelon." It is a spoon-shaped, sloop-rigged craft. This unique vessel has been tried



DRAWN BY W. TABER,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

A CUTTER BEFORE THE WIND, UNDER RACING CANVAS.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "WATERMELON" SLOOP.

for two seasons, and reports speak well of its performance. It is an odd-looking boat, but in the hands of a skilful sailor seems to justify the application of the old saw, "Handsome is as handsome does."

Lake yachting has certain peculiarities not common with yachting on the salt water. For example, the water-ballasted boat, which is seldom seen upon the sea, has been in use by lake yachters for years. Some of the vessels sailed on the waters of the Great Lakes carry no other ballast. The water ballast is sometimes held in fixed tanks secured at the bottom of the boat; in other cases it is carried in long, narrow boxes which are stowed below like a cargo. When racing with tank-ballasted yachts, it has sometimes been customary to alter the ballast by pumping out the water, or by adding more, as the needs of the racer might require. This ability to change ballast at will gives one yacht decided advantage over another with fixed ballast; since, when running free before the wind, the water-ballasted boat may be lightened so that she may go more swiftly, while, when she is compelled to beat to windward under lateral pressure, a refilling of her water-tanks at once adds to her stability and sail-carrying power. By salt-water yachters such a practice would not be countenanced, since it would be considered unfair.

The water-ballasted boat certainly has one point in its favor—if capsized it cannot sink; and this desirable quality in a yacht has given

impetus in the East to the building of what is known as the Norton life-boat, a vessel constructed on peculiar principles. Briefly described, the Norton boat is of the following design. Her water-ballast is confined in tanks on each side of her keel-line; these tanks are opened to the sea at points near the keel; in the upper part of each tank, along each side of the boat, is an air-chamber. The theory of the inventor is that, when the vessel is pressed down to leeward, the water in the leeward tanks is forced upward against the air-cushions, and the resistance of the air thus compressed holds the boat up. The water in the windward tanks cannot escape, because the outlets are below the water-line of the boat; this water remains as "dead ballast." Concerning the Norton boat much has been written, but no positive proof has yet been furnished that it is all that is claimed for it. It certainly behaves well, and is a very stiff boat in a hard blow. Such a boat really floats upon its cabin floor, or rather upon the upper limits of its water-tanks.

Leaving the discussion of the odds and ends of yacht styles, we come, by natural progress, to a type which is destined to greater popularity as time goes on, and yachters learn the ways of the sea, and the best methods of dealing with them. Although the schooner is generally deemed a big yacht, it is nevertheless a fact that small schooners are desirable boats to have, and that the number of schooners of small ton-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. FOOTE

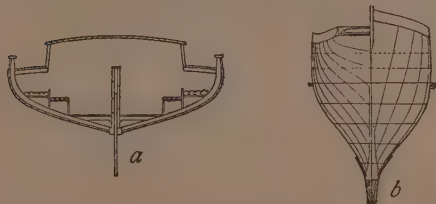
THE SCHOONER "EDITH."

nage is increasing. There is no denying the advantage of the schooner's rig over that of the sloop. A schooner of forty feet is handier, safer, and less expensive to run than a forty-foot sloop. The rig of the schooner is peculiarly adapted to all weathers, and a small crew can handle such a vessel with ease, when to manage a sloop of equal size would require the best efforts of "all hands and the cook." The reason for this is that the schooner's sails can be attended to one at a time, which is not the case with the big-mainsail sloop. Any yachter of experience can relate tales of hard trials with a sloop in rough weather that would not have worried a schooner's crew at all. The waters of the eastern Sound and of Boston Harbor have many of these little schooners, and their owners get from them an amount of comfort that can never be appreciated save by one who has had experience with both schooner and sloop. A typical yacht of this kind is the flagship *Edith* of the New York Yacht Racing Association. Her owner, President Prime, has cruised in her to Florida, and found her as safe and handy at sea as many a large vessel. Such a yacht is cheap to build, cheap to run, and very roomy. For men who seek to yacht for pleasure, comfort, and safety, the schooner and the yawl are beyond question ideal boats. If racing be the desire of the yachting man, however, the cat, jib-and-mainsail, sloop- and cutter-rigged yachts are the boats in which he should invest and sink his cash.

A word concerning the endless "centerboard-and-keel" controversy may not be out of place here. As applied to small cruising yachts, it is not out of the way to state that, unless shoal waters make it imperative that one should have only a light-draft boat, the deep-keel vessel is much the better craft for the yachter to use. In such a boat depth gives accommodation, the absence of the center-board trunk leaves the cabin freed from a great inconvenience, while the stability of such a boat contributes to safety. It is generally agreed that the best small cruiser is a boat of good beam and draft, carrying her ballast on her keel. Such a yacht is uncapsizable, a great advantage in a small vessel. The compromise, or keel-and-centerboard type of boat, is also popular. A boat of this kind has good draft, lead or iron keel-ballast, and the center-board is considered a benefit to her in going about and in racing. The very light-draft center-board yacht is not the best cruiser, the only excuse for her use in that capacity being the necessity of light draft in waters which are shallow, as are the waters of many of our small harbors. A general deduction from these points of view may be summarized thus: use a keel boat if you can; a center-board boat if you must.

With racing yachts the case is different. A racer should be built with one idea—to win; and if light draft and a big center-board will win, one should use them. For rough-water racing, however, it has been demonstrated

quite conclusively that the "skimming-dish," as the light-draft boat is called, is not the best yacht. In bad weather the yacht with good body and draft, and ballast well down, has often proved herself the champion. The narrow-beamed cutter with very deep draft has also held her own in such weather against all comers. And just here a note in reference to the diagrams shown in *a* and *b* may be interesting. These drawings show the development of the deep, narrow boat from the shoal type. They are from the scale plans of well-known yachts,



a, Midship section of typical center-board sloop-yacht, forty feet long over all, fourteen feet beam, three feet nine inches deep, exclusive of trunk. *b*, Body-plan of typical English cutter, thirty-eight feet long over all, six feet beam, and six feet draft.

and serve better than words to mark the different types. The plan *b* is an excellent form of keel type, being excessive neither in draft nor in beam; but *a* is too light for a stable boat. A compromise between *a* and *b* would give a good type of boat for general all-round yachting purposes.

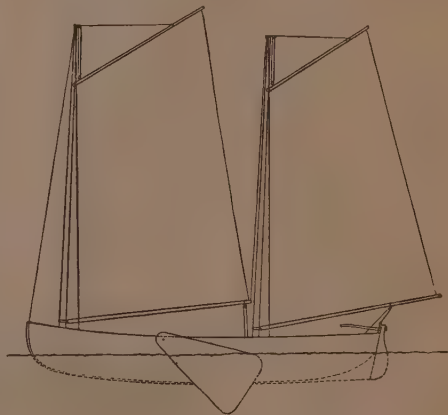
Racing with small yachts has for many years been one of the delights of yachters. With the growth of yachting and the development of organizations this sport grew rapidly in popularity, and now racing is always the great feature of a club's yachting season. In the earlier days of yacht racing some droll things occurred. It was soon discovered that a big boat could beat a small one, and the necessity of time-allowance rules became obvious to the yachters. At first it was deemed sufficient to grade the boats according to size; and actual size being an unattainable measure, length was adopted as a standard of size. So the yachts were measured over their decks for the purpose of classification. Then began an era of building to beat the racing rule, and the result was a boat longer on the keel than over deck. Objection was made to this unfairness, and the rule was changed, the measure of length on the keel being adopted as fair. In a short time the yachting world witnessed the birth of a new type of boat with the keel cut away forward and aft. Again the boat was made bigger than her measure indicated. Next came the water-line rule of measurement, which was fair, excepting that it took no account of the overhang sterns of many yachts, which thus gained advantage over square-sterned boats of equal water-line length.

So a reckoning was made for overhang, and this is the general practice to-day. When the New York Yacht Racing Association was organized, this question of racing-length was decided in a manner so satisfactory that no just complaint of unfairness has ever arisen; and the majority of clubs in the country have adopted the association rule, which is simple, sportsmanlike, and free from the complications that always cause trouble in clubs which use tonnage and sail-area rules. The association rule measures a yacht by this formula:

$$\frac{\text{Length over deck} + \text{water-line length}}{2} = \text{sailing measure};$$

that is to say, one half of the overhang of the stern is allowed.

Concerning this association a word should be said, because its organization marks a new era in yachting. It was formed in 1889 by ten clubs, the object being to create a sportsmanlike spirit and a feeling of cordiality among all yachters. Its growth in popularity was rapid, and in a year its membership had doubled. To-day it includes nearly every yacht-club on the waters of New York harbor, New Jersey, and the western Sound. Its annual regattas have made it a success, as a few figures will show. In the regatta of 1889, 120 yachts entered, the largest number ever sailed in any race. In 1890, the entries numbered 180; in 1891, 160 boats entered. The association has been a boon to yachters, bringing them together in friendly intercourse, and fostering a spirit of good-fellowship and kindly rivalry. The association has a cruise every year, and this feature has become almost as popular with its members as the regatta. Sixty yachts participated in the cruise of 1890. In 1891, one hundred little vessels sailed the waters of Long Island Sound,



OLD-STYLE PIROGUE WITH LEE-BOARD.

disbanding at Shelter Island after a most delightful outing. The association has been a success from the start, and has given the small-yachters opportunities which they never could have got in any other way, because the lack of uniformity in racing rules made it impossible for the boats of one club to race with those of another. Whether the racing rules of the association are technically perfect is a mooted question, but they certainly satisfy the yachters, and leave no room for those rancorous feelings which always grow out of a race sailed under "the rules with a plus in 'em," to which genial "Captain Joe" of *Puritan* fame once strongly objected, on the ground that they were not seamanlike, and that no two people could ever read them the same way.

A word should be said, before closing, of the homes of the yachters, for it is in these places that they spend much of their time when ashore, receive their friends, give their banquets, and "spin yarns" during the long winter evenings, while their boats are abandoned upon the shores, or in the snug hibernation of some quiet cove, awaiting the springtime revival and the bustle of preparation for the next summer's sailing. Every yacht-club has a home of some sort, if it be merely a small hut with a set of lockers and some chairs; but most clubs erect really useful houses, and take great pride in having them cozy and well furnished. Some of these buildings are expensive, well-designed structures. Such houses as those of the Atlantic and Brooklyn Clubs of Brooklyn; the Pavonia Club at the Atlantic Highlands of New Jersey; the Eastern Club at Marblehead, Massachusetts; the Larchmont and New Haven Clubs of the Sound; and the Minnetonka Club of Minneapolis, are admirably adapted for yachting purposes. These club-houses are, of course, constructed primarily with a view to the needs of the yacht-owners, and contain ample locker accommodations, sail-lofts, and store-rooms for small boats, oars, spars, etc.; but they also contain fine meeting-rooms, ladies' parlors, and quarters for the stewards, who prepare many a good dinner for the hungry sailors and their friends—and who ever saw a yachting man who was not hungry? Some of these club-houses also have sleeping-rooms in which one who desires to slumber on shore may pass the night, although the yachter himself generally prefers a bunk in his boat to any hotel, no matter how fine. Some clubs, in addition to their

regular club-houses, maintain "annexes" at favorite resorts, which they use as general meeting-places during the yachting season. The New York Yacht Club and the Pavonia and Jersey City Clubs of New Jersey have such buildings, and find them very convenient, the location of their homes not being near enough to the sea to meet the requirements of their sailing. These annex club-houses are plain and substantial.

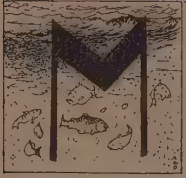
Yachting in small yachts is, then, the real American yachting. The "big boat" has its place in the yachting world, but it is not the typical American yacht. It is the small-yachter who gives to the sport its wide popularity, and makes yachting so universally loved by men who are fond of aquatic pleasuring. The small-yachter is everywhere upon the waters. From the coast of Maine, from the shores of the harbor of the Golden Gate, from the beaches of the Atlantic seaboard, and from the borders of the inland lakes, he can be seen, all summer long, sailing about in his little vessel, and enjoying in all its fullness the excitement and delight of this most noble and health-giving sport. With a pluck and energy that mark the true lover of the sea, and a tact and skill that bespeak the real sailor, he handles his little craft, in fair weather and in foul, in a manner that leaves no room for doubt as to his fitness for the work which he is doing; for, whether he sail alone, or with the help of his friends, or that of a hired man to run his boat, he is always the master of his vessel,—which is seldom the case with the proprietor of the big boat,—and is in reality a "yachtsman" under all circumstances, at all times, and in all weathers. He must be cool-headed and calm in times of peril, affable and courteous on all social occasions, and generous and prompt to respond to all calls upon his courage—in brief, a gentleman; and, with rare exceptions, he comes up to that standard. There is no profit in yachting, and its trophies are, like those of the old Greek arena, always marks of merit and prowess, never the rewards of sharp practice and dishonest trickery. No race-winner among yachters expects his prizes to pay for his outlay, and this feature of its contests has always kept yachting from drawing to itself the kind of men who disgrace many other forms of sport. Yachting is a pastime that appeals only to those traits of character which are found in the many man.

Frederic W. Pangborn.



A GRAY JACKET.

By the Author of "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," "Elsket," etc.



My meeting with him was accidental. I came across him passing through the square. I had seen him once or twice on the street, each time lurching along so drunk that he could scarcely stagger, so that I

was surprised to hear what he said about the war. He was talking to some one who evidently had been in the army himself, but on the other side—a gentleman with the loyal legion button in his coat, and with a beautiful scar, a sabre-cut across his face; was telling of a charge in some battle or skirmish in which, he declared, his company—not himself; for I remember he said he was "No. 4," and was generally told off to hold the horses; and that that day he had had the ill luck to lose his horse and get a little scratch himself, so he was not in the charge—did the finest work he ever saw, and really, so he claimed, saved the day. It was this self-abnegation that first arrested my attention, for I had been accustomed all my life to hear the war talked of; it was one of the inspiring influences in my humdrum existence. But the speakers, although they generally boasted of their commands, not of themselves individually, usually admitted that they themselves had been in the active force, and thus tacitly shared in the credit. "No. 4," however, expressly disclaimed that he was entitled to any of the praise, declaring that he was safe behind the crest of the hill (which he said he "hugged mighty close"), and claimed the glory for the rest of the command.

"It happened just as I have told you here," he said, in closing. "Old Joe saw the point as soon as the battery went to work, and sent Binford Terrell to the colonel to ask him to let him go over there and take it; and when Joe gave the word the boys went. They did n't go at a walk either, I tell you; it was n't any promenade: they went clipping. At first the guns shot over 'em; did n't catch 'em till the third fire; then they played the devil with 'em: but the boys were up there right in 'em before they could do much. They turned the guns on 'em as they went down the hill (oh, our boys could handle the tubes then as well as the artillery themselves), and in a little while the rest of the line came up, and we formed a line of battle right there on that crest, and held it till

nearly night. That's when I got jabbed. I picked up another horse, and with my foolishness went over there. That evening, you know, you all charged us—we were dismounted then. We lost more men then than we had done all day; there were forty-seven out of seventy-two killed or wounded. They walked all over us; two of 'em got hold of me (you see, I went to get our old flag some of you had got hold of), but I was too worthless to die. There were lots of 'em did go though, I tell you; old Joe in the lead. Yes, sir; the old company won that day, and old Joe led 'em. There ain't but a few of us left; but when you want us, colonel, you can get us. We'll stand by you."

He paused in deep reflection; his mind evidently was back with his old company and its gallant commander "old Joe," whoever he might be, who was remembered so long after he passed away in the wind and smoke of that unnamed evening battle. I took a good look at him, at "No. 4," as he called himself. He was tall, but stooped a little; his features were good, at least his nose and brow were; his mouth and chin were weak. His mouth was too stained with the tobacco which he chewed to tell much about it,—and his chin was like so many American chins, not strong. His eyes looked weak. His clothes were very much worn, but they had once been good; they formerly had been black, and well made; the buttons were all on. His shirt was clean. I took note of this, for he had a dissipated look, and a rumpled shirt would have been natural. A man's linen tells on him before his other clothes do. His listener had evidently been impressed by him also, for he rose and said abruptly, "Let's go and take a drink." To my surprise "No. 4" declined. "No, I thank you," he said, with promptness. I instinctively looked at him again to see if I had not misjudged him; but I concluded not, that I was right, and that he was simply "not drinking." I was flattered at my discrimination when I heard him say that he had "sworn off." His friend said no more, but remained standing while "No. 4" expatiated on the difference between a man who is drinking and one who is not. I never heard a more striking exposition of it. He said he wondered that any man could be such a fool as to drink liquor; that he had determined never to touch another drop. He presently relapsed into silence, and the other reached out his hand

to say good-by. Suddenly rising, he said: "Well, suppose we go and have just one for old times' sake. Just one now, mind you; for I have not touched a drop in—" He turned away, and I did not catch the length of the time mentioned; but I have reason to believe that "No. 4" overestimated it.

The next time I saw him was in the police court. I happened to be there when he walked out of the pen among as miscellaneous a lot of chronic drunkards, thieves, and miscreants of both sexes and several colors as were ever gathered together. He still had on his old black suit, buttoned up; but his linen was rumpled and soiled like himself, and he was manifestly just getting over a debauch, the effects of which were still visible on him in every line of his perspiring face and thin figure. He walked with that exaggerated erectness which told his self-deluded state as plainly as if he had pronounced it in words. He had evidently been there before, and more than once. The justice nodded to him familiarly:

"Here again?" he asked in a tone part pleasantry, part regret.

"Yes, your honor. Met an old soldier last night, and took a drop for good fellowship, and before I knew it—" A shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence, and the shoulders did not straighten any more.

The tall officer who had picked him up said something to the justice in a tone too low for me to catch; but "No. 4" heard it,—it was evidently a statement against him,—for he started to speak in a deprecating way. The judge interrupted him:

"I thought you told me last time that if I let you go you would not take another drink for a year."

"I forgot," said "No. 4" in a low voice.

"This officer says you resisted him."

The officer looked stolidly at the prisoner as if it were a matter of not the slightest interest to him personally. "Cursed me and abused me," he said, dropping the words slowly as if he were checking off a schedule.

"I did not, your honor; indeed, I did not," said "No. 4," quickly. "I swear I did not; he is mistaken. Your honor does not believe I would tell you a lie! Surely I have not got so low as that."

The justice turned his pencil in his hand doubtfully, and looked away. "No. 4" took in his position. He began again.

"I fell in with an old soldier, and we got to talking about the war—about old times." His voice was very soft. "I will promise your honor that I won't take another drink for a year. Here, I'll take an oath to it. Swear me." He seized the greasy little Bible on the desk before him, and handed it to the justice. The justice

trate took it doubtfully. He looked down at the prisoner half kindly, half humorously.

"You'll just break it." He started to lay the book down.

"No; I want to take the pledge," said "No. 4," eagerly. "Did I ever break a pledge I made to your honor?"

"Did n't you promise me not to come back here?"

"I have not been here for nine months. Besides, I did not come of my own free will," said "No. 4," with a faint flicker of humor on his perspiring face.

"You promised not to take another drink."

"I forgot that. I did not mean to break it; indeed, I did not. I fell in with—"

The justice looked away, considered a moment, and ordered him back into the pen with, "Thirty days under the hill, to cool off."

"No. 4" stood quite still till the officer motioned him to the gate, behind which the prisoners sat in stolid rows. Then he walked dejectedly back into the pen, and sat down by a drunken negro. His look touched me, and I went around and talked to the magistrate privately. But he was inexorable; he said he knew more of him than I did, and that thirty days in jail would "dry him out and be good for him." I told him the story of the battle. He knew it already, and said he knew more than that about him: that he had been one of the bravest soldiers in the whole army; did not know what fear was; had once ridden into the enemy and torn a captured standard from its captors' hands, receiving two desperate bayonet-wounds in doing it; and had done other acts of conspicuous gallantry on many occasions. I pleaded this, but he was obdurate; hard, I thought at the time, and told him so; told him he had been a soldier himself, and ought to be easier. He looked troubled, not offended; for we were friends, and I think he liked to see me, who had been a boy during the war, take up for an old soldier on that ground. But he stood firm. I must do him the justice to say that I now think it would not have made any difference if he had done otherwise.

"No. 4" must have heard me trying to help him, for one day about a month after that he walked in on me quite sober, and looking somewhat as he did the first day I ever saw him; thanked me for what I had done for him; delivered one of the most impressive discourses on intemperance that I ever heard; and asked me to try to help him get work. He was willing to do anything, he said; that is, anything he could do. I got him a place with a friend of mine which he kept a week, then got drunk. We got hold of him, however, and sobered him up, and he escaped the police and the justice's

court. Being out of work, and very firm in his resolution never to drink again, we lent him some money—a very little—with which to keep along a few days, on which he got drunk immediately, and did fall into the hands of the police, and was sent to jail as before. This, in fact, was his regular round: into jail, out of jail; a little spell of sobriety, “an accidental fall,” which occurred as soon as he could get a drop of liquor, and into jail again for thirty or sixty days according to the degree of resistance he gave the police,—who always, by their own account, simply invited him politely to go home, and, by his, insulted him,—and to the violence of the language he applied to them. In this he excelled; for although as quiet as possible when he was sober, when he was drunk he was a terror, so the police said, and his resources of vituperation were cyclopedic. He possessed in this particular department an eloquence which was incredible. His blasphemy was vast, illimitable, infinite. He told me once that he could not explain it; that when he was sober he abhorred profanity, and never uttered an oath; when he was in liquor his brain took this turn, and distilled blasphemy in volumes. He said that all of its energies were quickened and concentrated in this direction, and then he took not only pleasure, but pride in it. He felt inspired like one of the old prophets denouncing the sins of Israel.

He told me a good deal of his life. He had got very low at this time, much lower than he had been when I first knew him. He recognized this himself, and used to analyze and discuss himself in quite an impersonal way. This was when he had come out of jail, and after having the liquor “dried out” of him. In such a state he always referred to his condition in the past as being something that never would or could recur; while on the other hand, if he were just over a drunk, he frankly admitted his absolute slavery to his habit. When he was getting drunk he shamelessly maintained, and was ready to swear on all the Bibles in creation, that he had not touched a drop, and never expected to do so again,—indeed, could not be induced to do it,—when in fact he would at the very time be reeking with the fumes of liquor, and perhaps had his pocket then bulging with a bottle which he had just emptied, and would willingly have bartered his soul to refill.

I never saw such absolute dominion as the love of liquor had over him. He was like a man in chains. He confessed it frankly and calmly. He said he had a disease, and gave me a history of it. It came on him, he said, in spells; that when he was over one he abhorred it, but when the fit seized him it came suddenly, and he was in absolute slavery to it. He said his father was a gentleman of convi-

vial habits (I have heard that he was very dissipated; though not openly so, and “No. 4” never admitted it). He was killed at the battle of Bull Run. His mother—he always spoke of her with unvarying tenderness and reverence—had suffered enough, he said, to canonize her if she were not a saint already; she had brought him up to have a great horror of liquor, and he had never touched it till he went into the army. In the army he was in a convivial crowd, and they had hard marching and poor rations, often none, and drinking got to be held the proper thing. Liquor was scarce, and was regarded as a luxury; so although he was very much afraid of it, yet for good fellowship’s sake, and because it was considered manly, he used to drink it. Then he got to like it; and then got to feel the need of it, and took it to stimulate him when he was run down. This want brought with it a great depression when he did not have the means to satisfy it. He never liked the actual taste of it; he said few drunkards did. It was the effect that he was always after. This increased on him, he said, until finally it was no longer a desire, but a passion, a necessity; he was obliged to have it. He felt then that he would commit murder for it. “Why, I dream about it,” he said. “I will tell you what I have done. I have made the most solemn vows, and have gone to bed and gone to sleep, and waked up and dressed and walked miles through the rain and snow to get it. I believe I would have done it if I had known I was going next moment to hell.” He said it had ruined him; said so quite calmly; did not appear to have any special remorse about it; at least, never professed any; said it used to trouble him, but he had got over it now. He had had a plantation,—that is, his mother had had,—and he had been quite successful for a while; but he said, “A man can’t drink liquor and run a farm,” and the farm had gone.

I asked him how?

“I sold it,” he said calmly; “that is, persuaded my mother to sell it. The stock that belonged to me had nearly all gone before. A man who is drinking will sell anything,” he said. “I have sold everything in the world I had, or could lay my hands on. I have never got quite so low as to sell my old gray jacket that I used to wear when I rode behind old Joe. I mean to be buried in that—if I can keep it.” He had been engaged to a nice girl; the wedding-day had been fixed; but she had broken off the engagement. She married another man. “She was a mighty nice girl,” he said quietly. “Her people did not like my drinking so much. I passed her not long ago on the street. She did not know me.” He glanced down at himself quietly. “She looks older than she did.” He said that he had had a place for some time,

did not drink a drop for nearly a year, and then got with some of the old fellows, and they persuaded him to take a little. "I cannot touch it. I have either got to drink or let it alone—one thing or the other," he said. "But I am all right now," he declared triumphantly, a little of the old fire lighting up in his face. "I never expect to touch a drop again."

He spoke so firmly that I was persuaded to make him a little loan, taking his due-bill for it, which he always insisted on giving. I have a pile of these valuable securities now filed away with a somewhat smaller number of pledges of various degrees of asseveration which he made from time to time. I had not then come to know him so well as I did afterward. That evening I saw him being dragged along by three policemen, and he was cursing like a demon. The maledictions of Ezekiel and Jeremiah mingled with the language of Billingsgate were being poured forth in the street in a resistless torrent.

In the course of time he got so low that he spent much more than half his time in jail. He became a perfect vagabond, and with his clothes ragged and dirty might be seen reeling about, or standing around the street corners near disreputable bars, waiting for a chance drink, or sitting asleep in doorways of untenanted buildings. His companions would be one or two chronic drunkards like himself, with red noses, bloated faces, dry hair, and filthy clothes. Sometimes I would see him hurrying along with one of these as if they had a piece of the most important business in the world. An idea had struck their addled brains that by some means they could manage to secure a drink. Yet in some way he still held himself above these creatures, and once or twice I heard of him being under arrest for resenting what he deemed an impertinence from them.

Once he came very near being drowned. There was a flood in the river, and a large crowd was watching it from the bridge. Suddenly a little girl's dog fell in. It was pushed in by a ruffian. The child cried out, and there was a commotion. When it subsided a man was seen swimming for life after the little white head going down the stream. It was "No. 4." He had slapped the fellow in the face, and then had sprung in after the dog. He caught it, and got out himself, though in too exhausted a state to stand up. When he was praised for it, he said, "A member of old Joe's company who would not have done that could not have ridden behind old Joe." I had this story from eye-witnesses, and it was used shortly after with good effect; for he was arrested for burglary, breaking into a man's house one night. It looked at first like a serious case, for some money had been taken out of a drawer; but when the case

was investigated it transpired that the house was a bar-room over which the man lived,—he was the same man who had pitched the dog into the water,—and that "No. 4," after being given whisky enough to make him a madman, had been put out of the place, had broken into the bar during the night to get more, and was found fast asleep in a chair with an empty bottle beside him. I became satisfied that if any money had been taken the barkeeper, to make out a case against "No. 4," had taken it himself, and the jury thought so too. But there was a technical breaking, and it had to be got around; so his counsel appealed to the jury, telling them what he knew of "No. 4," together with the story of the child's dog, and "No. 4's" reply. There were one or two old soldiers on the jury, and they acquitted him, on which he somehow managed to get whisky enough to land him back in jail in twenty-four hours.

In May, 1890, there was a monument unveiled in Richmond. It was a great occasion, and not only all Virginia, but the whole South, participated in it with great fervor, much enthusiasm, and many tears. It was an occasion for sacred memories. The newspapers talked about it for a good while beforehand; preparations were made for it as for the celebration of a great and general ceremony in which the whole South was interested. It was interested, because it was not only the unveiling of a monument for the old commander, the greatest and loftiest Southerner, and, as the South holds, man, of his time; it was an occasion consecrated to the whole South, now strongly and henceforth forever for the Union as it is; it was the embalming in precious memories, and laying away in the tomb of the Southern Confederacy, the apotheosis of the Southern people. As such all were interested in it, and all were prepared for it. It was known that all that remained of the Southern armies would be there: of the armies that fought at Shiloh, and Bull Run, and Fort Republic; at Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, and Cold Harbor; at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, Atlanta, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, Spotsylvania, the Wilderness, and Petersburg; and the whole South, Union as it is now to the core and ready to fight the nation's battles, gathered to glorify Lee, the old commander, and to see the survivors of those and other bloody fields in which the volunteer soldiers of the South had held the world at bay, and added to the glorious history of their race. Men came all the way from Oregon and California to be present. Old one-legged soldiers stumped it from West Virginia. Even "No. 4," though in the gutter, caught the contagion, and shaped up and became sober. He got a good

suit of clothes somewhere,—not new,—and appeared quite respectable. He even got something to do, and was put on one of the many committees having a hand in the entertainment arrangements. I never saw a greater change in any one. It looked as if there was hope for him yet. He stopped me on the street a day or two before the unveiling and told me he had a piece of good news: the remnant of his old company was to be here; he had got hold of the last one,—there were nine of them left,—and he had his old jacket that he had worn in the war, and he was going to wear it on the march. "It 's worn, of course," he said, "but my mother put some patches over the holes, and except for the stain on it it 's in good order. I believe I am the only one of the boys that has his jacket still; I have never got so hard up as to part with it. I 'm all right now. I mean to be buried in it."

I had never remarked before what a refined face he had; his enthusiasm made him look younger than I had ever seen him. I saw him on the day before the eve of the unveiling; he was as busy as a bee, and looked almost handsome. "The boys are coming in by every train," he said. "Look here"; he pulled me aside, and unbuttoned his vest. A piece of faded gray cloth was disclosed. He had the old gray jacket on under his other coat. "I know the boys will like to see it," he said. "I 'm going down to the train now to meet one—Binford Terrell. I don't know whether I shall know him. Binford and I used to be much of a size. We did not use to speak at one time; had a falling out about which one should hold the horses; I made him do it, but I reckon he won't remember it now. I don't. I have not touched a drop. Good-by." He went off.

The next night about bedtime I got a message that a man wanted to see me at the jail immediately. It was urgent. Would I come down there at once? I had a foreboding, and I went down. It was as I suspected. "No. 4" was there behind the bars. "Drunk again," said the turnkey, laconically, as he let me in. He let me see him. He wanted me to see the judge and get him out. He besought me. He wept. "It was all an accident"; he had "found some of the old boys, and they had got to talking over old times, and just for old times' sake," etc. He was too drunk to stand up; but the terror of being locked up next day had sobered him, and his mind was perfectly clear. He implored me to see the judge and to get him to let him out. "Tell him I will come back here and stay a year if he will let me out to-morrow," he said brokenly. He showed me the gray jacket under his vest, and was speechless. Even then he did not ask release on the ground that he was a veteran. I never knew him to urge

this reason. Even the officials who must have seen him there fifty times were sympathetic; and they told me to see the justice, and they believed he would let him out for next day. I applied to him as they suggested. He said, "Come down to court to-morrow morning." I did so. "No. 4" was present, pale and trembling. As he stood there he made a better defense than any one else could have made for him. He admitted his guilt, and said he had nothing to say in extenuation except that it was the "old story," he "had not intended it"; he deserved it all, but would like to get off that day; had a special reason for it, and would, if necessary, go back to jail that evening and stay there a year, or all his life. As he stood awaiting sentence, he looked like a damned soul. His coat was unbuttoned, and his old, faded gray jacket showed under it. The justice, to his honor, let him off. "No. 4" shook hands with him, unable to speak, and turned away. Then he had a strange turn. We had hard work to get him to go into the procession. He positively refused; said he was not fit to go or to live, began to cry, and took off his jacket. He would go back to jail, he said. We finally got him straight, accepted from him a solemn promise not to touch a drop till the celebration was over, so help him God, and sent him off to join his old command at the tobacco warehouse on the slip where the cavalry rendezvoused. I had some apprehension that he would not turn up in the procession; but I was mistaken. He was there with the old cavalry veterans, as sober as a judge, and looking every inch a soldier.

It was a strange scene, and an impressive one even to those whose hearts were not in sympathy with it in any respect. Many who had been the hardest fighters against the South were in sympathy with much of it, if not with all. But to those who were of the South, even with hearts then fixed upon the Union, it was sublime. It passed beyond mere enthusiasm, however exalted, and rested in the profoundest and most sacred deeps of their being. There were many cheers, but more tears; not tears of regret or mortification (for the flag of the Union that we now love floated everywhere, placed by hands that once fought against it), but tears of sympathy and hallowed memory. The gaily decorated streets, in all the bravery of fluttering ensigns and bunting; the martial music of many bands; the constant tramp of marching troops; the thronged sidewalks, verandas, and roofs; the gleam of polished arms and glittering uniforms; the flutter of gay garments, and the smiles of beautiful women sweet with sympathy; the long line of old soldiers, faded and broken and gray, yet each self-sustained, and inspired by the life of the South that flowed in

their veins, marching under the old Confederate flags that they had borne so often in victory and in defeat—all contributed to make the outward pageant a scene never to be forgotten. But this was merely the outward image; the real fact was the spirit. It was the South. It was the spirit of the South, Confederate and Union; not of the new South, nor yet merely of the old South, but the spirit of the great South. When the young troops from every Southern State marched by in their fresh uniforms, with well-drilled battalions, there were huzzas, much applause and enthusiasm; when the old soldiers came there was a tempest, wild cheers choking with sobs and tears, the well-known, once-heard-never-forgotten cry of the South, known in history as "the rebel yell." Men and women and children joined in it. It began at the first sight of the regular column, swelled up the crowded streets, rose to the thronged housetops, ran along them for squares, and then came rolling back in volume only to rise and swell again greater than before. Men wept; women sobbed aloud. What was it? Only a thousand or two of old or aging men riding or tramping along through the dust of the street, under some old flags, dirty and ragged and stained. But they represented the spirit of the South; they represented the spirit which when honor was in question never counted the cost; the spirit that had stood up for the South against overwhelming odds for four years, and until the South had crumbled and perished under the forces of war; the spirit that is the strongest guaranty to us to-day that the Union is and is to be; the spirit that, glorious in victory, had displayed a fortitude yet greater in defeat. Devoted to the Union, filled with enthusiasm for her, they saw in every stain on those tattered standards the blood of their noblest, bravest, and best; in every rent a proof of their glorious courage and sacrifice. They saw in those gray and careworn faces, in those old clothes interspersed now and then with a faded gray uniform, the men who in the ardor of their youth had, for the South, faced death undaunted on a hundred fields, and had never even thought it great; men who had looked immortality in the eyes, yet had been thrown down and trampled underfoot, and who were greater in their overthrow than when glory poured her light upon their upturned faces. Not one of them all but was self-sustaining, sustained by the South, or had ever even for one moment thought in his direst extremity that he would have what was undone.

The crowd was immense; the people on the fashionable street up which the procession passed were fortunate; they had the advantage of their yards and porticos, and they threw them open to the public. Still the throng on the side-

walks was tremendous, and just before the old veterans came along the crush increased. As it resettled itself I became conscious that a little old woman in a rusty black dress whom I had seen patiently standing alone in the front line on the street corner for an hour had lost her position, and had been pushed back against the railing, and had an anxious, disappointed look on her face. She had a little faded knot of Confederate colors fastened in her old dress, and, almost hidden by the crowd, she was looking up and down in some distress to see if she could not again get a place from which she could see. Finally she seemed to give it up, and stood quite still, tiptoeing now and then to try to catch a glimpse. I was about to go to help her when, from a gay and crowded portico above her, a young and beautiful girl in a white dress, whom I had been observing for some time as the life of a gay party, as she sat in her loveliness, a queen on her throne with her courtiers around her, suddenly rose and ran down into the street. There was a short colloquy. The young beauty was offering something which the old lady was declining; but it ended in the young girl leading the older woman gently up on to her veranda and giving her the chair of state. She was hardly seated when the old soldiers began to pass.

As the last mounted veterans came by, I remembered that I had not seen "No. 4"; but as I looked up, he was just coming along. In his hand, with staff resting on his toe, he carried an old standard so torn and tattered and stained that it was scarce recognizable as a flag. I did not for a moment take in that it was he, for he was not in the gray jacket that I had expected to see. He was busy looking down at the throng on the sidewalk, evidently searching for some one whom he expected to find there. He was in some perplexity, and pulled in his horse, which began to prance. Suddenly the applause from the portico above arrested his attention, and he looked toward it and bowed. As he did so his eye caught that of the old lady seated there. His face lighted up, and, wheeling his prancing horse half around, he dipped the tattered standard, and gave the royal salute as though saluting a queen. The old lady pressed her wrinkled hand over the knot of faded ribbon on her breast, and made a gesture to him, and he rode on. He had suddenly grown handsome. I looked at her again; her eyes were closed, her hands were clasped, and her lips were moving. I saw the likeness; she was his mother. As he passed me I caught his eye. He saw my perplexity about the jacket, glanced up at the torn colors, and pointed to a figure just beyond him dressed in a short faded jacket. "No. 4" had been selected, as the highest honor, to carry the old colors which he had

once saved; and not to bear off all the honors from his friend, he had with true comradeship made Binford Terrell wear his cherished jacket. He made a brave figure as he rode away, and my cheer died on my lips as I thought of the sad old mother in her faded knot, and of the dashing young soldier who had saved the colors in that unnamed fight.

After that we got him a place, and he did well for several months. He seemed to be cured. New life and strength appeared to come back to him. But his mother died, and one night shortly afterward he disappeared, and remained lost for several days. When we found him he had been brought to jail, and I was sent for to see about him. He was worse than I had ever known him. He was half-naked and little better than a madman. I went to a doctor about him, an old army surgeon, who saw him, and shook his head. "*Mania a potu*. Very bad; only a question of time," he said. This was true. "No. 4" was beyond hope. Body and brain were both gone. It got to be only a question of days, if not of hours. Some of his other friends and I determined that he should not die in jail; so we took him out and carried him to a cool, pleasant room looking out on an old garden with trees in it. There in the dreadful terror of raving delirium he passed that night. I with several others sat up with him. I could not have stood many more like it. All night long he raved and tore. His oaths were blood-curdling. He covered every past section of his life. His army life was mainly in his mind. He fought the whole war over. Sometimes he prayed fervently; prayed against his infirmity; prayed that his chains might be broken. Then he would grow calm for a while. One thing recurred constantly: he had sold his honor, betrayed his cause. This was the order again and again, and each time the paroxysm of frightful fury came on, and it took all of us to hold him. He was covered with snakes: they were chains on his

wrists and around his body. He tried to pull them from around him. At last, toward morning, came one of these fearful spells worse than any that had gone before. It passed, and he suddenly seemed to collapse. He sank, and the stimulant administered failed to revive him.

"He is going," said the doctor, quietly, across the bed. Whether his dull ear caught the word or not, I cannot say; but he suddenly roused up, tossed one arm, and said:

"Binford, take the horses. I'm going to old Joe," and sank back.

"He's gone," said the doctor, opening his shirt and placing his ear over his heart. As he rose up I saw two curious scars on "No. 4's" emaciated breast. They looked almost like small crosses, about the size of the decorations the European veterans wear. The old doctor bent over and examined them.

"Hello! Bayonet-wounds," he said briefly.

A little later I went out to get a breath of fresh morning air to quiet my nerves, which were somewhat unstrung. As I passed by a little second-hand clothing-store of the meanest kind, in a poor, back street, I saw hanging up outside an old gray jacket. I stopped to examine it. It was stained behind with mud, and in front with a darker color. An old patch hid a part of the front; but a close examination showed two holes over the breast. It was "No. 4's" lost jacket. I asked the shopman about it. He had bought it, he said, of a pawnbroker who had got it from some drunkard, who had probably stolen it last year from some old soldier. He readily sold it, and I took it back with me; and the others being gone, an old woman and I cut the patch off it and put "No. 4's" stiffening arms into the sleeves. Word was sent to us during the day to say that the city would bury him in the poor-house grounds. But we told them that arrangements had been made; that he would have a soldier's burial. And he had it.

Thomas Nelson Page.



IT SO CHANCED.

I.

IT so chanced
On that leaden-hearted day,
Rugged winter leagues away,
As he thought of her there came
On the waste a sunny flame
Wherewithin the frost-mote danced,
While an echo rang her name.
It so chanced.

II.

It so chanced
On that evening bleak and hard,
Martial-couched on frozen sward,
As he thought of her there crept
Music down the blast, that kept
All his senses dream-entranced,
While, from ambush watched, he slept.
It so chanced.

III.

It so chanced
In that twilight winged with ill,
When his pierced heart stood still,
As he dreamed of her, he passed!
Then, from out the circling Vast,
With a smile his love advanced—
"I, to meet thee, have sped fast!"
It so chanced.

Edith M. Thomas.



LOVE'S HORIZON.

THE sky is like a woman's love,
The ocean like a man's;
Oh, neither knows, below, above,
The measure that it spans!

The ocean tumbles wild and free,
And rages round the world;
On reef and wreck eternally
Its ruthless waves are hurled.

The sky has many a gloomy cloud
And many a rainy dash;
Sometimes the storms are long and loud,
With wind and lightning-flash.

But ever somewhere, fair and sweet,
Low stoops the adoring blue,
Where ocean heavenward leaps to greet
The sky so soft and true.

They meet and blend all round the rim;
Oh, who can half divine
What cups of fervid rapture brim
On the horizon line?

The sky is like a woman's love,
The ocean like a man's;
And neither dreams, below, above,
The measure that it spans.

Maurice Thompson.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XIV.



OME time passed before we met to hear my account of the character doctor, and meanwhile St. Clair had abruptly left town the day after our hospital experience.

Mrs. Vincent was talking to her husband when, just after dinner, I entered her drawing-room.

"It is an age since we met," she cried cordially. "Sit down. Mr. Clayborne will be here shortly. And what have you done to my poor St. Clair? Read that," and she took from her work-basket a note dated the night I last saw him.

I cannot dine with you to-morrow. I have seen to-night what I shall be some day. It is horrible.

It was true, and he had gone away into the woods for a fortnight, like a wounded animal. Nor did he ever speak of it again, but came back as gay and joyous as usual. I returned the note to her.

"How could you?" she said. "I should have known how he would feel."

"I took him," I returned, "because he was reasonable in his desire to see a man die. But I suppose that, with all its awe, death is so constantly about us doctors that we cannot estimate its influence upon others. When I left him—for he *would* stay—he was simply curious and contemplative."

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Vincent, "that description in Stendhal of the Italian who first sees death of a sudden on a great battlefield—his surprise, his curiosity, and at last his terror? It is in his '*La Chartreuse de Parme*.'"

"No; I will look at it, but I have seen all this in war once or twice."

As she spoke, Clayborne came in. "Of what are you speaking?" he said.

"Of fear. Of the anguish of fear, uncontrollable, like the fear in dreams."

"Yes; the agony of terror," I returned. "One sees it in the insane at times, and in delirium tremens. There is nothing in normal life to compare with it."

"And were you ever afraid in war?"

"Abominably. We were supposed as surgeons to be non-combatants, but that means merely that one is to run risks without the chance to quiet himself by violent action. Practically, we lost in dead and hurt a long list of surgeons."

"Indeed? I did not know that. And what do you think the best test, after all, of a man's courage?" said Vincent.

"To face a mob or a madman. I knew a man who once by ill luck was shut up with a crazy, athletic brute. My friend locked the door, hearing the man's wife wailing outside. The brute, while suffering from a delusion, had once hurt her; and now again imagining her to have been false to him, meant to kill her. He asked for the key, and gave my friend five minutes to reflect, as he stood before him with a billet of wood he had seized from the hearth."

"And what did your friend do?"

"It was summer, and the windows were open. He threw the key into the street."

"And what then?"

"Oh, help came just as it was wanted, which is rare in this world. I have cut a long story short. My friend said afterward that he was glad of the experience; that he had little hope of escape, and now felt sure for the first time in his life that he was equal to any test of courage."

"I can understand that," said Vincent. "In these quiet days we are rarely tried as to courage. But, after all, is n't it somewhat a matter of training—of profession? I suppose, North, it never enters into your mind to fear contagious disease?"

"Never; except as to one disease: I have a fancy I shall die of yellow fever."

"Oh, but," said our hostess, "is n't it also true that physicians do not take disease as others do?"

"No; that is a popular notion, but quite untrue. I have thrice suffered from disease thus acquired: once from smallpox, twice from diphtheria. In Ireland, in the great typhus years, physicians died in frightful numbers, and so did the old doctors here in yellow-fever days. Unlike the soldier, we are always under fire."

"I should certainly run from smallpox. I might face a madman," said Mrs. Vincent. "As to war, I should run."

"And I from a dog," said Clayborne. "And you, Vincent?"

"I do not know," he returned. "I cannot imagine anything which would make me visibly show fear. I think I am more afraid of what Anne would think of me than of any earthly object of dread. I can conceive as possible what North mentioned. We must have somewhere a nerve-organ or -organs which feel what we call fear. Now, to have these so diseased as to originate a sensation of causeless, overwhelming terror, uncontrollable by will, must be of possible human torture the worst. And you have seen it?"

"Yes. A man says, 'I am afraid.' You say, 'Of what?' He cannot tell you. 'Of nothing. I am afraid.'"

"Two things I fear," cried St. Clair, who had come in silently behind us—"pain and a ghost."

"So glad to see you," cried Mrs. Vincent. "Sit down. We are discussing fear, cowardice, courage."

"Pain I fear most," he said, "yet hardly know it. And a ghost! Well, I know that. I have seen one."

"What? When? Where?" they cried.

"Ask North," he replied.

"Yes, it is true; but first, before I come in with skeptical comments, let us hear your story. You are the only one here who has seen a ghost."

"I was in my studio six months ago at dusk. I was thinking, as I stood, of how well my statue of Saul looked, the light being dim, as it would have been in his tent. I remembered then having seen the statues of the Louvre on a moonlight night, when, with the curator, I lingered along the hall of the great Venus. Some of the fine lines of Sill's poem came back to me, and, turning, I moved toward the front room to get the book. At that moment I became aware of a black figure on my left side. It was literally shrouded from head to foot; even the face and the extremities were hidden. At first I was surprised, and then by degrees a deadly fear possessed me. I was motionless, and it did not stir. I turned to face it, but, as I did so, it moved so as to keep relatively to me the same position. The whole act, if I may call it that, lasted, I should say, a minute. Then an agitation seized the form, as if it were convulsed under its black cloak, and a faint glow, like phosphorescence, ran along the lines of the drapery, and it was gone."

When he finished there was a moment of silence. Then Mrs. Vincent exclaimed, "Was that all?"

"A ghost in daytime," said Clayborne. "And the comment, North."

"As he lost it," said I, "he felt a violent pain

over his left eye, and this was one of his usual attacks of neuralgic headaches. He has seen this phantom twice since. It was merely the substitution of a figure of a cloaked man for the lines of zigzag light which usually precede his headaches, and are not very rare. One man sees stars falling, one a catharine-wheel; but the appearance of distinct human or other forms in their place is a recent observation: I have known a woman to see her dead sister, until, after many returns of the phantom, she ceased to be impressed by it."

"How disappointing!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent.

"And do you think these facts," said Vincent, "explain some ghost-tales?"

"Yes, some. I have seen cases where the headache did not follow the catharine-wheel, or the lines of light, or the specter, or was very trifling. And in some of these the ghost was duly honored as a true article until subsequent and violent neuralgias explained it as a rare symptom of a common disorder."

"Is the disease itself understood?" said Clayborne.

"No disease is understood. We trace back the threads a little way, and find a tangle none can unravel."

"Then the disease is as bad as a ghost—a real ghost," cried Mrs. Vincent.

"I disbelieve in ghosts, and do not try at spiritual explanations. The material for study of nature is with us always. We cannot experiment on ghosts. I know of at least but one hint in that direction."

"And that?" said Clayborne.

"Well, if the ghost be a real thing outside of us, you will on theory double it if with a finger you press one eye out of line, thus, and will then be able to say, like the mousquetaire in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' '*Mon Dieu! V'la deux!*'"

"Which shows," said Mrs. Vincent, gaily, "how easily one may become the cause of duplicity in others. It is a lesson in morals."

"Imagine *Hamlet* squinting at his papa!" said St. Clair. "I tried it on my ghost, but it failed. North says he was only a monocularly projected phantom."

"That sounds reasonably explanatory," growled Clayborne, grimly.

"But what does your phrase really mean?" asked Mrs. Vincent of me.

"It means that the phantom is present only to one eye in these cases. To be able to double it, it must be seen by both eyes and be really external. If it be only in the brain, and due to brain disorder, we should not be able to squint it into doubleness."

"But," said Vincent, "it ought, in the latter

case, to be present also when the eyes are shut. How is that?"

"I am not sure as to that, for I have been told by one person that her waking visions were seen with either eye, and with both, and that they could not be doubled by squinting, and were lost when the eyes were closed."

"And how do you explain that?"

"I do not yet. The patient was a remarkably sensible woman, but hysterical, and the very suspicion of this puts one on guard, because these people delight to be considered peculiar, and their testimony must always be carefully studied, and tested by that of others."

"Tell us what she saw," said Mrs. Vincent.

"It is interesting, but I must cut it short. At eleven daily a gigantic black man entered the room with a huge bass viol, set it in a corner, and went out. Presently a second brought in an open coffin in which lay the patient herself. A little later a host of tiny men, all in red mediæval dresses, swarmed out of the cracks of the viol, ran to the coffin, planted ladders against it, sat in hordes on its upper edges, and, lowering on the outside tiny buckets, brought them up full of tinted sand. This they threw into the coffin until it reached the face of the figure within. At this moment the patient began to breathe with difficulty, and then of a sudden the pygmies emptied the coffin as quickly as they had filled it, and scuttled away into the viol, while the two blacks returned and took it away with the coffin."

"What an extraordinary story!" said St. Clair. "Can you explain it all?"

"Yes, in a measure; but it is hardly worth while. And as for ghosts, the honest old-fashioned ghosts, does any one believe in them?"

"I do," said our hostess.

"And I do not," returned Clayborne.

"But do you believe anything?" cried St. Clair.

"Yes," said Clayborne; "I believe there was a past, is a present, will be a future. And as to the rest—"

"Granted the past. As to the future," said St. Clair, "you cannot prove that it will be. But there is no present, because that implies rest of a moving world, swinging round with a moving solar system. It is a mere word."

"What! what! what!" cried Clayborne, suddenly contemplative.

"And, after all," said Mrs. Vincent, "we have had no really curling ghost-story. Only nineteenth-century explanations."

"It is dangerous to tell a ghost-story nowadays," I returned. "A friend of mine once told one in print out of his wicked head, just for the fun of it. It was about a little dead child who rang up a doctor one night, and took him to see her dying mother. Since then he

has been the prey of collectors of such marvels. Psychological societies write to him; anxious believers and disbelievers in the supernatural assail him with letters. He has written some fifty to lay this ghost. How could he predict a day when he would be taken seriously?"

"I am very sleepy," said Mrs. Vincent, "and it is near to twelve. You have not had the smoke you are all hungering after."

"Clearly the character doctor must wait," said I.

"That may," she replied; "but not one of you can have a cigar until I hear a real ghost-story."

"Well," I said, "come close to me, all of you, and I will ransom the party."

"Oh, this is too delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent.

"It is serious, Clayborne," I said; "you might take notes."

"Preposterous!" he cried. "Might I not have even a cigarette at the window?"

"Not a whiff," said she; "I have heard that smoke acts on ghosts most injuriously."

"A ghost-smudge!" cried Vincent. "That is good."

"Suppose we get through with this thing," groaned the historian.

"It is brief," I returned.

"One morning, last autumn, I found on my breakfast-table a card, 'Alexander Gavin MacAllister, M. D., Edinburgh.' I know the man well. An able, sturdy Scot, given to usquebaugh. He had a large practice among the mechanic classes, and frequently consulted me. If a friend desired to annoy him, he had but to address him as Gavin. 'Gavin I was creesened, and that's my name.' He would have fought on this, or for the honor of Scotland, or any man who thought Burns a lesser poet than Shakspeare. My servant said he had been waiting two hours. I said, 'Show him in.'

"Ah, MacAllister," I said, 'sit down. I did not want you to wait. Talk away while I eat my breakfast; or, will you have some?'

"Nae bite, sir," and after I had sent the servant away, 'I'm in vara deep waters. I hae killed a mon last night, and I hae done it of knowleedge.'

"I looked at him curiously. Eyes, hair, beard, skin, were all of various tints of red. All 'burned a burning flame together.' Also he was wet with the sweat of terror.

"Let me hear," I said. 'A little whisky?'

"Nae drap, sir. I hae a deep fear that 's the witch seduced me. I'm of opeenion that wheesky must hae petticoats, there's such an abidin' leaven of meeschief in her socceiety. I maun try to tell you, but I'm nigher prayin' than talkin'. Ghosts and warlocks are nae quietin' company.'

"Go on," I said.

"Dinna ye ken Mr. Gillespie, the banker?"

"Yes; I see that it was reported that he died in San Francisco two days ago."

"It is so related. But I maun tell ye the hale case."

"Go on."

"Last night I hae reason to suspect that I maun hae been takin' bad wheesky. It was nae the honest barley; I blame the rye. It's a warnin' to me for life, if the gude Lord spares me to reform. Ye see, yestreen, after the Thistle Society, I went to the St. Andrew's dinner. By ill fortune Mr. McGillivray sat opposite to me. Aiblins ye ken Mr. McGillivray. The mon has nae havin's, which is to say manners. He made a very opprobrious remark concernin' the True Kirk. By reason of too mony veenous counselors, I had na the recht word to han'. And thinkin' he might na understond me correctly if I bided too long, I cast a bannock at his foul face. A gude bittie haggis he threw at me. I wad na hae dune that to a dog. The beast has nae sentement of nationality (it's but a Lowlander he is, after a'). A watermelon he got for answer to his remark. It broke on his bald head, and the sinner went down in gore, or the like of it, after the manner of the mon Sisera. And that terminated the conversation vara sateesfactorily."

"The cheerman made a point of order that I, Alexander MacAllister, was drunk, and I was over-persuaded by five men to gae hame. When I got in, there on my slate was a message to go at once to veesit Mr. Gillespie, at No. 9 St. Peter's Place. Vara ill, it said."

"Ye ken the mon's deid. I dinna ken why I went, but the next I remember I was at his door. There were lights in the house, and a braw hussy of a maid let me in. Preesently I was in a bedroom, and there sat Mr. Gillespie, vara white, but dressed."

"Tak' a seat, Gawin," he said, and I sat down.

"Then he said, 'Gawin, yer owin' me a year's reent.'"

"Oh, aye," I said.

"I am deid," said he, "and the executors will be hard. Now, Gawin, I want you to gie me a gude dose of poison."

"But you're deid now," I said, and my hair stood up like flax stubble, that stiff with fear.

"I was a vara eccentric mon in the fleesh," he said, "and I'm nae less in the speerit. It has occurred to me, Gawin, an I were weel poisoned I might die as a ghaist, and get alive again. Dinna ye see the point, mon?"

"I said, 'That is aye gude logic,' and ye ken he was a vara ingenious creature. 'But war would be my neck for takin' the life of a mon?'"

"'I'm nae a mon, Gawin,' he said; 'I'm a ghaist, and it's only a change of state I'm cravin'. And there's the reent. But ye maun mak' haste, or I will call in Doctor O'Beirne.'"

"'Gude Lord!' I said, 'ye canna mean that, Mr. Gillespie. There's a hantle of deaths at yon mon's door.'"

"'Then he's the practitioner for me. I canna be waur. My time's short; I was streakit yestreen, and to-morrow I shall be put awa' in the ground. And there's the reent.'"

"'Wull ye forgie me the arrears?' I said."

"'I wull.'"

"So I pulled out my little pocket-case, and mixed him enough strychnia to kill the ghaist of a witch's cat. He took it doun wi' a gulp."

"'It's rather constreengent,' he said, and yon were his vara last words; and then he fell doun in a spawsm, and tied himself into bow-knots, and yelled—O Lord! sir. I fled like Tam O'Shanter, and here I am. I hae killed a mon.'"

"And then you went home?"

"That may be, sir. When I cam' to full knowledge of Alexander MacAllister I was seated on the step of my door in the snaw. I went in, and—will ye credit it?—the slate was clean. But that maun be the way wi' ghaist-writin'. It's nae abidin'."

"But the man is alive, Gawin. There is a telegram in the morning papers to say that the report of his death was a mistake. He had a faint spell or a trance—something of the kind. He will be at home next week. You must hae been very drunk, Gawin."

"I dinna ken. And there's the reent, and I saw it. Sir, a ghaist in spawsms. Nae, nae; it was nae a coeoccidence. Dinna ye think, sir, considerin' the service, a gude bill for the reent and arrears would be but just?"

"Certainly," I said; 'he ought to pay.'

"I hae muckle doubt as to the matter. If he forgies me the moneys, I'll stond by the Kirk against the whole clan of the McGillivrays to the mortal end of my days. Might I hae a drop o' wheesky? No matter what kind. I'll neever blaspheme against the rye again—there's waur things."

"Delightful!" cried Mrs. Vincent. "You hae earned your cigar," and we broke up amidst laughter in which even Clayborne joined."

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

OL' PAP'S FLAXEN.

BY. HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main Traveled Roads," "Jason Edwards," etc.



It was in June, just before the ending of the school, that Flaxen first began to write about delaying her return. Anson was woe-fully disappointed. He had said all along that she would make tracks for home just as soon as school was out, and he had calculated just when she would arrive; and on the second day after the close of school for the summer he drove down to the train to meet her. She did not come, but he got a letter which said that one of her friends wanted her to stay two weeks with her, until after the Fourth of July.

"She 's an awful nice girl, and we will have a grand time; she has a rich father and a piano and a pony and a buggy. It will just be grand."

"I don't blame her none," sighed Anson to Bert. "I don't want her to come away while she 's enjoyin' herself. It 'll be a big change fer her to come back an' cook fer us old moss-backs after bein' at school an' in good company all these months."

He was plainly disturbed. Her vacation was going to be all too short at the best, and he was so hungry for the sight of her! Still he could not blame her for staying under the circumstances; as he told Bert, his feelings did not count. He just wanted her to get all she could out of life; "there ain't much anyway for us poor devils, but what little there is we want her to have." The Fourth of July was the limit of her stay, and on the sixth, seventh, and eighth Anson drove regularly to the evening train to meet her.

On the third day another letter came, saying that she would reach home the next Monday. With this Anson rode home in triumph. During the next few days he went to the barber's and had his great beard shaved off. "Made me look so old," he explained, seeing Bert's wild start of surprise. "I 've b'en carryin' that mop o' hair round so long I 'd kind o' got into the notion o' bein' old myself. Got a kind o' crick in the back, ye know. But I ain't; I ain't ten years older 'n you be."

And he was not. His long blond mustache, shaved beard, and clipped hair made a

new man of him, and a very handsome man, too, in a large way. He was curiously embarrassed by Bert's prolonged scrutiny, and said jocosely:

"We 've got to brace up a little now. Company boarders comin', young lady from St. Peter's Seminary, city airs an' all that sort o' thing. Don't you let me see ye eatin' pie with your knife. I 'll break the shins of any man that feeds himself with anythin' 'cept the silver-plated forks I 've bought."

Flaxen had been gone almost a year, and a year counts for much at her age. Besides Anson had exaggerated ideas of the amount of learning she could absorb in a year at a boarding-seminary, and had also a very vague idea of what "society" was in St. Peter, although he seemed suddenly to awake to the necessity of "bracing up" a little, and getting things generally into shape. He bought a new suit of clothes and a second-hand two-seated carriage, notwithstanding the sarcastic reflection of his partner, who was making his own silent comment upon this thing.

"The paternal business is *auskerspeelt*," he said to himself. "Ans' is goin' in on shape now. Well, it 's all right; nobody's business but ours. Let her go, Smith; but they won't be no talk in this neighborhood when they get hold of what 's goin' on — oh, no!" He smiled grimly. "We can stand it, I guess; but it 'll be hard on her. Ans' is a little too pre-vious. It 's too soon to spring this trap on the poor little thing."

They stood side by side on the platform the next Monday when the train rolled into the station at Boomtown, panting with fatigue from its long run. Flaxen caught sight of Bert first as she sprang off the train, and, running to him, kissed him without much embarrassment. Then she looked around, saying:

"Where 's ol' pap? Did n't he —"

"Why, Flaxen, don't ye know me?" he cried out at her elbow.

She knew his voice, but his shaven face, so much more youthful, was so strange that she knew him only by his eyes laughing down into hers. Nevertheless she kissed him doubtfully.

"Oh, what 've you done? You 've shaved off your whiskers; you don't look a bit natural — I —"

She was embarrassed, almost frightened, at the change in him. He "looked so queer"; his fair, untroubled, smiling face and blond mustache made him look younger than Bert.

"Nev' mind that! She 'll grow again if ye like it better. Get int' this new buggy—it's ours. They ain't no flies on us to-day; not many," said Ans' in high glee, elaborately assisting her to the carriage, not appreciating the full meaning of the situation.

As they rode home he was extravagantly gay. He sat beside her, and she drove, wild with delight at the prairie, the wheat, the gulls, everything.

"Ain't no dust on our clo'es," said Ans', coughing, winking at Bert, and brushing off with an elaborately finical gesture an imaginary fleck from his knee and elbow. "Ain't we togged out? I guess nobody said 'boo' to us down to St. Peter, eh?"

"You like my clo'es?" said Flaxen, with charming directness.

"You bet! They're scrumptious."

"Well, they ought t' be; they're my best, except my white dress. I thought you'd like 'em; I wore 'em a-purpose."

"Like 'em? They're—you're jest as purty as a red lily er a wild rose in the wheat—ahem! Ain't she, Bert, ol' boy? We're jest about starvin' to death, we are."

"I knew you'd be. What 'll I stir up for supper? Biscuits?"

"Um, um! Say, what ye s'pose I've got to go with 'em?"

"Honey."

"Oh, you're too sharp," wailed Ans', while Flaxen went off into a peal of laughter. "Say, Bert's be'n in the *damnedest*—excuse me—plaguedest temper fer the last two months you ever did see."

While this chatter was going on Bert sat silent and unsmiling on the back seat. He was absorbed in seeing the exquisite color that played in her cheek, and the equally charming curves of her figure. She was well dressed, and was wonderfully mature. He was saying to himself: "Ans' ain't got no more judgment than a boy. We can't keep that girl here. More 'n that, the girl never 'll be contented again, unless—" He did not allow himself to go further. He did not yet dare even to think further.

They had a merry time that night, quite like old times. The biscuits were light and flaky, the honey was delightful, and the milk and butter (procured specially) were fresh. What peals of laughter as Flaxen insisted on their eating potatoes with a fork, and opposed the use of the knife in scooping up the honey from their plates! Even the saturnine Bert forgot his gloom and laughed too, as Ans' laboriously

dipped his honey with a fork, and, finally growing desperate, split a biscuit in half, and in the good old boyish way sopped it in the honey.

"There, that's the Christian way of doing things!" he exulted, while Flaxen laughed. How bright she was! how strange she acted! There were moments when she embarrassed them by some new womanly grace or accomplishment, some new air which she had caught from her companions or teachers at school. It was truly amazing how much she had absorbed outside of her regular studies. She indeed was no longer a girl; she was a young woman, and to them a beautiful one.

Not a day passed without some added surprise which made Anson exult and say, "She's gettin' her money's worth down there, no two ways about that."

But as the excitement of getting back died out, poor Flaxen grew restless, moody, and unaccountable. Before, she had always been the same cheery, frank, boyish creature. As Bert said, "You know where to find her." Now she was full of strange tempers and moods. She would work most furiously for a time, and then suddenly fall dreaming, looking away out on the shimmering plain toward the east.

At Bert's instigation, a middle-aged widow had been hired, at a fabulous price, to come and do the most of the work for them, thus releasing Flaxen from the weight of the hard work, which perhaps was all the worse for her. Hard work might have prevented the unbearable, sleepless pain within. She hated the slatternly Mrs. Green at once for her meddling with her affairs, though the good woman meant no offense. She was jocose in the broad way of middle-aged persons, to whom a love-affair is legitimate food for raillery.

But Gearheart's keen eye was on Flaxen as well. He saw how eagerly she watched for the mail on Tuesdays and Fridays, and how she sought a quiet place at once in order to read and dream over her letters. She was restless a day or two before a certain letter came, with an eager, excited, expectant air. Then, after reading it, she was absent-minded, flighty in conversation; then listlessly restless, moving slowly about from one thing to another, in a kind of restless inability to take interest in anything for long.

All this, if it came to the attention of Anson at all, was laid to the schooling the girl had had.

"Of course it 'll seem a little slow to you, Flaxie, but harvestin' is comin' on soon, an' then things 'll be a little more lively."

But Gearheart was not so slow-witted. He had had sisters and girl cousins, and knew "the symptoms," as Mrs. Green would have put it. He noticed that when Flaxen read

her letters to them there was one which she never read. He knew that this was the letter which meant the most to her. He saw how those letters affected her, and thought he had divined in what way; and one day when Flaxen, after reading her letters, sprang up and ran into her bedroom, her eyes filled with sudden tears, Gearheart crooked his finger at Ans', and they went out to the barn together.

It was nearly one o'clock on an intolerable day peculiar to the Dakota plain. A frightfully hot, withering, and powerful wind was abroad, the thermometer stood nearly a hundred in the shade, and the wind, so far from being a relief, was suffocating because of its heat and the dust it swept along with it.

The heavy-headed grain and russet grass withered and swirled as if in agony, and dashed high in waves of green and yellow. The corn-leaves had rolled up into long cords like the lashes of a whip, and beat themselves into tatters on the dry, smooth spot their blows had made beneath them; they seemed ready to turn to flame in the pitiless, furnace-like blast. Everywhere in the air was a silver-white, impalpable mist, which gave to the cloudless sky a whitish cast. The glittering gulls were the only things that did not move listlessly and did not long for rain. They soared and swooped, exulting in the sounding wind; now throwing themselves upon it, like a swimmer, then darting upward with miraculous ease, to dip again into the shining, hissing, tumultuous waves of the grass.

Along the roads prodigious trains of dust rose hundreds of feet in the air, and drove like a vast caravan with the wind. So powerful was the blast that men hesitated about going out with carriages, and everybody watched feverishly, expecting to see fire break out on the prairie and sweep everything before it. Work in the fields had stopped long before dinner, and the farmers waited, praying or cursing, for the wheat was just at the right point to be blighted.

As the two men went out to the shed side by side, they looked out on the withering wheat-stalks and corn-leaves with gloomy eyes.

"Another day like this, an' they won't be wheat enough in this whole county to make a cake," said Anson, with a calm intonation which after all betrayed the anxiety he felt. They sat down in the wagon-shed near the horses' mangers. They listened to the roar of the wind and the pleasant sound of the horses a good while before either of them spoke again. Finally Bert said sullenly:

"We can't put up hay such a day as this. You could n't haul it home under lock an' key while this infernal wind is blowin'. It's gittin' worse, if anythin'."

Anson said nothing, but waited to hear what Bert had brought him out here for. Bert speared away with his knife at a strip of board. Anson sat on a wagon-tongue, his elbows on his knees, looking intently at the grave face of his companion. The horses ground cheerily at the hay.

"Ans', we 've got to send Flaxen back to St. Peter; she's so homesick she don't know what to do."

Ans's eyes fell.

"I know it. I 've be'n hopin' she 'd git over that, but it 's purty tough on her, after bein' with the young folks in the city fer a year, to come back here on a farm—" He did not finish for a moment. "But she can't stand it. I 'd looked ahead to havin' her here till September, but I can't stand it to see her cryin' like she did to-day. We 've got to give up the idee o' her livin' here. I don't see any other way but to sell out an' go back East somewhere."

Bert saw that Anson was still ignorant of the real state of affairs, but thought he would say nothing for the present.

"Yes; that's the best thing we can do. We 'll send her right back, an' take our chances on the crops. We can git enough to live on an' keep her at school, I guess."

They sat silent for a long time, while the wind tore round the shed, Bert spearing at the stick, and Anson watching the hens as they vainly tried to navigate in the wind. Finally Anson spoke:

"The fact is, Bert, this ain't no place fer a woman, anyway—such a woman as Flaxen's gittin' to be. They ain't nothin' goin' on, nothin' to see er hear. You can't expect a girl to be contented with this country after she 's seen any other. No trees; no flowers; jest a lot o' little shanties full o' flies."

"I knew all that, Ans', a year ago. I knew she 'd never come back here, but I jest said, it 's the thing to do—give her a chance, if we don't have a cent; now let 's go back to the house an' tell her she need n't stay here if she don't want to."

"Wha' d' ye s'pose was in that letter?"

"Could n't say. Some girl's description of a picnic er somethin'." Bert was not yet ready to tell what he knew. When they returned to the house the girl was still invisible, in her room. Mrs. Green was busy clearing up the dinner dishes.

"I don't know 's I ever see such a wind back to Michigan. Seems as if it 'u'd blow the hair off yer head."

"Oh, this ain't nothin'. This is a gentle zephyr. Wait till ye see a wind."

"Wal, I hope to goodness I won't never see a wind. Zephyrs is all I can mortally stand."

Anson went through the little sitting-room, and knocked on Flaxen's door.

"Flaxie, we want to talk to ye." There was no answer, and he came back and sat down. Bert pointed to the letter which Flaxen had flung down on the table. The giant took it, folded it up, and called, "Here 's yer letter, babe."

The door opened a little, and a faint, tearful voice said:

"Read it, if ye want to, boys." Then the door closed tightly again, and they heard her fling herself on the bed. Anson handed the letter to Bert, who read it in a steady voice.

DEAR DARLING: I have good news to tell you. My uncle was out from Wisconsin to see me, and he was pleased with what I had done, and he bought out Mr. Ford, and gave me the whole half interest. I'm to pay him back when I please. Ain't that glorious? Now we can get married right off, can't we, darling?—so you just show this letter to your father and tell him how things stand. I've got a good business. The drug-store is worth \$1200 a year,—my half,—but knock off fifty per cent. and we could live nicely. Don't you think so? I want to see you so bad and talk things over. If you can't come back soon, I will come on. Write soon.

Yours till death,

WILL.

From the first word Anson winced, grew perplexed, then suffered. His head drooped forward on his hands, his elbows rested on his vast, spread knees. He drew his breath with a long, grieving gasp. Bert read on steadily to the end, then glanced at his companion with a deep frown darkling his face; but he was not taken by surprise. He had not had paternal passion change to the passion of a lover only to have it swept down like a half-opened flower. For the first time in his life the giant writhed in mental agony. He saw it all. It meant eternal separation. It meant a long ache in his heart which time could scarcely deaden into a tolerable pain.

Gearheart rose and went out, unwilling to witness the agony of his friend, and desiring himself to be alone. Anson sat motionless, with his hands covering his wet eyes, going over the past and trying to figure the future. He began in that storm: felt again the little form and face of the wailing babe; thought of the frightful struggle against the wind and snow; of the touch of the little hands and feet; of her pretty prattle and gleeful laughter; then of her helpful and oddly womanish ways as she grew older; of the fresh, clear voice calling him "pap," and ordering him about with a roguish air; of her beauty now, when for the first time he had begun to hope that she might be something dearer to him.

How could he live without her? She had grown to be a part of him. He had long ceased to think of the future without her. As he sat

so, the bedroom door opened, and Flaxen's tearful face looked out at him. He did not seem to hear, and she stole up to him and, putting her arm around his neck, laid her cheek on his head—a dear, familiar, childish gesture, used when she wished to propitiate him. He roused himself, and put his arm about her waist, tried to speak, and finally said in a sorry attempt at humor, woefully belied by the tears on his face and the choking in his throat:

"You tell that feller—if he wants ye, to jest come an'—git ye—that 's all!"

ANSON'S opinion of Mr. Kendall was not favorable, but he held it to be a sort of treason to Elga to think so, and he would not admit it to himself or to Gearheart. They saw Kendall for the first time on the day of the wedding, which came in September. They made some inquiries of the townspeople, and found that he was a harmless little creature enough, small, a little inclined to bow-legs, and dudish in manner. He combed his hair till it shone like ebony, and wore the latest designs in standing collars high on his slim neck. His hands were beautifully small and white and ringed, and he had the engaging manners of a successful dry-goods clerk.

"He can't abuse her, that 's one good thing about the whelp," thought Bert, as he crushed Kendall's slim, lax hand in his just to see him scringe.

As for the bridegroom, he was not a little afraid of these fellows, so big and so sullen, and tried his best to please them, chirping in his bright way of all kinds of things.

"We're one of the best cities on the river, you see. Could n't be a better place for a business stand, don't you know? And we're getting to the front in our wholesale department. Of course—ha! ha!—my wife's father ought to know how I am getting on, so you're welcome to come in and look over my books. Our trade is a cash trade as far as the retail part goes, and we are mighty careful who gets tick from us on the wholesale trade. The wholesale trade we are developing rapidly, and in less than ten years we will be one of the leading firms in the valley."

Elga had been down to St. Peter with her friends the Holts since that week before harvest when Anson "discovered the lay of the land." It cut him terribly to see how eager she was to get away, and he grew a little bitter, a thing quite unusual for him.

"What 's that little whipper-snapper ever done fer her that she should leave us in the shade fer him; ferget all we've done fer her, an' climb out an' leave us jest at his wink? It beats me; but it 's all right. I don't blame her if she feels so; only it does seem queer, don't it?"

"Purty tough, sure 's yer born. Specially the idee that after bein' raised with a couple o' men she 'd go off with a thing like that."

Arriving at this understanding, they said no more about it, but set to work to make it all as pleasant for Flaxen as possible.

Anson stood bravely through the ceremony as the father of the bride, and bore himself with his usual massive rude dignity. But he inwardly winced as he saw Elga, looking very stately and beautiful in her bride's veil, towering half a head above the sleek-haired little clerk. Not a few of the company smiled at the contrast, but she had no other feeling than perfect love and happiness.

When the ceremony was over, and Anson looked around for Bert, he was gone. He could n't stand the pressure of the crowd and the whispered comments, and had slipped away early in the evening.

Among the presents which were laid on the table in the dining-room was a long envelop addressed to Mrs. Will Kendall. It contained a deed for a house and lot in one of the most desirable parts of the suburbs. It was from Gearheart, but there was no written word else. This gift meant the sale of his claim in Dakota.

When Anson got back to the hotel that night, wondering and alarmed at his partner's absence, he found a letter from him. It was full of his well-known bitterness.

This climate is getting too frigid for my lungs. I'm going to emigrate to California. I made a mistake; I ought to have gone in for stand-up collars, shiny hair, and bow-legs. You 'd better skip back to Dakota and sell your claim. Keep my share of the stock and tools; it ain't worth bothering about. Don't try to live there alone, old man. If you can't sell, marry. Don't let that girl break you all up too. We are all fools, but some can get over it quicker than others.

If that little bow-legged thing gets under your feet or abuses her, just get your toe under him and hoist him over into the alley.

Good-by and good luck, old man. BERT.

And the next day the doubly bereaved man started on his lonely journey back to the Dakota claim, back to an empty house, with a gnawing pain in his heart and a constriction like an iron band about his throat; back to his broad fields to plod to and fro alone.

As he began to realize it all, and to think how terrible was this loss, he laid his head down on the car-seat before him, and cried. His first great trial had come to him, and, meeting it like a man, he must now weep like a woman.

III.

FLAXEN wrote occasionally during the next year, letters all too short and too far between

for the lonely man toiling away on his bleak farm. These letters were very much alike, telling mainly of how happy she was, and of what she was going to do by and by, on Christmas or Thanksgiving. Once she sent a photograph of herself and husband, and Anson, after studying it for a long time, took a pair of shears and cut the husband off, and threw him into the fire.

"That fellow gives me the ague," he muttered.

Bert did not write, and there was hardly a night that Ans' lay down on his bed that he did not wonder where his chum was, especially as the winter came on unusually severe, reminding him of that first winter in the Territory. Day after day he spent alone in his little house, going out only to feed the cattle or to get the mail. But with the passage of time the pain in his heart lost its intensity.

One day he got a letter from Flaxen that startled and puzzled him. It was like a cry for help, somehow.

"Dear old pap, I wish you was here," and then in another place came the piteous cry, "Oh, I wish I had some folks!"

All night long that cry rang in the man's head with a wailing, falling cadence like the note of a lost little prairie-chicken.

"I wonder what that whelp has been doin' now. If he 's begun to abuse her I 'll wring his neck. She wants me an' da's n't ask me to come. Poor chick, I 'll be pap an' mam to ye, both," he said at last, with sudden resolution.

The day after the receipt of this letter a telegram was handed to him at the post-office, which he opened with trembling hands.

ANSON WOOD: Your daughter is ill. Wants you. Come at once. DOCTOR DIETRICH.

A glorious winter sun was beginning to light up the frost foliage of the maples lining St. Peter's streets when Anson, stiff with cold and haggard with a night of sleepless riding, sprang off the train and looked about him. The beauty of the morning made itself felt even through his care. These rows of resplendent maples, heavy with iridescent frost, were like fairy-land to him, fresh from the treeless prairie. As he walked on under them, showers of powdered rubies and diamonds fell down upon him; the colonnades seemed like those leading to some enchanted palace such as he had read of in boyhood. Every shrub in the yards was similarly decked, and the snug cottages were like the little house which he had once seen at the foot of the Christmas tree in a German church years before.

Feet crunched along cheerily on the sidewalks, bells of dray-teams were beginning to sound, and workmen to whistle.

Anson was met at the door by a hard-faced, middle-aged woman.

"How 's my girl?" he asked.

"Oh, she 's nicelly. Walk in."

"Can I see her now?"

"She 's sleepin'; I guess you better wait a little while till after breakfast."

"Where 's Kendall?" was his next question.

"I d'n' know. Hain't seen 'im sence yesterday. He don't amount to much, anyway, and in these cases there ain't no dependin' on a boy like that. It 's nachel fer girls to call on their mothers an' fathers in such cases."

Anson was about to ask her what the trouble was with his girl, when she turned away. She could not be dangerously ill; anyway, there was comfort in that.

After he had eaten a slight breakfast of bad coffee and yellow biscuits, Mrs. Stickney came back.

"She 's awake an' wants to see ye. Now don't get excited. She ain't dangerous."

Anson was alarmed and puzzled at her manner.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

Her reply was common enough, but it stopped him with his foot on the threshold. He understood at last. The majesty and mystery of birth was like a light in his face, and dazzled him. He was awed and exalted at the same time.

"Open the door; I want to see her," he said in a new tone.

As they entered the darkened chamber he heard his girl's eager cry.

"Is that you, pap?" wailed her faint, sweet voice.

"Yes; it 's me, Flaxie." He crossed the room, and knelt by the bed. She flung her arms around his neck.

"O pappy, pappy! I wanted you. Oh, my poor mama! O pap, I don't like her," she whispered, indicating the nurse with her eyes. "O pap, I hate to think of mother lying there in the snow—an' Bert—where is Bert, pap? Perhaps he 's in the blizzard too—"

"She 's a little flighty," said the nurse in her matter-of-fact tone.

Anson groaned as he patted the pale cheek of the sufferer.

"Don't worry, Flaxie; Bert 's all right. He 'll come home soon. Why don't you send for the doctor?" he said to the nurse.

"He 'll be here soon. Don't worry over that," indicating Flaxen, who was whispering to herself.

"Do you s'pose I can find my folks if I go back to Norway?" she said to Anson a little after.

"Yes; I guess so, little one. When you get well, we 'll try an' see."

"Perhaps if I found my aunt she 'd look like mama, an' I 'd know then how mama looked, would n't I? Perhaps if the wheat is good this year we can go back an' find her, can't we?" Then her words melted into a moan of physical pain, and the nurse said:

"Now I guess you 'd better go an' see if you can't hurry the doctor up. Yes; now he 's got to go," she went on to Flaxen, drowning out her voice and putting her imploring hands back upon the bed.

Anson saw it all now. In her fear and pain she had turned to him,—poor motherless little bird,—forgetting her boy husband, or feeling the need of a broader breast and stronger hand. It was a beautiful trust, and as the great shaggy man went out into the morning he was exalted by the thought. "My little babe—my Flaxen!" he said with unutterable love and pity.

Again his mind ran over the line of his life—the cabin, the dead woman, the baby face nestling at his throat, the girl coming to him with her trials and triumphs. His heart swelled so that he could not have spoken, but deep in his throat he muttered a dumb prayer. And how he suffered that day, hearing her babble mixed with moanings every time the door opened. Once the doctor said:

"It 's no use for you to stand here, Wood. It only makes you suffer, and don't help her a particle."

"It seems 's if it helped her, an' so—I guess I 'll stay. She may call fer me, an' if she does I 'm goin' in, doctor. How is she now?"

"She 's slightly delirious now, but still she knows you 're here. She now and then speaks of you, but does n't call for you."

But she did call for him, and he went in, and, kneeling by her side, he talked to her and held her hands, stroked her hair and soothed her as he used to when a little child unable to speak save in her pretty Norseland tongue, and at last when opiates were given, and he rose and staggered from the room, it seemed as though he had lived years.

So weary was he that when the doctor came out and said, "You may go to sleep now," he dropped heavily on a lounge and fell asleep almost with the motion. Even the preparations for breakfast made by the hoarse-voiced servant-girl did not wake him, but the drawing, nasal tone of Kendall did. He sat up and looked at the oily little clerk. It was after seven o'clock.

"Hello!" said Kendall, "when d' you get in?"

"Shortly after you went out," said Anson in reply.

Kendall felt the rebuke, and, as he twisted his cuffs into place, said, "Well, yee see I could n't do no good—a man ain't any good in such

cases, anyway—so I just thought I'd run down to St. Paul an' do a little buying."

Anson turned away and went into the kitchen to wash his face and to comb his hair, glad to get rid of the sight of Kendall for a moment. Mrs. Stickney was toasting some bread.

"She's awake an' wants to see you when you woke up. It's a girl—thought I'd tell ye—yes; she's comfortable. Say, 'tween you an' me, a man 'at 'u'd run off—waal—" she ended expressively.

Once more Anson caught his breath as he entered the darkened chamber. But the figure on the bed was tranquil now, and the voice, though weak and low, was Flaxen's own.

He stopped as his eyes fell on her. She was no longer a girl. The majesty of maternity was on her pale face and in her great eyes. A faint, expectant smile was on her lips, her eyes were fixed on his face as she drew the cover from the little red, weirdly wrinkled face at her throat.

Before he could speak, and while he was looking down at the mite of humanity, Kendall stepped into the room.

"Hello, Ellie! How are—"

A singular revulsion came out on her face.

"Make him go 'way; I don't want him."

"All right," said Kendall, cheerfully, glad to escape.

"Isn't she beautiful?" the mother whispered.

"Does she look like me?" she asked artlessly.

"She's beautiful to me because she's yours, Flaxie," replied Anson, with a delivery all the more striking because of the contrast with his great frame and hard, rough hands. "But there, my girl, go to sleep like baby, an' don't—worry any more."

"You ain't goin' away while I'm sick?" she asked, following him with her eyes unnaturally large.

"I won't never go 'way again if you don't want me to," he replied.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she sighed restfully.

He was turning to go when she waived reproachfully, "Pap, you did n't kiss baby!"

Anson turned and came back. "She's sleepin', an' I thought it was n't right to kiss a girl without she said so."

This made Flaxen smile, and Anson went out with a lighter heart than he had had for two years. Kendall met him outside, and said confidentially:

"I don't s'pose it was just the thing for me to do; but—confound it!—I never could stand a sick-room, anyway. I could n't do any good, anyway—just been in the way. She'll get over her mad in a few days. Think so?"

But she did not. Her singular and sudden dislike of him continued, and though she passively submitted to his being in the room, she would not speak a word to him nor look at

him as long as she could avoid it; and when he approached the baby or took it in his arms a jealous frown came on her face.

As for Anson, he grew to hate the sound of that little chuckle of Kendall's; the part in the man's hair and the hang of his cutaway coat made him angry. The trim legs, a little bowed, the big cuffs hiding the small, cold hands, and the peculiar set of his faultless collar, grew daily more insupportable.

"Say, looky here, Kendall," said he in desperation one day, "I wish you did n't like me quite so well. We don't hitch fust-rate—at least I don't. Seems to me you're neglectin' your business too much."

He was going to tell him to keep away, but he relented as he looked down at the harmless little man, with his thin, boyish face.

"Oh, my business is all right. Gregory looks after it mostly, anyhow. But, I say, if you wanted to go into the dray business, there's a first-class opening now. Clark wants to sell."

It ended in Anson seeing Clark and buying out his line of drays, turning in his claim toward the payment, a transaction which made Flaxen laugh for joy, for she had not felt certain before that he would remain in St. Peter. She was getting about the house now, looking very wifely in her long, warm wraps, her slow motions contrasting strongly with the old restless, springing steps Anson remembered so well.

Night after night, as he sat beside the fire and held baby, listening to the changed voice of his girl, and watching the grave new expressions of her face, the tooth of time took hold upon him powerfully, and he would feel his shaggy beard and think, "I'll soon be gray, soon be gray!" while the little one cooed, and sprang, and pulled at his beard, which had grown long again and had white hairs in it.

Kendall spent most of his time at the store, or down-town somewhere, and so all of those long, delicious winter evenings were Flaxen's and Anson's. And his enjoyment of them was pathetic. The cheerful little sitting-room, the open grate, the gracious, ever-growing womanliness of Elga, the pressure of soft little limbs, and the babble of a liquid baby-language, were like the charm of an unexpected Indian-summer day between two gray November storms.

One night Kendall did not come home, and early the next morning an officer came to the door to inquire if he were in. On being told that he was not at home, and that they did not know where he was, the sheriff said to his companion:

"Skipped between two days."

And so it came out that Kendall had purchased goods on credit, gambled his money

away, and was ruined. His stock of goods was seized, and the house was saved only through the firmness of Anson.

Flaxen shut her lips and said nothing, and he could not read her silence. One day she came to him with a letter.

"Read that!" she exclaimed scornfully. He saw that it was dated from Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

DEAR DARLING WIFE: I'm all right here with father. It was all Gregory's fault; he was always betting on something. I'm coming back as soon as the old man can raise the money to pay Fitch. Don't worry about me. They can't take the house, anyway. You might rent the house, sell the furniture on the sly, and come back here. The old man will give me another show. I don't owe more than a thousand dollars, anyway. Write soon. Your loving WILL.

Anson went quietly on with his work, making a living for himself and Flaxen and baby. It never occurred to either of them that any other arrangement was necessary. Kendall wrote once or twice a month for a while, saying each time, "I'll come back and settle up," and asking her to come to him; but she did not reply, and never referred to him outside her home, and when others inquired after him she replied evasively:

"He 's in Wisconsin somewhere; I don't know where."

"Is he coming back?"

"I don't know."

She often spoke of Bert, and complained of his silence. Once she said:

"I guess he 's forgot us, pap."

"I guess not. More likely he 's thinkin' we've fergot him. He 'll turn up some bright mornin' with a pocket full o' rocks. He ain't no spring chicken, Bert ain't." ("All the same, I wish t' he 'd write," Anson said to himself.)

THE sad death of Kendall came to them without much disturbing force. He had been out of their lives so long that when Anson came in with the paper and letter telling of the accident, and with his instinctive delicacy left her alone to read the news, Flaxen was awed and saddened, but had little sense of personal pain and loss.

"Young Kendall," the newspaper went on under its scare-heads, "was on a visit to La Crosse, and while skating with a party on the bayou, where the La Crosse River empties into the father of waters, skated into an air-hole. The two young ladies with him were rescued, but the fated man was swept under the ice. He was the son," etc.

When Anson came back Flaxen sat with the letter in her hand and the paper on her lap.

She was meditating deeply, but what was in her mind Anson never knew. She had grown more and more reticent of late. She sighed, rose, and resumed her evening tasks.

One raw March evening, when the wind was roaring among the gray branches of the maples like a lion in wrath, some one knocked on the door.

"Come in!" shouted Anson, who was giving baby her regular ride on his boot.

"Come in!" added Flaxen.

Gearheart walked in slowly, and closed the door behind his back, and stood devouring the cheerful scene. He was poorly dressed, and wore a wide, limp hat; they did not know him till he bared his head.

"Bert!" yelled Anson, tossing the baby to his shoulder, and leaping toward his chum, tramping and shaking and clapping like a madman — scaring the child.

"My gosh-all-hemlock! I'm glad to see ye! Gimme that paw again. Come to the fire. This is Flaxie" (as though he had not had his eyes on her face all the time). "Be'n sick?"

Bert's hollow cough prompted this question.

"Yes. Had some kind of a fever down in Arizona. Oh, I'm all right now," he added in reply to an anxious look from Flaxen.

"An' this is —"

"Baby — Elsie," she replied, putting a finishing touch to the little one's dress, mother-like.

"Where 's he?" he asked a little later.

Anson replied with a little gesture which silenced Bert at the same time that it explained. And when Flaxen was busy a few moments later, Anson said:

"He 's gone. I'll explain later."

At the table they grew quite gay talking over old times, and Bert's pale face grew rosier, catching a reflection of the happy faces opposite.

"Say, Bert, do you remember the time you threw that pan o' biscuits I made out into the grass an' killed every dog in the township?" Then they roared.

"I remember your flapjacks that always split open in the middle, an' no amount o' heat could cook 'em inside," Bert replied.

Then they grew sober again, when Bert said with a pensive cadence: "Well, I tell ye, those were days of hard work; but many 's the time I've looked back at 'em these last three years, wishin' they 'd never ended an' that we 'd never got scattered."

"We won't be again, will we, pap?"

"Not if I can help it," Anson replied. "But how are you, Bert? Rich?"

Bert put his hand into his pocket and laid a handful of small coins on the table.

"That 's the size o' my pile — four dollars,"

he said, smiling faintly; "the whole o' my three yeers' work."

"Well, never mind, ol' man. I 've got a chance fer ye. Still an old bach.?"

"Still an old bach." He looked at Flaxen, irresistibly drawn to her face. She dropped her eyes; she could not have told why.

And so "Wood & Gearheart" was painted on the sides of the drays, and they all continued to live in the little yellow cottage, enjoying life much more than the men, at least, had ever dared to hope; and little Elsie grew to be a "great girl," and a nuisance with her desire to "yide" with "g'an'pap."

There is no spot more delightful in early April than the sunny side of the barn, and Anson and Bert felt this though they did not say it.

The eaves were dripping, the doves cooing, the hens singing their harsh-throated, weirdly suggestive songs, and the thrilling warmth and vitality of the sun and wind of spring made the great rude fellows shudder with a strange delight. Anson held out his palm to catch the sunshine in it, took off his hat to feel the wind, and mused:

"This is a great world—and a great day. I wish t' it was always spring."

"Say," began Bert abruptly, "it seems pretty well understood that you 're her father—but where do I come in?"

"You ought to be her husband." A light leaped into the younger man's face. "But go slow," Anson went on gravely. "This package is marked 'Glass; handle with care.'"

THE END.

Hamlin Garland.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

BERNARDINO LUINI.—BORN, —; DIED, 1533 (?).



THIS is a curious commentary on the artistic discrimination of the sixteenth century that one of the sweetest of its painters was so unknown in his own day that there is no record of his birth or of his death. We know so little of Luini's life and circumstances that if we would have a biography, we must construct one from the internal evidence of his works. The first signed picture is a Madonna in the Brera Gallery of Milan, of 1521, and this seems to mark a point of departure, and serves to divide hypothetically his unripened work from that by which we estimate his powers. He has always been considered a pupil of Da Vinci; but we have no other evidence of this than the character of his work. Only six of his pictures are dated, moreover, so that we have hardly the data for an authoritative classification of them. The singular and salient fact of Luini's artistic existence is that for so many years he was so completely confounded with Da Vinci that there are more of his pictures which have passed for the work of Leonardo than we have of Leonardo's own. It is possible that the fixing of his style in 1521 was a consequence of his having come into contact with Da Vinci. That he did actually profit by the instruction of the master is most probable, for the similarity of technic which has been the cause of the confusion between the two painters could hardly have come merely from a general impression of the elder painter's work. Studio traditions are to be ac-

quired only in the studio; and Da Vinci had so many pupils that Luini and many others might easily escape mention. In that region and time the genius of the master so overshadowed all other talent or reputation that a man in poor circumstances, and of obscure position, such as Luini, would hardly attract the attention of a society accustomed to brilliant achievement and showy qualities, to which Luini never attained. His tender sentiment and delicate drawing are not of the kind of art which attracts the careless observer, and that his work has come down almost to our own day without the distinction it merits is the best proof that he was not of those who catch the public eye at any period.

The work supposed to be his earliest is in the Brera Gallery and the Royal Palace, Milan; it consists of a number of fragments of frescos from the Casa Pelucca near Monza. They are mostly subjects from the Old Testament, but there is a series of mythological subjects, as an Apollo and Daphne, etc. The frescos of Sta. Maria della Pace, which are now in the Brera, or in the Museum of Archæology, are supposed by Mongeri to have been painted about 1524, and to be the next in order to those of the Casa Pelucca, as they show the painter's peculiarities of style, while those of the former series vary so much as to have given the idea to Cavalcaselle that they were painted in coöperation with Suardi, whose children and those of Luini (the latter had three sons who became painters) painted in much the same manner. Luini was a poor man with a large family, and executed

a very great number of works, those of the earlier period being mostly, so far as distinguishable, in fresco, and, whether from haste, as a result of being poorly paid, or from being carried out by pupils, of very unequal execution. But he was capable of very rapid work; thus the "Flagellation" in the Ambrosiana, a fresco occupying one side of the chapter-hall, was begun in October, 1521, and finished in March of the next year. The "Flagellation" occupies the center, with portraits of six donors on each side, all excellent examples of portraiture.

After 1522 Luini was called out of Milan to work, and painted in Legnano an altar-piece in fifteen compartments. In 1525 he was invited to paint in the Church of the Blessed Virgin of Saronno, near Milan, where he worked in company with Gaudenzio and two other painters; and on his return to Milan he was commissioned by the Bentivogli, the dethroned lords of Bologna, to paint the partition wall of the Church of St. Maurizio, by which they wished to show their recognition, in their exile from their own realm, of the hospitality of their kinsmen the Sforzas. One of the subjects is St. Benedict leading Alessandro Bentivoglio to the altar, and another is St. Agnes performing the same office for his wife, who was Hippolyta Sforza. In the cloister of the church he painted a series from the Passion, of which the Crucifixion was in oil.

From Milan he went again, in 1529, to Lugano, where he painted a Passion, in which the principal scenes of the Agony are enacted in the background while the Crucifixion takes place in the foreground. Dohme considers the figures of the Magdalen and St. John to be among the finest in Italian art. Here the painter introduces as a centurion the supposed portrait of himself, and as the same head occurs in another picture, the "Adoration," at Saronno, Dohme very reasonably accepts it as the authentic portrait, rejecting the traditional portrait in the "Christ among the Doctors," in the Church of the Blessed Virgin of Saronno. There is record of his painting at Lugano in 1529-30 and in 1533, and the last date is the latest note of the existence of the painter.

Ruskin deserves the credit of having been one of the earliest to give Luini full justice. He considers him a better draftsman than Da Vinci, but this is a judgment the justice of which depends on definitions. If we are to take into consideration all the qualities of the artistic expression of form, it cannot be maintained, and in subtlety of line alone it can hardly be held, for when he had a form to follow no one could surpass Da Vinci; but in the feeling for beauty of line and tender expression coupled with subtle drawing, I believe that Luini justifies the praise of the critic.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE BY TIMOTHY COLE ON THE "ST. APOLLONIA" OF LUINI.

LUINI is seen at his best in Milan, where are found his latest works—those of his third, or "blond," manner, in which he attains his fullest strength and independence. The Church of Monastero Maggiore, formerly St. Maurizio, is a very temple of his art.

Luini's "blond" manner is a warmer and less heavy style of coloring than he had previously practised; the name does not imply that his frescos are any more blond, generally speaking, than those of any other artist.

The detail given, St. Apollonia, is part of one of the painter's most beautiful single-figure pieces, a fresco to the right of the high altar in the Church of Monastero Maggiore. I was much struck with the grace and ease of the pose; but the beauty of the face, so tender and full of emotion, made me wish to engrave this part alone. I have made, however, a three-quarter length, thus giving the head larger than it would have been had I done the whole figure, as well as showing the composition of the principal motive. Much of the expression of a face is necessarily lost in engraving it on a small scale on wood.

The attribute of St. Apollonia is a pair of pincers holding a tooth, in allusion to the torture she suffered in having all her teeth extracted previously to being burned. She is the patron saint of sufferers from tooth-ache. Besides the pincers, she holds the book as significant of her learning, and she bears the martyr's palm.

The fresco measures six feet high by two feet seven

inches wide. To appreciate the full value of the coloring one must get within the altar-railing, for the effect of the slanting light from without causes a delicate purple bloom to suffuse the whole of the surface, and this, though very beautiful, conveys a false impression. I had not suspected anything wrong until I got within the railing, when I found that the under-robe, which I had taken to be of a charming purple hue, was in fact dark brown. In like manner the other colors were more or less affected. The sleeve of the saint is pea-green, of a light, delicate, lively tone, soft and very pleasant to the eye. Her mantle which falls over her shoulder, is of a bright orange, yet neutralized to harmonize delightfully with the rest. The lining of this mantle, turned up by the elbow, is of a soft, neutral tone of blue. The lining of the robe falling beneath the arm is of the same tone of blue, but its exterior is of a fine crimson, softened and glowing. A portion of this robe falls over the left shoulder, displaying its lining of soft blue. The cover of the book is green. The background of the whole is of a soft, dark sea-green, its inner square of a soft blackish tone tinged delicately so as to suggest a reddish feeling. The hair of the saint is of a warm silvery color, and the flesh-tints are soft and warm. The combination of the whole is very delightful and charming. The best way to appreciate the beautiful glow of the picture is to stand at a little distance and to view it through a tube, shutting out all else, and thus concentrating the vision upon it.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

ST. APOLLONIA, BY LUINI.

IN THE CHURCH OF MONASTERO MAGGIORE, MILAN.

HOMESTEADS OF THE BLUE-GRASS.



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

AFTER DINNER LONG AGO.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

I. COUNTRY AND TOWN.



KENTUCKY is a land of rural homes. The people are out in the country with a perennial appetite and passion for the soil. Like Englishmen, they are by nature no dwellers in cities; like

older Saxon forefathers, they have a strong feeling for a habitation even no better than a one-story log house, with furniture of the rudest kind, and cooking in the open air, if only it be surrounded by a plot of ground and individualized by all-encompassing fences. They are gregarious at respectful distances, dear to them being that sense of personal worth and importance which comes from territorial aloofness, from domestic privacy, and from a certain lordship over all they survey.

The land that Kentuckians hold has a singular charm and power of infusing some fierce and tender desire of ownership. Centuries before it was possessed by them, all ruthless aboriginal wars for its sole occupancy had resolved them-

selves into the final understanding that it be wholly claimed by none. Bounty in land was the coveted reward of Virginia troops in the old French and Indian war. Hereditary love of land was the magnet that drew the earliest settlers across the perilous mountains. Rapacity for land was the impulse that caused them to rush down into the green plains, fall upon the natives, slay, torture, hack to pieces, and sacrifice wife and child, with the swift, barbaric hardihood and unappeasable fury of Northmen of old descending upon the softer shores of France. Acquisition of land was the determinative principle of the new civilization. Litigation concerning land has made famous the decisions of their courts of law. The surveyor's chain should be wrapped about the rifle as a symbolic epitome of pioneer history. It was for land that they turned from the Indians upon one another, and wrangled, cheated, and lied. They robbed Boone until he had none in which to lay his bones. One of the first acts of one of the first colonists was to glut his appetite by the purchase of all of the State that lies south of the

Kentucky River. The middle class of farmer has always been a strong, a controlling element of the population. To-day more are engaged in agriculture than in all other pursuits combined; taste for it has steadily drawn a rich stream of younger generations hither and thither into the younger West; and to-day, as always, the broad, average ideal of a happy life is expressed in the quiet ownership of perpetual pastures.

Steam, said Emerson, is almost an Englishman: grass is almost a Kentuckian. Wealth, labor, productions, revenues, public markets, public improvements, manners, characters, social modes—all speak in common of the country and fix attention upon the soil. The staples attest the predominance of agriculture; unsurpassed breeds of stock imply the verdure of the

the features of urban life. The hundreds of little towns and villages scattered at easy distances over the State for the most part draw out a thin existence by reason of surrounding rural populations. They bear the pastoral stamp. Up to their very environs approach the cultivated fields, the meadows of brilliant green, the delicate woodlands; in and out along the white highways move the tranquil currents of rural trade; through their streets groan and creak the loaded wagons; on the sidewalks the most conspicuous human type is the farmer. Once a month county-seats overflow with the incoming tide of country folk, livery-stables are crowded with horses and vehicles, court-house squares become market-places for traffic in stock. But when emp-



DRAWN BY A. SCHILLING.

DOWELL'S BRIDGE ON GLENN CREEK.

lawns; turnpikes, the finest on the continent, furnish viaducts for the garnered riches of the earth, and prove as well the high development of rural life as the every-day luxury of delightful riding and driving. Even the crow, the most boldly characteristic freebooter of the air, whose cawing is often the only sound heard in dead February days, or whose flight amid his multitudinous fellows forms long black lines across the morning and the evening sky, tells of fat pickings and profitable thefts in innumerable fields. In Kentucky a rustic young woman of Homeric sensibility will rightly be allowed to discover in the slow-moving panorama of white clouds her father's herd of short-horned cattle grazing through heavenly pastures, and her lover to see in the halo around the moon a perfect celestial race-track.

Comparatively weak and unpronounced are

tied of country folk, they sink again into repose, all but falling asleep of summer noonings, and in winter seeming frost-locked with the outlying woods and streams.

Remarkable is the absence of considerable cities; there being but one that may be said truly to reflect Kentucky life, and that situated on the river frontier, a hundred miles from the center of the State. Think of it! A population of some two millions with only one interior town that contains over five thousand white inhabitants. Hence Kentucky makes no impression abroad by reason of its urban population. Lexington, Bowling Green, Harrodsburg, Winchester, Richmond, Frankfort, Mount Sterling, and all the others, where do they stand in the scale of great American cities? Hence, too, the disparaging contrast liable to be drawn between Kentucky and the gigantic young States of the West.



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

HOME OF THE SHELBOYS, LINCOLN COUNTY.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

Where, it is severely asked, is the magnitude of the commonwealth, where the ground of the sense of importance in the people? No huge mills and gleaming forges, no din of factories and throb of mines, nowhere any colossal centers for the rushing enterprise and multiform energy of the modern American spirit. The answer must be, Judge the State thus far as an agricultural State; the people as an agricultural people: in time no doubt the rest will come. All other things are here, awaiting occasion and development. The eastern portions of the State now verge upon an era of long-delayed activity. There lie the mines, the building-stone, the illimitable wealth of timber; there soon will be opened new fields for commercial and industrial centralization. But hitherto in Kentucky it has seemed enough that the pulse of life should beat with the heart of nature, and be in unison with the slow unfolding and decadence of the seasons. The farmer can go no faster than the sun, and is rich or poor by the law of planetary orbits. In all central Kentucky not a single village of note has been founded within three quarters of a century, and some villages a hundred years old have not succeeded in gaining even from this fecund race more than a thousand or two thousand inhabitants. But these little towns are inaccessible to the criticism that would assault their commercial greatness. Business is not their boast. Sounded to its depths, the serene sea in which their exis-

tence floats will reveal a bottom, not of mercantile, but of social ideas; studied as to cost or comfort, the architecture in which the people have expressed themselves will appear noticeable, not in their business houses and public buildings, but in their homes. If these towns pique themselves pointedly on anything, it is that they are the centers of genial intercourse and polite entertainment. Even commercial Louisville must find its peculiar distinction in the number of its sumptuous private residences. It is well nigh a rule that in Kentucky the value of the house is out of proportion to the value of the estate.

Do not, however, make the mistake of supposing that because the towns regard themselves as the provincial fortresses of a good society, they therefore look down upon the home life



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

THE PORTER'S LODGE.



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

COLONEL HART GIBSON'S HOUSE, NEAR LEXINGTON.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

of the country. In fact, between country and town in Kentucky exists a relation unique and well to be understood: such a part of the population of the town owning or managing estates in the country; such a part of the population of the country being business or professional men in town. For it is strikingly true that here all vocations and avocations of life may and do go with tillage, and there are none it is not considered to adorn. The first governor of the State was awarded his domain for raising a crop of corn, and laid down public life at last to renew his companionship with the plow. "I retire," said Clay, many years afterward, "to the shades of Ashland." The present governor (1888), a man of large wealth, lives, when at home, in a rural log house built near the beginning of the century. His predecessor in office was a farmer. Hardly a man of note in all the past or present history of the State but has had his near or immediate origin in the woods and fields. Formerly it was the custom — less general now — that young men should take their academic degrees in the colleges of the United States, sometimes in those of Europe, and, returning home, hang up their diplomas as votive offerings to the god of boundaries. To-day you will find the ex-minister to a foreign court spending his final years in the solitude of his farm-house, and the representative at Washington making his retreat to the restful homestead. The banker in town bethinks him of stocks at home that know no panic; the clergyman studies St. Paul amid the native corn, and muses on the surpassing beauty of David as he rides his favorite

horse through green pastures and beside still waters. Hence, to be a farmer here implies no social inferiority, no rusticity, no boorishness. Hence, so clearly interlaced are urban and rural society that there results a homogeneity of manners, customs, dress, entertainments, ideals, and tastes. Hence, the infiltration of the country with the best the towns contain. More, indeed, than this: rather to the country than to the towns in Kentucky must one look for the local history of the home life. There first was implanted under English and Virginian influences the antique style of country-seat; there flourished for a time those gracious manners that were the high-born endowment of the olden school; there in piquant contrast were developed side by side the democratic and aristocratic spirits, working severally toward equality and caste; there was established the State reputation for effusive private hospitalities; and there still are peculiarly cherished the fading traditions of more festive boards and kindlier hearthstones. If the feeling of the whole people could be interpreted by a single saying, it would perhaps be this: that whether in town or country — and if in the country, not remotely here or there, but in well-nigh unbroken succession from estate to estate — they have attained a notable stage in the civilization of the home. This is the common conviction, this the idol of the tribe. The idol itself may rest on the fact of provincial isolation, which is the fortress of self-love and neighborly devotion; but it suffices for the present purpose to say that it is an idol still, worshiped for the divinity it is

thought to enshrine. Hence you may assail the Kentuckian on many grounds, and he will hold his peace. You may tell him that he has no great cities, that he does not run with the currents of national progress; but never tell him that the home life of his fellows and himself is not as good as the best in the land. Domesticity is the State porcupine, presenting an angry quill to every point of attack. To write of homes in Kentucky, therefore, and particularly of rural homes, is to enter the very citadel of the popular affections.

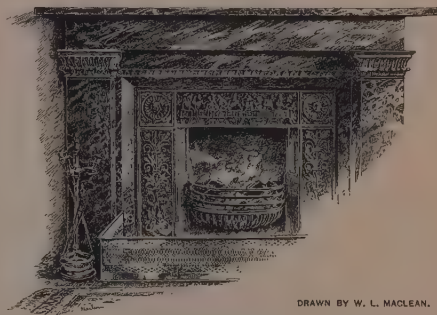
II. TYPES OF EARLY HOMES.

At first they built for the tribe, working together like beavers in common cause against nature and their enemies. Home life and domestic architecture began among them with the wooden-fort community, the idea of which was no doubt derived from the frontier defenses of Virginia, and modified by the Kentuckians with a view to domestic use. This building habit culminated in the erection of some two hundred rustic castles, the sites of which in some instances are still to be identified. It was a singularly fit sort of structure, adjusting itself desperately and economically to the necessities of environment. For the time society lapsed into a state which, but for the want of lords and retainers, was feudalism of the rudest kind. There were gates for sally and swift retreat, bastions for defense, and loopholes in cabin-walls for the deadly volleys. There were hunting-parties winding forth stealthily without horn or hound, and returning laden with such antlered game as might have graced the great feudal halls. There was siege, too, and suffering, and death enough, God knows, mingled with the lowing of cattle and the clatter of looms. Some morning, even, you might have seen a slight girl trip covertly out to the little cotton-patch in one corner of the inclosure, and, blushing crimson over the snowy cotton-bolls, pick the wherewithal to spin her bridal dress; for there they married also and bore children. Many a Kentucky family must trace its origin through the tribal communities pent up within a stockade, and discover that the family plate consisted then of a tin cup, and haply an iron fork.

But, as soon as might be, this compulsory village life broke eagerly asunder into private homes. The common building form was that of the log house. It is needful to distinguish this from the log house of the mountaineer, which is found throughout eastern Kentucky to-day. Encompassed by all difficulties, the pioneer yet reared himself a complete and more enduring habitation. One of these, still intact after the lapse of more than a century,

stands as a singularly interesting type of its kind, and brings us face to face with primitive architecture. "Mulberry Hill," a double house, two and a half stories high, with a central hall, was built in Jefferson County, near Louisville, in 1785, for John Clark, the father of General George Rogers Clark.

The settlers made the mistake of supposing that the country lacked building-stone, so deep under the loam and verdure lay the whole foundation rock; but soon they discovered that their better houses had only to be taken from beneath their feet. The first stone house in the State, and withal the most notable, is "Traveler's Rest," in Lincoln County, built in 1783 by Governor Metcalf, who was then a stone-mason, for Isaac Shelby, the first governor of Kentucky. To those who know the blue-grass landscape, this type of homestead is familiar enough, with its solidity of foundation, great thickness of walls, enormous, low chimneys, and little windows. The owners were the architects and builders, and with stern, necessitous industry translated their condition into their work, giving it an intensely human element. It harmonized with need, not with feeling; was built by the virtues, and not by the vanities. With no fine balance of proportion, with details few, scant, and crude, the entire effect of the architecture was not unpleasing, so honest was its poverty, so rugged and robust its purpose.



IRON AND MARBLE MANTEPIECE IN THE PRESTON HOUSE, LEXINGTON.

It was the gravest of all historic commentaries written in stone. Instructive enough is the varied fate that has overtaken these old-time structures. Many have been torn down, yielding their well-chosen sites to newer, showier edifices. Others became in time the quarters of the slaves. Others still have been hidden away beneath weather-boarding,—a veneer of commonplace modernism,—as though white-washed or painted plank were a finer thing to see than rough-hewn gray stone. But one is glad to discover that in numerous instances they are the preferred homes of those who have



DOORWAY IN THE BROWN HOUSE, FRANKFORT. (DESIGNED BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.)

the exigencies of the period, its most noteworthy expression in the homestead of brick. No finer specimen survives than that built in 1796, on a plan furnished by Thomas Jefferson to John Brown, who had been his law student, and remained always his honored friend, and became one of the founders of the commonwealth. It is a rich landmark, this old manor-place on the bank of the Kentucky River in Frankfort. The great hall with its pillared archway is wide enough for dancing the Virginia reel. The suites of high, spacious rooms; the carefully carved woodwork of the window-casings and the doors; the tall, quaint mantel-frames; the deep fireplaces with their shining fire-dogs and fenders of brass, brought laboriously enough on pack-mules from Philadelphia; the brass locks and keys; the portraits on the walls—all these bespeak the early implantation in Kentucky of a taste for sumptuous life and entertainment. The house is like a far-descending echo of colonial Old Virginia.

More famous in its day,—for it is already beneath the sod,—and built not of wood, nor of stone, nor of brick, but in part of all, was “*Chaumière*,” the home of David Meade during the closing years of the last, and the early years of the present, century. The owner, a Virginian who had been much in England, brought back with him notions of the baronial style of country-seat, and in Jessamine County, some ten miles from Lexington, built him a home that lingers in the mind like some picture of the imagination. It was a villa-like place, a cluster of rustic cottages, with a great park laid out in the style of Old World landscape-gardening. There were artificial rivers spanned by arching bridges, and lakes with islands crowned by Grecian temples. There were terraces and retired alcoves, and winding ways cut through sweet, flowering thickets, withal an Eden of forest green and shadows numberless. A fortune was spent on the grounds; a retinue of servants was employed in nurturing their beauty. The dining-room, wainscoted with walnut and relieved by deep window-seats, was richer still with the family service of silver and glass; on the walls of other rooms hung family portraits by Thomas Hudson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two days in the week were appointed for formal receptions. There Jackson and Monroe and Taylor were entertained; there Aaron Burr was held for a time under arrest; there the refined and courtly stateliness of the old school showed itself becomingly in silver buckles and knee-breeches, lifted high the huge wassail-bowl, and rode abroad in a yellow chariot with outriders in blue cloth and silver buttons.

Near Lexington may be found a further notable example of early architecture in the Todd homestead, the oldest house in the region, built

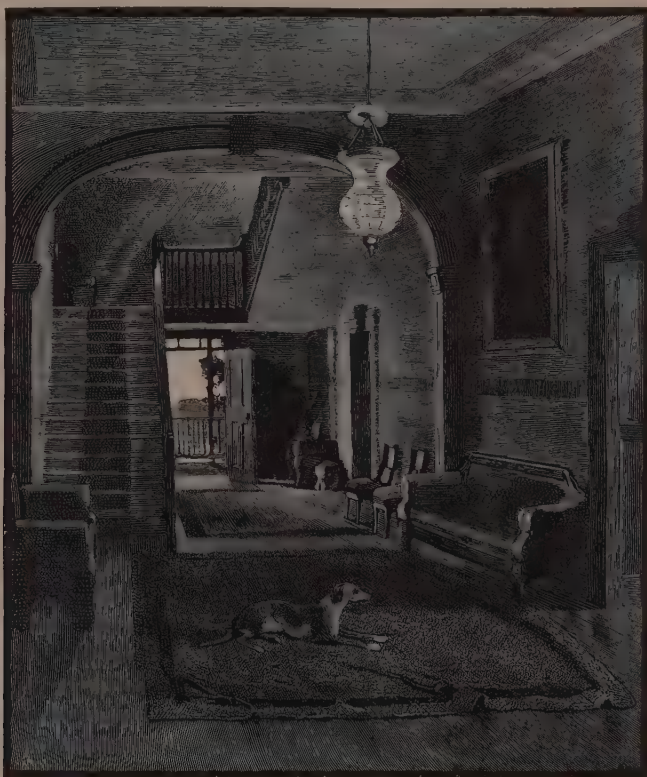
a certain taste for the antique in native history, a certain pride in family associations and traditions. On all the thinned and open landscape, nothing stands out with a more pathetic air of nakedness than one of these stone houses, long since abandoned and fallen into ruin. Under the Kentucky sky houses crumble and die without seeming to grow old, without an aged toning down of colors, without the tender memorials of mosses and lichens, and of the whole race of clinging things. So, not until they are quite overthrown does nature reclaim them, or draw once more to her bosom the walls and chimneys within whose faithful bulwarks, and by whose cavernous, glowing recesses, our great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers danced and made love, married, suffered, and fell asleep.

Neither to the house of logs, therefore, nor to that of stone must we look for the earliest embodiment of positive taste in domestic architecture. This found its first, and, considering

by the brother of John Todd, who was governor of Kentucky Territory, including Illinois. It is a strong, spacious brick structure reared on a high foundation of stone, with a large, square hall and great square rooms in suites, connected by double doors. To the last century also belongs the low, irregular pile that became the Wickliffe, and later the Preston, house in Lexington—a striking example of the taste then prevalent for plain, or even commonplace, exteriors, if combined with interiors that touched the imagination with the suggestion of something stately and noble and courtly.

Take these, chosen here and there, as a few types of homes erected in the last century. The point is not that such places existed, but that

sudden, fierce flaring up of sympathy with the French Revolution; hence the deep reëchoing through the Kentucky settlement of the war-cry of Jacobin emissaries. But scarcely had the wave of primitive conquest flowed over the land, and wealth followed in its peaceful wake, before life fell apart into the extremes of social caste. The memories of former position, the influences of old domestic habitudes, were powerful still. Rudely strained, not snapped asunder, were the connective tissues of civilization; so that, before a generation passed, Kentucky society gave full proof of the continuity of its development from phases of traditional State-existence. The region of the James River, so rich in antique homesteads, began to renew itself



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

ENGRAVED BY GARTON FAY.

HALL IN THE BROWN HOMESTEAD, FRANKFORT.

they should have been found in Kentucky at such a time. For society had begun as the purest of all democracies. Only a little while ago the people had been shut up within a stockade. Stress of peril and hardship had leveled the elements of population to more than a democracy: it had knit them together as one endangered human brotherhood. Hence the

in the region of the blue-grass. On a new and larger canvas began to be painted the picture of shaded lawns, wide portals, broad staircases, great halls, drawing-rooms, and dining-rooms, wainscoting, carved woodwork, and waxed hard-wood floors. In came a few yellow chariots, morocco-lined and drawn by four horses. In came the powder, the wigs, and the queues, the

ruffled shirts, the knee-breeches, the glittering buckles, the high-heeled slippers, and the frosty brocades. Over the Alleghanies, in slow-moving wagons, came the massive mahogany furniture, the sunny brasswork, the tall silver candlesticks, the nervous-looking, thin-legged little pianos. In came old manners and old speech and old prides: the very Past gathered together its household gods and made an exodus into the Future.

Without due regard to these essential facts the social system of the State must ever remain poorly understood. Hitherto they have been but little considered. To the popular imagination the most familiar type of early Kentuckian is that of the fighter, the hunter, the rude, heroic pioneer and his no less heroic wife; people who left all things behind them and set their faces westward, prepared to be new creatures if such they could become. But on the dim historic background are the stiff figures of another type, people who were equally bent on being old-fashioned creatures if such they could remain. Thus, during the final years of the last century and the first quarter of the present one, Kentucky life was all richly overlaid with ancestral models. Closely studied, the elements of population by the close of this period were separable into a landed gentry, a robust yeomanry, a white tenantry, and a black peasantry. It was only by degrees,—by the dying out of the fine old types of men and women, by longer absence from the old environment and closer contact with the new,—that society lost its inherited and acquired its native characteristics, or became less Virginian and more Kentuckian. Gradually, also, the white tenantry waned and the black peasantry waxed. The aristocratic spirit, in becoming more Kentuckian, unbent somewhat its pride, and the democratic, in becoming more Kentuckian, took on a pride of its own; so that when social life culminated with the first half-century, there had been produced all over the blue-grass region, by the intermingling of the two, that widely diffused and peculiar type which may be described as an aristocratic democracy, or a democratic aristocracy, according to one's choosing of a phrase. The beginnings of Kentucky life represented not simply a slow development from the rudest pioneer conditions, but also a direct and immediate implantation of the best of long-established social forms. And in no wise did the latter embody itself more persuasively and lastingly than in the building of costly homes.

III. HOMES OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD.

WITH the opening of the present century, this taste went on developing. A specimen of early architecture in the style of the old

English mansion is to be found in "Locust Grove," a massive and enduring structure,—not in the blue-grass region, it is true, but several miles from Louisville,—built in 1800 for Colonel Croghan, brother-in-law of General George Rogers Clark; and still another remains in "Spring Hill," in Woodford County, the home of Nathaniel Hart, who had been a boy in the fort at Boonesborough. Until recently a further representative, though remodeled in later times, survived in the Thompson place at "Shawnee Springs," in Mercer County.

Consider briefly the import of such country homes as these—"Traveler's Rest," "Chaudière," "Spring Hill," and "Shawnee Springs," and the writer deprecates all odium for restricting his mention to them, or for choosing them as types rather than others.¹ Built remotely here and there, away from the villages or before villages were formed, in a country not yet traversed by limestone highways or even by lanes, they, and such as they, were the beacon-lights, many-windowed and kind, of Kentucky entertainment. "Traveler's Rest" was on the great line of immigration from Abingdon through Cumberland Gap. Its roof-tree was a boon of universal shelter, its very name a perpetual invitation to all the weary. Long after the country became thickly peopled, it, and such places as it, remained the rallying-points of social festivity in their several counties, or drew their guests from remoter regions. They brought in the era of hospitalities, which by and by spread through the towns and over the land. If one is ever to study this trait as it flowered to perfection in Kentucky life, then one must hope to see it, not wholly, but at its best, in the society of some fifty years ago. Then trained horses were kept in the stables, trained servants were kept in the halls. The dinners were perennial, as boundless as the courtesies; the animosities were for the time dissolved by all the amenities; guests came uninvited, unannounced; tables were regularly set for surprises. "Put a plate," said an old Kentuckian of the time with a large family connection—"always put a plate for the last one of them down to the youngest grandchild." It is narrated as a fact in a Kentucky home,—and certainly it never happened in any other,—that a visitor once arrived, as he said, for a sojourn of several days, but remained twenty years; at the end of which time it pleased Providence to terminate his visit. What a Kentuckian would have thought of being asked to come on the thirteenth of the month and to leave on the twentieth, it is difficult to imagine. The wedding-presents of brides were not only jewels and silver and gold, but a round of balls.

¹ Ashland, the Clay homestead, has already been written of by another in this magazine.

The people were laughed at for their too impetuous civilities. In whatever quarter of the globe they should happen to meet for the hour a pleasing stranger, they would say in parting, "And when you come to Kentucky, be certain to come to my house."

Yet it is needful to discriminate, in speaking of Kentucky hospitality. Universally gracious toward the stranger and quick to receive him for his individual worth, within the State hospitality ran in circles, and the people turned a

tocrat, if revenge was desired, could always be taken at the polls. Study the history of great political contests in the State, and see whether they are not lessons in the victory and defeat of social types. Herein lies a difficulty: you touch any point of Kentucky life, and instantly about it cluster antagonisms and contradictions. The false is true; the true is false. Society was aristocratic; it was democratic: it was neither; it was both. There was intense family pride, and no family pride. The ancestral sentiment was

weak, and it was strong. To-day you will discover the increasing vogue of an *heraldica Kentuckiensis*, and to-day an absolute disregard of a distinguished past. One tells but partial truths.

Of domestic architecture in a brief and general way something has been said. The prevailing influ-



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

THE CROGHAN PLACE, "LOCUST GROVE."



THE CLARK HOUSE, "MULBERRY HILL."

piercing eye on one another's social positions. If in no other material aspect did they embody the history of descent so sturdily as in the building of homes, in no mental trait of home life did they reflect this more clearly than in the sense of family pride. Hardly a little town but had its classes that never mingled; scarce a rural neighborhood but insisted on the sanctity of its salt-cellar and the gloss of its mahogany. The spirit of caste was somewhat Persian in its gravity. Now the Alleghanies were its background, and the heroic beginnings of Kentucky life supplied its warrant; now it overleaped the Alleghanies, and allied itself to the memories of deeds and names in older States. But, mark you, if some professed to look down, none professed to look up. Deference to an upper class, if deference existed, was secret and resentful, not open and servile; and revenge on the aris-

cracy was Virginian, but in Lexington and elsewhere may be observed evidences of French ideas in the glass-work and designs of doors and windows, in rooms grouped around a central hall with arching niches and alcoves; for models made their way from New Orleans as well as from the East. Out in the country, however, at such places as those already mentioned, a purely English taste was shown for woodland parks with deer and, what was more peculiarly Kentuckian, elk and buffalo. This taste, once so conspicuous, has never become extinct, and certainly the landscape is receptive enough to all such stately purposes. At "Spring Hill" and elsewhere, to-day, one may stroll through woods that have kept a touch of their native wildness, and lack only the restoration of timid, bounding forms to become primeval. There was the English love of lawns,



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

"SPRING HILL," NEAR VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

too, with a low matted green turf and wide-spreading shade-trees above,—elm and maple, locust and poplar,—the English fondness for a mansion half hidden with evergreens and creepers and shrubbery, to be approached by a leafy avenue, a secluded gateway, and a graveled drive; for highways hardly admit to the heart of rural life in Kentucky, and wayside homes, to be dusted and gazed at by every passer-by, would little accord with the spirit of the people. This feeling of family seclusion and completeness also portrayed itself very tenderly in the custom of family graveyards, which were in time to be replaced by the democratic cemetery; and no one has ever lingered around those quiet spots of aged and drooping cedars, fast-fading violets, and perennial myrtle, without being made to feel that they grew out of the better heart and fostered the finer senses.

On the whole, however, the best proof of culture among the first generations of Kentuckians is to be seen in the private collections of portraits, among which one wanders now with a sort of stricken feeling that the higher life of Kentucky in this regard never went beyond its early promise. Look into the meager history of native art, and you will discover that nearly all the best work belongs to this early time. It was possible even then that a Kentuckian could give up law and turn to painting. Almost in the wilderness Jouett created rich, luminous, startling canvases. Artists came from

older States to sojourn and to work; artists were invited or summoned from abroad. Painting was taught in Lexington in 1800. Well for Jouett, perhaps, that he lived when he did; better for Hart, perhaps, that he was not born later: they might have run for Congress. One is prone to recur time and again to this period, when the ideals of Kentucky life were still wavering or unformed, and when there was the greatest receptivity to foreign impress. Thinking of social life as it was developed, say in and around Lexington,—of artists coming and going, of the statesmen, the lecturers, the lawyers, of the dignity and the energy of character, of the intellectual dinners,—one is inclined to liken the local civilization to a truncated cone, to a thing that should have towered to a symmetric apex, but somehow has never risen very high above a sturdy base.

So we turn to speak broadly of home life after it became more typically Kentuckian, and after architecture began to reflect with greater uniformity the character of the people. And here one can find material comfort, if not esthetic delight; for it is the whole picture of human life in the blue-grass region that pleases. Ride east and west, or north and south, along highway or byway, and the picture is the same. One almost asks for relief from the monotony of a merely well-to-do existence, almost sighs for the extremes of squalor and splendor, that nowhere may be seen, and that would seem so

out of place if anywhere confronted. On, and on, and on you go, seeing only the repetition of field and meadow, wood and lawn, a winding stream, an artificial pond, a sunny vineyard, a blooming orchard, a stone wall, a hedge-row, a tobacco barn, a warehouse, a race-track, cattle under the trees, sheep on the slopes, swine in the pools, and, half hidden by evergreens and shrubbery, the homelike, unpretentious houses that crown very simply and naturally the entire picture of material prosperity. They strike you as built not for their own sakes. Few will offer anything that lays hold upon the memory, unless it be perhaps a front portico with Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian columns; for your typical Kentuckian likes to go into his house through a classic entrance, no matter what inharmonious things may be beyond; and after supper on summer evenings, nothing fills him with serener comfort than to tilt his chair back against a classic support, as he smokes a pipe and argues on the immortality of a pedigree.

On the whole, you feel that nature lies ready, or has long waited, for a more exquisite sense in domestic architecture; that the immeasurable possibilities of delightful landscape have gone

made the land so kind to beauty; for no transformation of a rude, ungenial landscape is needed. The earth does not require to be trimmed and combed and perfumed. The airy vistas and delicate slopes are ready-made, the park-like woodlands invite, the tender, clinging children of the summer, the deep, echoless repose of the whole land, all ask that art be laid on every undulation and stored in every nook. And there are days with such Arcadian colors in air and cloud and sky—days with such panoramas of calm, sweet pastoral groups and harmonies below, such rippling and flashing of waters through green underlights and golden interspaces, that the shy, coy spirit of beauty seems to be wandering half sadly abroad and shunning all the haunts of man.

But little agricultural towns are not art-centers. Of itself rural life does not develop esthetic perceptions, and the last, most difficult thing to bring into the house is this shy, elusive spirit of beauty. The Kentucky woman has perhaps been corrupted in childhood by tasteless surroundings. Her lovable mission, the creation of a multitude of small lovely objects, is undertaken feebly and blindly. She may not know



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

THE PARK, "SPRING HILL."

unrecognized or wasted. Too often there is in form and outline no response to the spirit of the scenery, and there is dissonance of color—color which makes the first and strongest impression. The realm of taste is prevalently the realm of the want of taste, or of its meretricious and commonplace violations. Many of the houses have a sort of featureless, cold, insipid ugliness, and interior and exterior decorations are apt to go for nothing or for something worse. You repeat that nature awaits more art, since she

how to create beauty, may not know what beauty is. The temperament of her lord, too, is practical: a man of substance and stomach, sound at heart, and with an abiding sense of his own responsibility and importance, honestly insisting on sweet butter and new-laid eggs, home-made bread and home-grown mutton, but little reveling in the delicacies of sensibility, and with no more eye for crimson poppies or blue corn-flowers in his house than amid his grain. Many a Kentucky woman would



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY IN THE OLDEN 'TIME.

make her home beautiful if her husband would allow it.

Amid a rural people, also, no class of citizens is more influential than the clergy, who go about as the shepherds of the right; and without doubt in Kentucky, as elsewhere, ministerial ideals have wrought their effects on taste. Perhaps it is well to state that this is said broadly, and particularly of the past. The Kentucky preachers during earlier times were a fiery, zealous, and austere set, proclaiming that this world was not a home, but a wilderness of sin, and exhorting their people to live under the awful shadow of Eternity. Beauty in every material form was a peril, the seductive garment of the devil. Well nigh all that made for esthetic culture was put down, and, like frost on venturesome flowers, sermons fell on beauty in dress, entertainment, equipage, houses, church architecture, music, the drama, the opera—everything. The meek young spirit was led to the creek or pond, and perhaps the ice was broken for her baptism. If, as she sat in the pew, any vision of her chaste loveliness reached the pulpit, back came the warning that she would some day turn into a withered hag, and must inevitably be “eaten of worms.” What wonder if the sense of beauty pined or went astray, and found itself completely avenged in the building of such churches? And yet there is nothing that even religion more surely demands than the fostering of the sense of beauty within us, and through this it is that we work most wisely toward the civilization of the future.

IV. HOMES SINCE THE WAR.

MANY rural homes have been built since the war, but the old type of country life has vanished. On the whole, there has been a strong movement of population toward the towns, rapidly augmenting their size. Elements of showiness and freshness have been added to their once unobtrusive architecture. And, in particular, that art movement and sudden quickening of the love of beauty which swept over this country a few years since has had its influence here. But for the most part the newer homes are like the newer homes in other American cities, and the style of interior appointment and decoration has few native char-

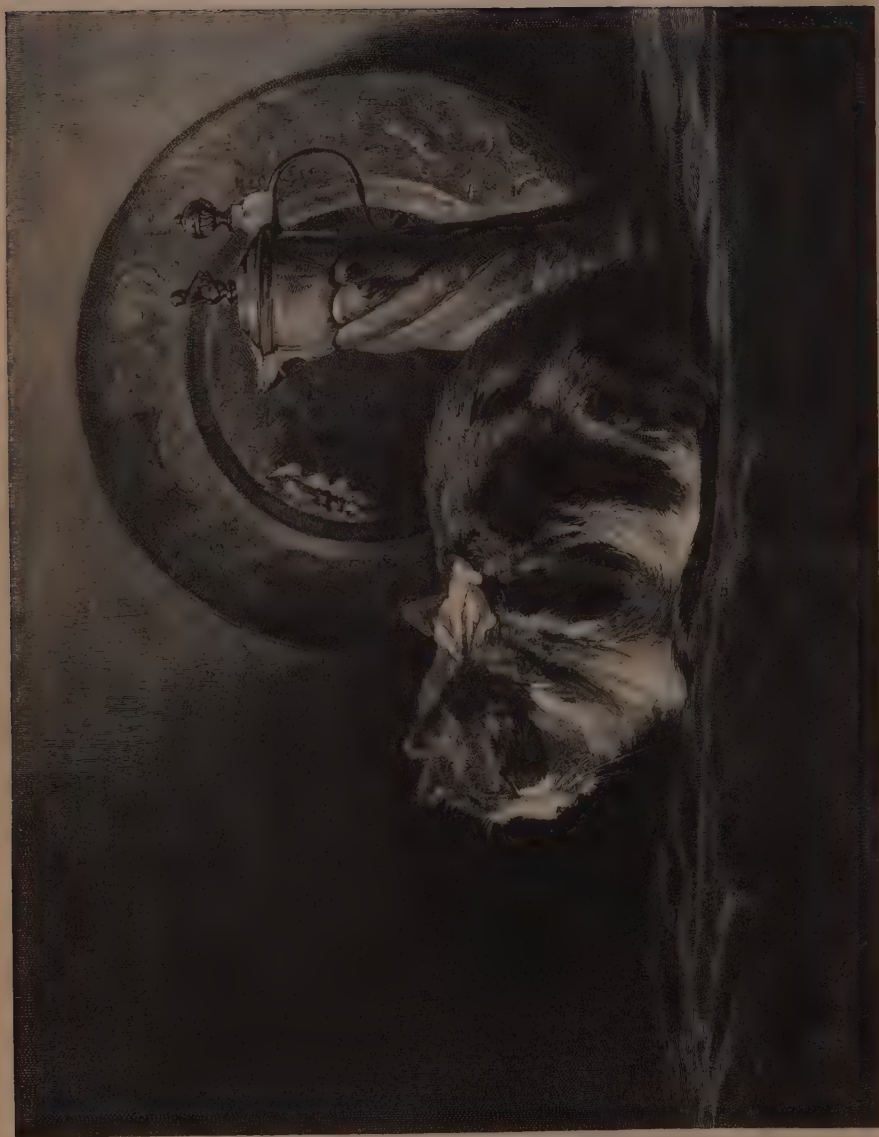
acteristics. As a rule the people love the country life less than of yore, since an altered social system has deprived it of much leisure, and has added hardships. The Kentuckian does not regard it as part of his mission in life to feed fodder to stock, but to have it fed; and servants are hard to get, the colored ladies and gentlemen having developed a taste for urban society.

What, then, is to be the future of the blue-grass region? When population in the United States becomes much denser and the pressure is felt in every neighborhood, who will possess it? One seems to see in certain tendencies of American life the probable answer to this question. The small farmer will be bought out, and will disappear. Estates will grow fewer and larger. The whole land will pass into the hands of the rich, being too precious for the poor to own. Already here and there one notes the disposition to create vast domains by the slow swallowing up of contiguous small ones. Consider, then, in this connection the taste already shown by the rich American in certain parts of the United States to found a country place in the style of an English lord. Consider, too, that the landscape is much like the loveliest of rural England; that the trees, the grass, the sculpture of the scenery are such as make the perfect beauty of a park; that the fox, the bob-white, the thoroughbred, and the deer are indigenous. Apparently, therefore, one can foresee the yet distant time when this will become the region of splendid homes and estates that will nourish a taste for outdoor sports and offer an escape from the too-wearying cities. On the other hand, a powerful and ever-growing interest is that of the horse, racer or trotter. He brings into the State his increasing capital, his types of men. Year after year he buys farms, and lays out tracks, and builds stables, and edits journals, and turns agriculture into grazing. In time the blue-grass region may become the Yorkshire of America.

But let the future have its own. The country will become theirs who deserve it, whether they build palaces or barns. One only hopes that when the old homesteads have been torn down or have fallen into ruins, the tradition may still run that they too had their day and deserved their page of history.

James Lane Allen.





(SEE PAGE 132.)

AN AFTER-DINNER NAP, BY J. H. DOLPH.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!"

BY WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

Author of "A Common Story," "Reffey," etc.

I.



BERNA was not allowed to see the papers until the tenth day. Then she read the story of his death in his own paper. Terror crept over her as she read, and she cast the "Telepheme" from her, and buried her

weak head in her hands, living over the anguish of that moment. She shuddered again with the hideous crash of the collision, and went whirling in his embrace down, down into a dizzy blackness, and then lay at the bottom of the cañon, the wreck piled on top of them and round about them, the air loud with the cowing noise of escaping steam, and wild with the shrieks of the dying. His poor white face stared up at her from under the wreckage, yearning with love, horrid with pain, and his tortured lips framed the words which imposed a sacred duty on her future:

"Keep up the fight!"

Aleck had left her everything he owned, they told her, and she knew why. It was not only as his promised wife, it was as the inheritor of his work; and a week later, when she was carried down-stairs for the first time, she sent for Rignold, who, with no help but Barton's, had got out two issues of the "Telepheme" since the death of his chief, and asked him to put her name at the head of the paper. For the next week's issue Rignold set up this legend to appear above the editorial notices:

"The Rustler Telepheme."

BY

BERNA MINTERMAN DEXTER.

FOUNDED BY ALEXANDER CHESTER.

Rignold turned his rules around the concluding line, making an oblong frame of black for it. The following editorial, written by Berna from her couch, was arranged to appear below the notices:

In assuming charge of the "Telepheme," it is proper that we should say a few words. The terrible railroad accident which occurred between Cañon City and Topaz three weeks ago has cast a pall over the community, and is still fresh in all

minds. More than a hundred citizens of Rustler were on the ill-fated excursion train, bound for the celebration of Potato Day at Maverick, and above a dozen were either killed outright or seriously injured. Among the former the editor of this paper, Alexander Chester, was numbered; among the latter is included the writer of this column. This painful personal reference will, we trust, be forgiven us in view of the circumstances, as some explanation is due our readers of the reasons which induce us to continue the publication of the "Telepheme" under the old name and at the old stand. In making this explanation, we should not feel honest toward our readers in attempting to conceal a fact, no doubt already known to many of them, viz., the relation subsisting between the late and the present editor. It is due to all concerned that we should mention this, as it is because the present writer feels herself to be, in a true sense, the widow of the late editor, that she presumes to attempt the undertaking of carrying on a paper which, in his hands, has been such a power for good in this community.

This difficult post, assumed most reluctantly in response to a dying wish, we need not say is not taken up with any feeling of competence to the labors before us, nor with any feeling but that many others would fill the position more adequately and wisely. We are led to take hold of this work, where it was left off by Alexander Chester, solely out of respect for his memory, and with the belief that one who was privileged to know the hopes and plans for this town and this community which beat in that great heart may be able to carry them forward—feebly indeed, but with a sympathy and understanding impossible to any stranger. The present editor, in printing her name at the head of this column, consecrates her life to the work which fell a fortnight since from the palsied hand of Alexander Chester. All Rustler knows what that work was. The entire future of the town is bound up in it. We must have the railroad. The Three C's must come our way. Into this cause Alexander Chester poured his life-energy; to it he gave all he was, or hoped to be. As the officer on the field of battle snatches up the weapon that has fallen from his dead captain, and presses on, so we take up this work, with malice toward none, and with charity for all; but presenting a solid front to the common enemy, resolved that Topaz shall not be allowed to accrete to herself this new source of wealth and strength. It is a life-and-death struggle: we know it, and Topaz knows it. United and unanimous as we are, we have only to continue to assert our rights, and to make the advantages of Rustler duly known, to secure the Colorado and California Central without a doubt.

In conclusion, the writer wishes to thank personally all the late editor's fellow-townsmen for the generous tribute of sorrow and regret at his death manifested by one and all. She accepts it not merely as a tribute to a noble man, but to the purpose which he had most nearly at heart. The value and importance of that purpose to Rustler could not be more clearly shown than by these unsolicited tributes. They warm the heart of his successor in this editorial chair, and strengthen us for the work before us. That it may be worthy, in however humble a degree, of the man who has gone from us, and of the town of Rustler, is the hope of

BERNA MINTERMAN DEXTER.

The "copy" from which this was to be set up had reached Rignold stained with the tears it had cost the writer. He read it through with a queer feeling in his throat, then closed and locked the office,—Barton, the foreman, and the boy had gone for the night,—and, lighting the lamp over his case, set it himself. The careful, girlish manuscript, traced among the telltale blurs on little sheets of pink note-paper, impressed at the top with a twisted B. M. D. in gold, was not a sight for other eyes than his.

The sense of what was and what was not good newspaper work had rubbed off on Rignold in eight years' service as one of the compositors, and five years as the foreman, of a New York evening paper. The weekly he had come west to establish had failed; but that was because he had chosen the wrong town. Drifting back eastward by way of Colorado, he had been content to accept Chester's offer, and on another man's paper had displayed the qualities which, if the mines of his Idaho town had panned out richer, would have made his own journal successful. Chester and he had become friends, and had remained so, though it was Chester who finally won Berna; and it was not the smallest testimony to the love that dared warm to life again with the tragic death of his friend, that, denying himself the habit of thought bred by his newspaper experience, Rignold now set Berna's article without an attempt to edit it, and without so much as a preliminary mechanical motion toward the waste-basket. To know so well what his old managing editor would have done with the poor girl's editorial did not make it less pathetic. The thought caused her rather to seem more helpless and more dependent on him, and gave him reason to notify himself in plain terms that the "Telepheme" was to be made a success under its new editor, if it cost a leg. As his sensitive printer's hand, with its five eyes, wove back and forth over the case, he smiled fondly to himself at the little literary graces of her writing, as he often did at the little literary frills of her talk. They were so much part of all his knowledge and thought of her that he

could not have dissociated them from her without doing violence to the sanctuary in which he kept his love: her faults were as dear to him as her virtues—dearer, perhaps, because more accessible than the lofty qualities for which he adored her. He could not smile affectionately upon her virtues; her faults seemed warm and near.

Nevertheless, he declared to himself, as he stooped beneath the lamp that gathered its rays under the scorched green shade to throw them on Berna's pages, that he was a fool—a chartered, twice-dyed, and double-branded idiot—to allow himself to have any business dealings with a woman. Looking out through the window of the Disbrow Block, from which the "Telepheme" regarded the town whose life it recorded, he wondered how they would take it—the people of Rustler, going in and out, and to and fro, below there. The town, engaged under an electric noonday in the feverish play which, in mining-camps, is so much more active to the outward eye than the day's business, would make up its mind precious quick; Rignold only wondered which way. Would their sympathy for her situation, their liking for the grit with which she faced it, their reverence for womanhood carry her through? Would these excellent sentiments weigh against more vital considerations when it came to the scratch? Would they finally feel that they could afford them? The "Telepheme" was of course the fighting-organ through which the railroad was to be brought to Rustler, if it was to be brought at all. Would they trust the fight to a woman? Rignold sighed his heavy doubt to the dumb types in their boxes, and went on setting Berna's exotic editorial, with its singular mixture of easily-come-by newspaperese and far-brought literosity, and its still stranger mingling of shrewd reasoning and high-flown inconclusiveness.

When he had pulled the first copy of that week's paper on the old Washington hand-press which Chester had originally brought from the East with him, he sent it down to Berna, who lived alone with her mother near the end of the main street of Rustler. The house was an unclapboarded, two-story, frame structure, painted a reddish brown, not unlike the color of the rocks jutting from the mountain that hung above the roof. If you think of a giant pair of pincers standing upright and wide open, you will know how Rustler lay: Big Chief sprang into the air on one side, Ticknor's Mountain on the other; between was a narrow notch, and deep down in it cuddled the town. The greater part of the inhabitants lived on Berna's street; but the miners' cabins, built beside the shafts of a hundred mines, carried a steadily rising overflow up the flanks of

the two mountains. The house in which Berna lived was set close to the street, six feet from the board sidewalk that ran in front of her pink palings. Within this narrow space she had tried, before Aleck's death, to make a bed of pansies grow with the help of water from the irrigating-ditch that raced by the house on its way to the main ditch, supplying Topaz with its water; but the flowers had withered since the accident. As she lay on the sofa in her parlor, torn alternately by her grief for Aleck and by her own pain, she heard, after each shift at the mines, the clumping noise of miners' boots go by on their way to or from the Elegant Booze, the Honeycomb, and Uncle Dick's — establishments where one got two glasses of beer for a quarter, and a good deal of faro for a ten-dollar bill.

The injury which she had sustained in the railroad accident left her good hours, but oftener put her to the torture; and when her mother handed her her first issue she was unable to do more for the first hour than to gaze steadfastly at the heading. The sight of the familiar title made the thought of Aleck overwhelmingly poignant; tears welled into her eyes as she stared at the folded white sheet lying outside the blue Navajo blanket that covered her, and at last she turned from the sight in misery.

Nevertheless, she was helpless against the literary pleasure that tingled through her when finally she took courage to read her editorial, though she was ashamed of it. It was not for the excitement and interest of writing that she had determined to keep the "Telepheme" alive, and to shape it into a force which should carry on Aleck's work, as a son carries on the work of his father. It was as Aleck's child that she was to watch over it. She reproached herself, but finally forgave herself, with the thought that it was through his own pleasure in his work that Aleck had succeeded, and that she must find a like joy in it if she was to be in any sort worthy to follow in his steps. She did not need to stimulate a happiness in writing; she liked it; until she had become engaged to Aleck it had been her ambition to be a "magazinst." Berna was one of the half-turned-out women who begin to be common in the West. Her mind had been educated; but her intelligence, her taste, her perceptions remained to all intents as undeveloped as a Kafir's. She was charming; but if she had been as cultured as she supposed herself, it would have been impossible to associate with her. Her charm lay in her simple-mindedness, in her unselfishness and kindness and devotedness and pluck; but what she really liked in herself was her complicatedness. Some of this she had endeavored to explain through the Iowa magazine which printed her earliest contributions to

the press, just after she had "been graduated," as she called it, from Miss Drewett's New England seminary. The contributors to this magazine were almost all women, and were, without exception, complicated.

Her mother came in as she laid down the paper to ask if she would see Ben. Berna drew her shawl about her and nodded, brightening with pleasure. The room in which she lay was stiffly furnished in a stamped red plush, but a comfortable old sofa, covered with chintz, had been moved in for her out of the dining-room. On the walls were two cheap paintings of the Yosemite, Berna's graduating diploma under glass, and a photograph (framed in a deep black-walnut molding) of her father in the uniform of a lieutenant of volunteers — the artist had picked out the epaulets in gold and touched the cheeks with carmine.

Mrs. Dexter asked if she did n't think it would fret her to see Ben.

"You know the doctor said —"

"Yes; I know, mother. But if I am to carry on this work I must n't mind the doctor. Perhaps it will kill me; but if it does, it must. I shall only give in my report to Aleck a little sooner."

The tears, against which she had not yet learned to school herself, once more stood in her eyes.

"Gracious, child! I don't believe Aleck ever in this world expected you to go on with the 'Telepheme.' How could he think a woman could do such a thing?"

"I don't know, mother. But he trusted me to do it, and I can't be false to him."

"Well, you 'll kill yourself," she said weakly. "Why can't you let Ben do it? He 's willing and able."

"How can you suggest such a thing, mother? You know he 's a stranger in the town."

"I don't care if he is. He knows printing."

"Of course. But he can't *feel* as we Rustlerites do. You know that. The railroad is nothing to him."

"No; I suppose not," she owned, downcast. But in a moment she added, with more spirit, "There 's lots of folks in the town that it 's plenty to, though. Some of 'em would be glad to edit the paper if you 'd let 'em."

"They would n't know how."

"Well, do you know how?"

"No," answered Berna, shaking her hair loose from her face, raising her head, and drawing in a deep inspiration; "*but I've heard Aleck talk!*"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, rising with the feebleness of rheumatic limbs, wearied with a life's hard work, "I suppose we 've got to bear it. But I do hope you 'll be careful of yourself and not overdo. I wish I was n't so

afraid you 'd lose the little money your father left us in the 'Sons of Honor,'" she added pathetically.

"But I sha'n't, mother. I 've explained that so often. I shall only use Aleck's money. He left me enough to keep up the paper with. When I 've sold the 'Lady Berna' mine I shall have plenty."

"I know you say that, Berna, and you think you mean it. But when once you get started you can't tell what you 'll do. Look at Aleck! I 'm sure he would have pawned the coat off his back any minute for the sake of his paper; and I don't believe you 'll do any less for *his* sake when the time comes."

"Yes, mother," said Berna, soothingly, laying a hand in her mother's work-roughened palm. "Show Ben in, won't you, please?"

Rignold appeared at the door in a moment, halting on the threshold with his slouch-hat in his hand.

"Come in, Ben!" Her voice was still feeble. Mrs. Dexter pushed him gently in from behind. "I 'm so glad to see you," Berna continued, putting forth her wasted hand from under the shawl. "Be seated, won't you?"

But Rignold did not immediately seat himself. He stood looking down into her face with a tender studiousness. The high color, which in health shone brilliantly against the creamy pallor and childlike smoothness of skin that often goes with auburn hair and blue eyes, had gone in her illness; her usual roundness of figure and plumpness of cheek were gone also. What remained was the bright vitality of her deep blue eyes, and the extraordinary beauty of her abundant hair, which she was wearing coiled in thick, burnished masses of reddish brown or brownish red, as one chose, or as the light served.

The man standing above her was tall and spare, with a fine figure, a little stoop-shouldered from bending at the case. He carried his large, round head well back; his dark hair curled a little in receding from a high, clear brow; his brown eyes encountered the observer with a singularly honest, straightforward look. He shook hands as if he meant it.

"I did n't feel as if I ought to come, but I did n't see my way to not coming," he said.

"I see I must tell you one thing right away, Ben. You 're not to think of me as a woman." A distressed, whimsical smile appeared on his face, which she answered with: "I mean, I 'm an editor like anybody else. There are plenty wiser and more adequate, as I said in my editorial. I shall be incompetent in a good many ways at first, and I 'm sure to do foolish things. But there are men in the profession who began with less knowledge than I have now, and who have succeeded; and there are others who be-

gan with more knowledge, and have failed. I ask no favors that were not accorded to them. I only wish to be judged fundamentally on the same basis."

"I don't feel any call to judge you, Berna," answered Rignold, with a smile, as he took a chair; "but if I did, I don't see but I 'd have to judge you as a woman. It's all right to say, think of you as a man. But you ain't a man, and that 's just what I like about you, and what makes me want to help you, if I can. You are a woman, but you 've got a man's sand."

"Don't say that, Ben. I have n't got Aleck's."

"See here! Do you think Aleck, or any other man, for the matter of that, would have taken up a job like this two weeks after he 'd lost the only thing that made life worth while to him, and taken it up without turning a hair and without ruffling a feather to call attention to it? If you do, you size men up for a better breed than they are."

A groan burst from her, and she covered her face quickly with her hands.

"I 'm a fool to talk like that!" he cried.

"No, no! It does me good. You understand. Every one won't, perhaps. They won't think it decent—the ladies particularly. They will say I don't mourn truly for Aleck; as if this were n't the best and only mourning for him! As if it were n't just because I care so much that I can't justify myself in wasting *his* time in tears! That 's the way I feel, Ben—that husband and wife have a double time in this world; and because both times belong to them and to God while they both live, it 's the happiness and the sacred responsibility of the survivor to answer for both times when one time is—is frustrated."

Rignold, resolved as he was to keep his wish to help her disinterested and separate from his love for her, could not help wincing at this, while he smiled at her words. He saw, as if looking into the future through a rift in the curtain, how they would be constantly running up against this spectral third presence in their intercourse, and how he should be "stumped" by it, perhaps for always. It was a presence that he had loved in life, but the presence of the man she had preferred to him while it was still open to her to choose, and the presence of the man who he must believe was to be permanently dear to her. He wanted to cry out against this folly of devotion; he wanted to say how crazy it seemed to him—this duty to the dead, this conscience about a ghost. Perhaps he might have said it if he had n't guessed in time that what he took for moral indignation was probably a good deal more like simple jealousy. With his accustomed squareness, he said to himself that if he had gone the way of Aleck

he should have hungered for just such devotion in his place. Perhaps it would n't last forever, and if it did, it was still good to look forward to the prospect of working by her side, helping her where he could.

He spoke the sympathetic words that came to him in answer to her declaration; and then he said, "I suppose you've figured out how you're going to work this thing—lying down?"

II.

BERNA's first issue was published on the following morning, and by afternoon fifteen new subscribers had handed in their names at the office of the "Telepheme." One or two enthusiasts even paid up long-overdue subscriptions, and ordered the paper sent them for the following year; and Mrs. Dexter was kept busy informing the ladies who called on Berna that as yet she could see nobody. The town was in a state of emotional sympathy which it would gladly have expended in taking the horses from Berna's carriage and dragging it through the streets, if the plucky young editor had owned the carriage or the horses.

Rustler still trembled with the memory of the accident; it had scarcely buried its dead, and the desolation of the bereaved families echoed in its one mountain street. With the inhabitants Chester had enjoyed the repute of a vigorous personality, offering its strength unreckoningly to the town's ambition; and Berna, who hitherto had been less popular in the town on her own account, had, before the publication of her first issue, gained, through the circumstances surrounding her lover's death in her presence on the day before their wedding-day, an honor beyond anything that Chester had known. It was only necessary that she should rise from her bed of pain, and, in the midst of her grief, take up Aleck's work, to constitute her a heroine. Rignold had been sure that they would like her "sand," but he had not reckoned sufficiently, he found, with their pleasure in piecing a romance out of any event which concerns a woman publicly. Her devotion to Aleck's memory, which to the women of the place seemed (against Berna's expectation) "just splendid," won the profane praise of the men at the Elegant Booze and on the street-corners, not merely as showing the right stuff, but as showing it on behalf of the town. They rolled her name relishingly on their tongues in their perception of this final rightness; like the Greeks, it warmed their loyal pride to know that even their women were patriotic. They saw Berna looking well in a newspaper article on Rustler; and this created her part of the town's "material," part of its capital for boom-ing purposes.

Berna was made very happy by her success, and slept that night the sleep of those widowed queens who have had to doubt for the first tremulous hour of sovereignty the allegiance of subjects that mourn a king. Aleck's path lay freely before her; she had only to tread it worthily. The town where she had first known Aleck, and where they had made a grave for him, the town which he had loved and served, the town for which he had been ready to shed his blood and for which she was now so willing to shed hers, the town that he had left to her care—the town had accepted her. But in the morning she put aside merely agreeable thoughts, and day-dreams of what she would yet do for Rustler, and settled down soberly to her work. It was very well for every one to wish her luck, but Berna had a hard-headed little theory that she must make her own luck, and she went about the preparation of a rousing railroad editorial in Aleck's old manner.

The system on which the paper was to be conducted had been fixed upon between her and Rignold at their conference. Its policy was, of course, to be guided wholly by her; she was to take complete charge; all the leading editorials were to be hers, and she was to supervise the news columns. Rignold was to look after the "locals," write the minor editorials, find advertisements, superintend the job-printing, and manage the business department, and in general represent her to Rustler. Berna had certainly cut out a large undertaking for herself; but in her ignorance she had let Rignold load upon his willing shoulders a heroic proportion of the work. He could not tell her how glad he would be to double his stint for her sake, but he could go forth to scour the town for emotional advertising; and (not to let Berna's boom pass without immediate practical result) he did this on the morning her first number was published. Sensible of the vicissitudes to which such enthusiasms as Rustler's for Berna are liable, he declined to accept any advertisement, under present conditions, for a shorter period than one year: if they wanted a newspaper they must expect to pay for it, he said; and if they really believed in the town, and had the courage of their convictions, they would probably pay for it in advance. His theory did not meet with universal acceptance, but it met with nearly six columns' worth of acceptance, and this, as he explained in the next issue under the heading of "Our Boom," struck him as handsome. He let slip, in the course of this brief editorial, enough restrained self-gratulation on behalf of the "Telepheme," and enough general good feeling and modest sense that Topaz would never have toed the mark so squarely in a similar emergency, to have filled one side of the paper, di-

luted as an inferior man would have diluted it. Rignold wrote carefully, with the feeling constantly upon him that he was working for larger issues than the success of Rustler or the "Telepheme." He found Berna in the point of his pencil when he would muse on his next sentence, and the white paper was covered with her name before he wrote a line upon it.

He had not needed to inquire his fate in the time before Berna's engagement to Aleck; and he withheld himself now with a sensitive scrupulousness from even the semblance of love-making. He felt in the weeks that followed that he must not allow himself to think directly of her yet; but the habit of thinking of her indirectly lapsed at times into the most straightway regard of her. At these seasons, however, her own attitude corrected his unconsciously; for the profound preoccupation of her whole being with Aleck's memory must have baffled the warmest lover. Rignold's love for her, in fact, made him feel almost foolish in her presence, as if he were trying to catch the attention of an oblivious animal or child. Her detachment from the ordinary affairs of the world sometimes frightened him; she was eating her heart out for her lost lover, and the only sign of it that she allowed any one to see was her joy in events which would have given him joy. It was, of course, chiefly in connection with the "Telepheme" that Rignold witnessed the daily expressions of her simple faithfulness to his dead friend; and it was in work for the "Telepheme"—that is, in work for her—that he tried to forget her devotion to the spirit of another man, or tried to wish that she might never lose it. He could like it, as he liked everything about her, though it made him miserable and impatient.

It was perhaps his good fortune, though Berna made it difficult for him to manage himself, that this soon became, on the whole, rather simpler than to manage her paper. His young editor's word was "development," and it was pathetic to him to see how she pursued this idea of Aleck's, as she did other ideas derived from the same source, without the strength or the balancing sense and shrewdness which had enabled Aleck to give such words actuality. She became, as the months went by, and as she gained a measure of wisdom from her mistakes and successes, by no means a hopelessly bad newspaper man, as she liked to call herself. She had enterprise and assiduity, and the wish to print the news; and her still stronger wish to make her "diction elegant" she did not allow to interfere seriously with these good qualities. Her real trouble, from a financial point of view, was that she wished to print more news than the paper could afford, or than Rustler could pay for. Having imbibed from Aleck

his belief that the best was none too good for Rustler, she endeavored to give the "Telepheme" the catholic tone of the weekly edition of a New York daily. Refusing Rignold's earnest suggestion that they rely upon a patent outside, or at worst upon plate-matter, for the better part of their miscellany, she spent the long hours on her sofa, scissors in hand, culling interesting items of news, and what she had learned from Rignold to call "good stories," from her exchanges—guided in her selection, it is to be feared, by the taste of Miss Drewett's rather than by a vision of what Rustler would probably like to read. Scandals, hangings, prize-fights, murders, and all other items of a too vivid interest she excluded; and the "Telepheme" became that ensample of purity and social health for which we all pretend we are longing. One whose reading was confined to Berna's paper might conveniently have imagined himself resident in a good and harmless world, in which was no evil save that engendered by Topaz. She tried to atone for this, which Rignold taught her to regard, from the counting-house standpoint, as the deadly sin, by engaging a weekly telegraphic letter from Denver. It was sent on the morning the paper went to press, and contained all the latest news.

About this they had many discussions, wherein she met Rignold's objections with arguments in which Aleck's slangy wisdom often mingled curiously with her graduating essay view of life, and her knotted pink-ribbon manner of expression. His suggestion that the Denver letter constituted an expense not justifiable by a circulation three times their own, and, as it did not bring them a subscriber, that it involved a loss rather larger than the other loss it was designed to set right, she met with something like impatience.

"Do you mean to advise me," she asked, "to do the little thing rather than the great one? Do you really wish me to run a paper on anything but large ideas? Do you expect me to give our readers only what they already want and have learned to expect? The man who attempts to be merely up to the day in the West is going to get left; he must be up to to-morrow!"

As the town looked on at these developments in the "Telepheme" its first sentiment of enthusiasm began to take a very faint chill of bewilderment. The catholic tone by which Berna set such store was indifferent to its citizens, and they could have got along with less diction if they could have been furnished with more sensation. They fortunately continued, however, to admire and rejoice in her railroad editorials. Heaven knows how she wrote them! Her own theory was that she did not; she rev-

erently ascribed their authorship to the inspiration of Aleck. It was true, at all events, that he never seemed so near to her as when she was penning them; and if for no other reason than this, the conduct of the "Telepheme" would have given her great happiness. Her glib denunciations of Topaz, her ready magnifications of Rustler, her solid reasoning about the advantages which the Three C's would enjoy if it should finally come where the "Telepheme" was edited, had a man's cogency and fire; the thin substance of her cleverness seemed penetrated as she wrote on the theme of the railroad by a kind of trance horse-sense. On the streets of Rustler these editorials were sometimes called "corkers" and sometimes "howlers"; but this did not represent a divided mind. They were, in a way, more effective than any similar work by a man would have been, for no man could have been so impudent or so ferocious. The seal of their success was at length set upon them when the other papers of the State began copying them. Berna of course copied back their praise into the "Telepheme," and the town simply licked its chops. To have given the quarrel between Rustler and Topaz the dignity of a State fight, at which the whole population of Colorado might be fancied to be looking on, was a service for which it was felt Berna deserved well (if everybody could know the real merits of the case, no one could doubt which way the railroad would go); and she began at once to retrieve some of her lost popularity.

When, therefore, beginning at the end of a few months to sit up a little every day, though still not strong enough to go out, she broached the plan of reorganizing her old "Culture Club," she met with such a response from the ladies as she had not dared expect.

The club had gained but a mild success before the illness of its founder, for the subjects were felt by the ladies to be rather stiff; but even the new members now took kindly to the young editor's proposal of papers on "The Heroines of George Eliot," and "England's Early Mythic History," and to a suggested conversation, to be led by Berna, on "The Relation of Men and Women in Homer." Perhaps, however, Berna's announcement of a kind of learned game to be played at their meetings in off-weeks, in the evenings, when the men came late for oysters, proved more distinctly popular. Rignold, observing these things, and looking on the success of the club as a sign, began to hope that, in spite of a mad system of expenditure, the paper might pull through without borrowing capital beyond the two thousand dollars obtained from the sale of the "Lady Berna."

These were happy days of prosperity and

power and influence for Berna; the circulation of the "Telepheme" increased, and the town itself began to grow again after a long season of depression. Berna allowed herself to ascribe both growths in part to her own exertions, and looked on the newcomers (for Aleck) with a double air of proprietorship, as "Telepheme" population and as "Telepheme" subscribers. She instituted a quiet monthly census of her own, publishing the results when favorable, and this became one of the most popular features of the paper in Rustler, being the better liked when it began to excite the uneasy derision of Topaz. The truth was that the mines of Ticknor's Mountain and Big Chief, always fairly well-to-do, were now making large shipments of high-grade ore, and as the "Telepheme" never concealed anything of this sort, a certain tendency of the floating population of surrounding towns toward Rustler began to be observable.

Rignold, though he could not share his editor's confidence in the continuance of these good times for the town and the paper, made them as good for himself as he knew how by seeing a great deal of Berna. He helped and served her about the paper with untiring energy and simple patience, and she recognized his goodness with gratitude; but he knew that she conceived of it all as done for Aleck, in the same way that she did it all for Aleck, and he knew that she was grateful on Aleck's behalf. The situation offered so little satisfaction to him that he found it hard to be sorry in the first moments when the change came. But, in fact, he was sorry, and if not for the change, then for her.

The current which had turned in her favor gave signs for a month of turning the other way before it finally did turn; but when the change came it fell upon her with the suddenness of a thing unexpected and unimagined. Her first word of it reached her one evening as she sat by her lamp thinking out the editorial for the next week's issue, while she rocked to and fro in her spacious rocker, walled in by her mother with pillows, and ran through her State exchanges.

It is rumored that Rustler is to have a new paper. They are getting tired, it seems, of having the town represented by a woman.

Her eye fell upon this item in one of the papers which two months before had copied extracts from her railroad editorials with approval.

Rignold, looking in a quarter of an hour later for his customary weekly chat with her about the contents of the next issue, found her still staring dumbly at the newspaper. She

looked up at him with blind eyes. Then in a moment she asked:

"Did you know about this?"

"What?" pretended Rignold.

She tapped the paper decisively with her forefinger, without speaking, while she gazed at him in silence.

"Yes."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

"I did n't see what good it could do."

"You would have told Aleck?"

"That's so."

"Then why not me?"

"Why, it's altogether different, Berna."

"Different? Sit down. How different?"

"Every way. I did n't want to hurt your feelings."

"You mean I was a woman. That's true. But I have n't any less at stake on that account. I've more—twice as much. You forget Aleck."

"I'm not likely to do that," retorted Rignold, stung.

"What do you mean?"

"Good heaven, Berna! Don't take it like this!"

"You mean I should remind you of him if you forget. I suppose you're right. I should. I do talk of Aleck. I'm editing his paper; I'm trying humbly to live out his life for him. How can I help it? I can't forget him if the town does."

"Pshaw, Berna! The town ain't forgetting him. But it has to think of itself, or it thinks it has."

"And so they try to kill his paper?"

Rignold dropped his eyes. "I suppose they don't think it's his paper."

Berna started in her seat. "Have I put myself forward too much? Have I made too much of myself and too little of him? Yes; I was afraid of that."

"No, no! Lord knows you've made enough of Aleck. You've put him first everywhere. The town just don't want a woman for an editor. There's the whole of it, Berna, without trimmings. I know it's hard on you—awful hard, after all you've done and spent and suffered to give 'em a good paper, and to keep up Aleck's name, and boom the town and bring the railroad. But towns ain't grateful; you know that as well as I do; and I don't suppose Rustler's any exception. Look here, this is the way it is. They want the Three C's, don't they? Well, they think they stand a better show to get it if they have another sort of paper, and have a man to edit it. They think it'll look better outside. I suppose it will. But they won't get a paper the equal of the "Telepheme" in a hurry—not if they put two men on to edit it."

"Oh, what do I care how much better or worse it is? They won't let me do Aleck's work."

"They can't stop it."

"They don't want it. It's the same thing. I've offered the town my life, I've offered them all my love and all my service, and they"—her lip trembled—"they don't want it. It's not for myself I'm hurt; it's the rejection of Aleck through me. They don't want *him* either. He's done all he could for them, and they're done with him. He brought them to a place where they could get along without him; and now I've brought them a little farther, and they can do without me. O Ben!"

She gave a little gasp and gulp, and suddenly buried her face.

Rignold leaned forward from his chair and laid a hand on hers. "Drop it, Berna! Give it up, and let them go their own ungrateful way. You're wasting your life on them, and what could they ever give you in return, if they did their best?"

"Give me? Do you suppose I want anything?" She looked up fiercely through her tears. "I've got to get my living and ma's out of the paper, and that I'll take, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. But that's all. Aleck worked for the love of it; he fought for the town the same way a soldier fights for the flag. He was n't thinking of rewards. 'It ain't boodle I'm after,' he always used to say, and it was true. And after that, do you think I could—could"—she caught her breath and stifled a sob, as her rhetoric returned to her with her self-command—"could palter with the question of recompense? I don't want to be paid, Ben. I want to be let do it."

"Well, no one can prevent you. It's a free country. You can go on publishing the 'Telepheme' just the same, if they do issue another paper alongside of it. Plenty of towns have two papers that can't rightly support one."

"I know it, Ben, I know it—foolish towns, wicked towns—towns that have no respect for themselves or their cause! They divide their forces in the face of the enemy, and fight each other when they ought to be fighting the common foe. That shall never be said of Rustler. It was the *town* that Aleck loved; it was n't his paper, and it was n't himself. And I should be unworthy of him if I could n't be glad to bury my pride in the paper, and all the ties that bind me to it through Aleck, and kill the 'Telepheme' to-morrow, if it can help the town. If I can serve Rustler better by lying down and letting it trample on me, than by standing up and fighting for her, that's my place. I only want to be sure."

"Don't you be sure of it, Berna! Don't you think it! It ain't true. But, all the same, I'd

give it up. The town *can't* support two papers, that 's a fact; and if it don't, and if it 's the 'Telepheme' that goes to the wall, you will have spent all the money that Aleck left, and perhaps your mother's insurance money too, before you're done, and have nothing left to live on. I don't want to see you come to that, Berna; and if you're willing for yourself, you won't be for your mother, if you think a minute."

"Stop! stop! I'm not going to spend ma's money. When I've spent Aleck's I'll give it up. But what you say puts my duty before me. I *must* spend Aleck's! I must n't, I dare n't, take the town's word for it that they're tired of Aleck and of me, until I've spent all that's left in giving them a chance to take that back—for Aleck's sake!" she added devoutly. "They've changed once; they may change again. Who knows? What was it that made them change this time, Ben?" she inquired, as if coming to the question of Rustler's altered temper for the first time.

"Oh, silliness! You don't want to know."

"Ben," she cried, incriminatingly, "stop sparing me! Tell me."

"Topaz kept joking them on their lady editor. You must have seen the 'Telegram.'"

"Of course. But what then?"

"Why, the other papers took it up. A weekly paper 's got to have copy. You know that, Berna."

"Certainly; I've seen all that, as it came along in the State exchanges from week to week. But I never thought the town would be cowardly enough to mind it. Oh, shame on them!"

"No; that ain't fair, Berna. It seems foolish; but it was n't for themselves, really. You can see that, if you stop and think. They were afraid of its effect on the railroad. A town that wants a railroad can't afford to be made fun of by the press of the whole State. A railroad 's a serious business; you've got to be worthy of it all round."

"Of course. But my railroad editorials are n't a bit poorer than when the whole press of the State quoted and praised them, and Rustler went wild with delight over them. Nothing has changed." She paused thoughtfully. "But I don't want Rustler to be made fun of, not on my account, nor anybody's. It *will* hurt the town! I must stop that. But they might have trusted me to! Why did n't they come to me squarely and tell me that I was injuring the place? They might have believed that there are some things I care more for than myself; they might have known I'd have remedied the trouble, or stepped down and out. Do you mean to say, Ben, that they have the courage to give this as their reason? Why, they'll hurt the town more that way than any way. They'll

be the laughing-stock of every paper in Colorado, from that one-page little rag they're getting out in the new camp on Eagle River—what's its name?—Flux, to the 'Rocky Mountain News.'"

"No," said Ben, dropping his gaze upon the soft hat he twirled round and round in his fingers; "they don't *say* that 's their reason."

"What do they say?"

"If you'll excuse me, Berna, I guess I won't go into that."

"But I can't excuse you."

"Oh, well," began Rignold, desperately, and stopped.

"Why, what 's the matter, Ben?" she asked in bewilderment, watching the uneasy flush mount to his forehead. "Is it something personal? Is it something disgraceful?"

"Good heavens, no! It ain't disgraceful. But it ain't a thing for me to tell you, unless I tell you something else at the same time."

"Tell me both things."

Ben shook his head. "You would n't like it."

"Try me!" said Berna, persuasively.

The breath was coming fast in Rignold's throat. He made two beginnings, and paused helplessly. "It would n't do any good," he said at last.

"Why, Ben, I never saw you behave like this. What 's the matter?"

"Oh, love 's the matter, Berna—love for you, that 's killing me. You don't want it. You've got no more use for it than Rustler has for the 'Telepheme.' I tell you because you ask me; but I know well enough there ain't room for another paper in *your* town. I know the field belongs to Aleck. It's right; I ain't got nothing to say against it." He lowered his eyes again.

"Ben!" gasped Berna. Then in a moment she added another name.

"Of course, of course. I know it, I tell you. I was a fool to say anything. But you would have it. The town says it ain't right that we should be so much together, and work the paper alongside each other, and not be married. They don't think I'm in love with you. They never guess that. And they know what you feel about Aleck, anyway. All they say is, it ain't proper. I could n't tell you the one, you see, without telling you the other. I've told you both now, and I guess I might as well go."

He rose to his feet, but Berna stopped him. "Wait, Ben!" She laid on his coat-sleeve the hand which would have detained him at the gate of heaven. "Good Ben! Sit down again—won't you?—and we'll talk of this. It 's awful—coming so suddenly. Give me a moment." He dropped back into his seat with reluctance.

She locked her hands distressfully in her lap.

"But I don't see how we 're going to talk of it! O Aleck!"

"Sure! It ain't treating him right even to discuss it. I was his friend, and you were the same as his wife. I know that 's the way you feel; and partly that 's the way I feel myself. And so it ain't decent—what I tell you—but it 's the truth. I love you, Berna, and I have loved you ever since long before Aleck and you were engaged. I held my tongue then, and I gave you up to him in my own mind, and if he 'd lived you 'd never have known what your marriage cost one man. But he did n't live. I wish he had. I can say that truly. I never wished his death; and when he was brought home to us here, that awful day, I took a hurt I have n't got over yet. But he is dead, Berna; and I 'm alive, and if I 'm to go on living I can no more do it without loving you than I could go on living with my heart wanting in my side."

"O Ben, I 'm very sorry. You 've been so good to me—so good! I 've always thought it was for Aleck. But if it was for me, and you were saying no to this feeling all the time, and keeping it back for his sake, then I honor you for it, and—and I thank you. But what are we going to do, Ben?"

Rignold could not keep back a smile at this question of a child. "O girlie, if you leave it to me—"

She gave him a long, absent look. "Yes; I know," she said at last. "Of course I can't leave it to you—in that sense. But you must help me to arrange, to plan to—do the other. I 've no one else to turn to; I have n't had any one since—" She blushed. "You must help me against yourself."

"All right," returned Rignold, with dreary readiness, from some outer place. He had been wishing himself far away somewhere in space, like Aleck. He would exist for her if he could die, perhaps. But he added, "We 'll keep up the fight."

She contemplated him for a moment, reflectively. "No," she said; "I will, but you must not. The town is right, perhaps; but whether it 's right or wrong, we could n't go on together if they think—that. No; I will go on alone, and we will see what happens. I won't believe that every one has deserted me all at once. I won't believe that towns, as you say, have no gratitude and no memories. Why, memory is the life of a town: how can it look forward to a good future if it forgets its good past? I 'll fight it, and I 'll fight it on that line, Ben. I 'll make them remember! They shall learn that if they 're going to forget Alexander Chester they 've got to do it publicly and shamefully and to my face."

"You *have* got sand!"

"I 've got the sand to be true, and if I 've got to be true that way—why, I must, that 's all. There 's no one else."

"Why, Berna!" he exclaimed in pain.

"O Ben! Forgive me. There *is* you, and I know how gladly you 'd do it. But don't you see how you 're cut off from trying, and how every one is cut off but me? Besides, I 'm the one who can do it; it 's for him, and that gives me the wisdom and the strength; and it 's for him, and I know how he would want it done. But Ben—" Her face lighted up.

"Yes?"

"Listen! This is what you can do for me. I 've got an idea. Who has been selected to edit the other paper?"

"Why—"

"I see. They *have* asked you. That makes it so much the simpler." She leaned forward and touched his arm again. "Edit it, Ben! Edit it!"

"Look here, Berna, what do you take me for? You won't let me be all the friend I 'd like to be to you; but I 'm not going to make myself your enemy."

"You 're going to be twice my friend. Don't you see? If I must have an opponent, I like you best."

"But I should have to fight you, Berna."

"Of course. But you 'd fight fair. The other man might not."

He regarded her for a moment, stupefied, while many thoughts raced through his head. "All right," he said at last. "All right. You 're giving me a hard row to hoe, and yourself a still harder. Goodness knows how you 'll get out the paper from a rocking-chair, with nobody to help you. But I suppose you 'll manage somehow. You 've got the pluck for *anything*."

"Good! Then that 's settled. Now tell me, who is fomenting this trouble?"

Berna would still have liked a good, round, sham-literary word on her way to the stake, and Rignold's directness would still have been puzzled and amused by it. He half smiled now as he told her that McDermott of the Chicago Clothing House, B. G. Franks, the shoe man, Martin of the European Hotel, Beck Kruger, the grocer (who she would remember was always taking a column in the "Telepheme" to announce the arrival of a fresh consignment of Grand Junction peaches), and Dibble, the lately appointed postmaster, were at the head of the movement for a new paper.

"What!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Dibble one of the recreants—the man who took my father's place, the man for whose appointment we worked so hard on the 'Telepheme,' Ben? You 're mistaken." He shook his head. "But they have all pretended they were my friends.

Don't you remember how enthusiastic Martin was at first? And McDermott? They took half a column apiece, though neither of them needed it, and promised to stand by the paper through thick and thin. They thought I could be useful to them then, I suppose; and now they think some one else will be. That's all. No matter, Ben." She gave him her hand. "You be the some one else. I'll promise not to hate you. But I'll fight you tooth and nail, until—until I know. The day I can make myself sure, the day I feel I can face Aleck without shame, and say, 'The town does n't want us,' and know I say truth—that day I give the paper up. The day I know that the 'Telepheme' can't help the town I shall know it will hinder it, and I will never publish another issue. Till then, it's war!"

She smiled a pallid smile from among her pillows, as she shook hands again, and he saw that she had overstrained herself.

"Good night."

"Good night, Berna. Good night. We sha'n't meet any more for talks about the paper. I suppose we sha'n't meet at all except in editorials, where we'll give each other down the banks. I'm sorry. The worst, though, is being afraid for you. For God's sake, take care of yourself!"

Berna looked up at him shrewdly. "You think I'll be careless about my health, and overtax my strength, with no monitor by to keep me straight. Well, then, I promise you I'll be careful. That shall be my thanks for all the care you've taken of me, Ben. I can't afford to be ungrateful," she added wistfully; "I have n't friends enough. Good night—dear, kind Ben!"

III.

HE got himself out; and the next morning he went to the committee whose advances he had declined, and told them that, if they were still of the same mind, he would undertake the editorship of the paper and furnish the capital. That afternoon he telegraphed East for the balance of his savings, amounting to \$1200, all that he had remaining in the world; and when the money arrived he bought the necessary materials,—type, press, paper, and office furniture,—opened his office in the Bloxham Block, opposite the office of the "Telepheme," and published the first issue of the "Apex." The name, which was chosen as a tribute to the fact that Rustler lay under the shadow of the Continental Divide, was suggested by Dibble, the postmaster, who saw a kind of dual symbolism in it.

"'Apex' means on top, don't it?" said Dibble. "Well, then! And ain't Rustler on top

—on top of the backbone of the continent, on top of her rivals, on top when it comes to railroads, on the tiptop when it comes to newspapers? That's right—'Apex' it is."

Rignold did n't care what they called it; it was his paper, but it was *her* experiment. His care was for the paper itself; and he took immense pains with the first issue.

"Oh, well," explained Dibble, "who ever heard of a first issue being much? The machinery don't work, the type's all fresh, the staff has n't settled to work, the whole thing's loose. That's been true of every paper from the beginning of the world. It'll shake down. It'll shake down. Trust Rignold for that. He's the stuff. Why, it's worth two of that measly female sheet across the road, now. We'll get a railroad with this paper, and we'll get some sense about politics. No woman business!"

But the first number of the "Apex" was really not so much better than the "Telepheme" that Berna published the same day. Being set in larger type, it contained less news; the miscellany was made up from "plate matter," as Rignold had always urged that the "Telepheme's" should be, and there was no such extravagance as Berna's telegraphic letter from Denver. There was more advertising in the "Apex" than in the "Telepheme," because the business men, having decided on a new paper, threw all their advertising into Rignold's hands; and though Berna ordered all the "dead" patent-medicine cuts in the office, and all the old land-office notices that remained standing, to be inserted as fresh advertising, her advertisement column still looked rather hollow. But this gave her so much the more room for news (which she had now learned to make of the Rustler standard) and for miscellany, in the matter of which her judicious habit of selection went far. On the whole, as the town would have said if it had not been trying hard to say the other thing, the "Telepheme" was "the better nickel's worth."

Her editorial was an embodiment of what she had said to Rignold, expressed with dignity and with just sufficient feeling. It was extremely direct and uncompromising, though tactful, and if the organizers of the new paper did not wince that evening upon their hearthstones, it was because they had determined not to in advance. That which really troubled them was the perception, forced upon them with the second issue of the "Apex," that the "Telepheme" was not yet stamped out, nor very obviously in a way to be. They had taken Berna's editorial for her swan-song, believing that, in depriving her of the assistance of Rignold, they had adopted the surest mode of stopping a paper which had become an injury to the good standing of the town. But Berna

went on, with depleted advertising columns, but with ever-fattening news columns, and with a resolved and untroubled air which invited victory, if it did not predict it. At Rignold's suggestion she had found a substitute for Barton, who, released from his mechanical duties, gathered local news for her and looked after the advertising. Barton could not actually replace Rignold, but, in common with many Western men, he balanced an incapacity to do anything very well by an inability to do anything very badly; and he soon discovered that faculty for thinning out one local item into four, and imagining one out of nothing, which is the bulwark of the rural press. With his help Berna got out a very creditable paper. Removed from the office, and informed only by Barton's report of the system by which the matter outside her own department was gathered, she was often driven to wonder, as she held a fresh issue in her hand, where all the good things had come from. Her judgment told her that it was in fact quite as presentable a sheet as in the good days when Rignold was by her side; but though she would have been glad to believe this for the sake of the future, she denied it to herself resolutely, with a sentiment of loyalty to her old associate; and out of the same feeling, coupled with a knightly unwillingness to think ill of a rival, she put away from her the doubt whether the "Apex" was, after all, as good a paper as her own.

Rignold had never worked harder than he was now working on the "Apex." He had never reached the "Telepheme" office so early as he now reached the office of the "Apex," nor left it so late. He had promised himself not to see Berna again for a long time to come; his news of her came by way of the town. All that he knew of her was gathered from observation of the outside of her home, as he passed it, morning and night, on his way to or from his canvas-roofed cabin on Ticknor's Mountain. Three months passed without giving him a sight of her, until, passing her house after midnight one night on his way home from the office, he saw a light burning in her bedroom, on the upper floor, and knew that she was sitting up, writing. The gravel which he threw softly against the pane brought her instantly to the window. For a moment she looked bewilderedly about in the unaccustomed darkness, straining her eyes first upon the road where Rignold was standing in the shadow, and then over toward the huge black frame of Ticknor's swelling up behind the opposite row of houses, and darkening against the starless sky.

"Well, 'Telepheme'?"

The figure in the window drew back, startled; but in a moment the answer came softly:

"Well, 'Apex'?"

He came out of the shadow.

"Is that you, Ben?"

"Yes," said Rignold. "Remember your promise!"

"What?"

"Go to bed!"

"Oh!" She laughed, and her laugh seemed to Rignold to widen musically into the night in waves of pure joy. "All right." She leaned out of the window for a moment in silence. "Why are n't you in bed yourself?"

"Been fighting you."

"Well, that takes time. How's the 'Apex'?"

"Blooming. How's yours?"

"I've lost a good deal of advertising."

"They tell me half the circulation's gone. Is that true?"

"Yes; but my courage is n't—nor my money. I think I like aggression."

"Hope the 'Apex' gives you plenty."

"Yes; enough. But I don't want to beg off, Ben."

"Well?"

"I'm glad we made that arrangement. You give me all I want to do sometimes; but you *do* fight fair."

"I've got a scorcher on you in my next."

"Have you?"

"Yes."

"Then I must go to work. Good night, Ben."

"Oh, see here, Berna; don't do that."

"Do you want me to let the 'Apex' have it all its own way?"

"No; but you ain't going to do any more work to-night. Look here—I'll put it off to the issue after next."

"Well! Will it keep?"

"Keep? An article against you? Like ice at zero!"

"Then I won't prepare my answer till next week. Good night.—Oh, Ben!"

"Well?"

"I'm preparing a surprise for the 'Apex.'"

"No?"

"Yes. You remember my speaking of that girl with the strange character who used to go to school with me at Kansas City before I went East to Miss Drewett's—Dodo McFarlane? She's just married to Mr. Mutrie, the President of the Three C's, and she's coming here on her wedding journey. I had her letter to-day, and I've written to invite them to stay here with me."

Rignold allowed an expressive whistle to escape into the darkness.

"It is interesting, is n't it?" continued Berna.

"Interesting? It's a scare-head sensation news item. I'll have to get to work myself. Good night."

She leaned a little further out of the window. "You won't divulge my secret, of course. I'm keeping it to surprise the town."

"Oh, I won't give you away. Go to bed!"

"I will. I'm so glad to have seen you again, Ben."

"That's right. Good night."

He disappeared up the dark road, and Berna closed her window.

When Rignold reached the Bloxham Block next morning he found Dibble in the narrow stall he had partitioned off from the composing-room for his office. His visitor dropped his feet from the table to the floor as he entered, and rose, folding up a copy (Berna and Rignold of course exchanged) of the last issue of the "Telepheme." Dibble shook himself down into his trousers with a frown.

"Morning," said he.

Rignold nodded as he swept a space clear on his desk, and settled down to work.

"Been losing Hymee, the hatter, I see," continued his visitor, dusting his hand with Berna's paper.

"Mr. Hymee has seen fit to withdraw his advertisement, if that's what you mean, Mr. Dibble."

"Yes; I've been around to see him this morning. He says he wants to see our paper succeed. He ain't got nothing against it, and he ain't going to support our lady contemporary, anyway. But, 'See here, now,' he says, 'your paper—'"

"My paper, please, Mr. Dibble."

"Well, yours, if you like to call it so."

"I like to stick to facts, if it's all the same to you. Has anybody got a dime in the 'Apex' besides me?"

"Certainly not. But we feel as if we were supporting you. I suppose you don't mind our holding up your hands?"

"Not if you leave them free," returned Rignold, whirling about in his swivel-seat, tilting it back, and thrusting his hands into his pockets. "What does Hymee say?"

Dibble did the "Telepheme" up into a newspaper-carrier's wad, as if he were meditating throwing it over a subscriber's fence into the front yard, before he answered: "Why, it's this way. Hymee says that woman-mush across the way, that some folks in this town call a newspaper, is knocking the stuffing out of us fellows, and we don't know what's happening to us. He's opposed on principle to a lady paper, but he goes in for straight talk, and he says there ain't no comparison between the 'Apex' and the 'Telepheme,' and that every one says so."

"That's just what we've always supposed, ain't it?"

"Not Hymee's way. He tried to prove to me that there was n't the hustle of a dead steer

about our whole outfit; he says the 'Apex,' as at present conducted, has n't the romp and the razzle-dazzle to run an engine down a two-hundred-foot grade, let alone pulling the Three C's into Rustler. Now, don't get riled! He did n't mean you, of course."

"I'm all right, Mr. Dibble," said Rignold, raising his eyebrows. "Go on."

"That's all. But it occurred to me—I was wondering—"

"Yes. Well?"

"He's away off. We know that. But it simply occurred to me that it was a sort of hint. Perhaps we *could* put more—"

"Work?"

"No, sir. You *work*. But more roar and slam-bang, more git up and howl. That's what does the business."

Rignold surveyed him thoughtfully for a moment, as a silence fell.

"Do you want to buy the paper, Mr. Dibble?"

"Well, no—no. I can't say as I do."

"Know any one else that wants to buy it?"

"No."

"All right, then. I'll run it myself. Good morning."

Within a week two more small advertisements were withdrawn from the "Apex"; and the day after the publication of the succeeding issue, B. G. Franks, dealer in boots and shoes, who had been one of Rignold's original supporters, called at the office to say that he felt forced to withdraw his advertisement temporarily, as an expression of his disapproval of the course of the "Apex"; but should be happy to restore it as soon as Rignold saw his way to making a better paper. Rignold perceived Dibble's hand in this, and smiled; it was what Dibble would have called "bringing pressure." No more advertisements from members of the original committee were discontinued; but subscriptions began to fall off. Even from the surrounding country orders reached Rignold to stop the paper; and no new subscriptions were recorded.

A month later, when Mutrie reached Topaz with his young bride, and stopped over a day, Rustler gnashed its teeth. Dibble, who had now turned frankly against Rignold, swore outright. The news was discussed on the corners of the mountain street by excited groups, like another Bull Run. It represented, stated in the soberest terms, nothing less than disaster to the town that the President of the Three C's should stop at Topaz, and not so much as pass through Rustler. A committee, consisting of Dibble, McDermott, and Franks, was formed to go down to Topaz by the afternoon train, and invite the President at least to take a look at the town. But before they could start, Berna,

who had been holding back her edition of that week for a telegram from Mrs. Mutrie, making all sure, got the "Telepheme" upon the streets. It set forth her news so modestly that at first no one would believe it. The office of the paper was instantly filled with inquirers — Dibble among the first.

"She 's got a telegram, I tell you," said Barton.

"Shoot your telegram! Let 's see it."

Barton left them clamoring, and went to ask Berna's permission. As he came back up the street, holding the fluttering bit of paper aloft in his hand, the group outside of the office gave an uncertain cheer; then, as Dibble snatched it and read it aloud, they howled with glee. Some were for going straightway to Berna's house, and offering her the cheers at closer quarters; but every one was in favor of a drink, and for the moment it resolved itself into that. It was about eleven o'clock that night when a little torchlight procession made its way to Berna's house, and relieved in complimentary song its enthusiasm, its happiness, its renewed good will to Berna, and perhaps a little shamefaced repentance and regret.

She was obliged at last to appear in her doorway; but, apparently overcome by emotion, could say nothing until, as she stood swaying on the threshold, she caught sight of Rignold's white face in the midst of the flickering lights, on the fringe of the crowd. Then, plucking up courage, she began tremblingly:

"FELLOW-TOWNSMEN: I am grateful to you for this unexpected honor. Believe me, it touches me deeply. But I must not, even for a moment, take it to myself. It belongs, you and I both know, wholly to another. I lay it proudly at the feet of Alexander Chester."

Rignold's face suddenly disappeared, and a voice from the crowd shouted, "No, no!" As she lost sight of the sustaining eye on the outermost circle of her audience, something seemed to give way within her; the denial roused her, however.

"But I say, 'Yes.' Let no one, thinking to please me, refuse to Alexander Chester the praise and the reward that are so utterly his due, and which belong to him, and him alone. Fellow-townsmen, it was he who first fought your battle for the railroad; it was he who first led you to dream of the possibility of bringing the Three C's to Rustler; it was he whose ringing words, going forth from week to week in the columns of his paper, have made the coming of the road practicable and realizable and near; and he it was, too, whose labors for the town, in coöperation with the strong and willing hands of those I see before me to-night, have brought Rustler to a position where she *deserves* the railroad!" ("Good! Deserves! That 's

the ticket!" murmured the crowd.) "Whatever I may have been able to do has merely been in humble following of his footsteps. If he had not lived, in all human probability, none of us would be here to-night. When you say a word in praise of me, I must take it, therefore, as intended to be two for him; for he is not only the source and inspiration of everything that I may do, but even in death he watches over us — the guide, the counselor, the captain of our town!"

She paused, and the crowd burst into wild cheers.

"The captain! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! *Tiger!*"

Berna smiled upon them from her doorway, beautified.

IV.

AN hour later, against all protests from her mother, she left her home for the first time in many months. Strength came to her with her need; that one sweet little moment of success, which compensated for all that she had borne for the town, and for all she had suffered at its hands, seemed to give a lost physical soundness and courage back to her. She felt strong enough for anything; and with that wine of happiness coursing through her veins, she certainly felt strong enough to drive to Barton's. The depression of the past months, since the launching of the "Apex," had made her nervous and doubtful about prosperity; she dared not trust any one to take it by the hand but herself. To be ready for the demand on the morrow, she meant to get Barton to go to the office and to print at once, before morning, on Aleck's old hand-press, five hundred copies of the new issue of the "Telepheme"; and to make quite sure, she meant to drive to the office with him, to see the fresh edition started. The paper had not been obliged to print twice since Aleck's time. She must watch her boom. Her heart beat high.

At Barton's there was no one but his wife. She said her husband was already at the office.

"Seems to me," she lamented, "he 's always at that office. I suppose his new work 's a good thing; but it takes him away a sight of time. I don't believe he 's been a night at home since he began it."

Berna wondered, but drove on, drawing her wraps tightly around her against the unaccustomed air. Except for the lights at the European Hotel and at the Elegant Booze, the Honeycomb, and Uncle Dick's, the town was dark. Straggling groups from the serenading party still paraded the streets, singing, and lurching noisily in one another's arms. Berna gazed meditatively at the dusky roofs of the town to which she had given a year's loving

service, and which she had not seen since the warm, sunny morning when she had driven with Aleck to the station to take the train. The town knew her now; but what difference if it did not? *He* knew!

As she toiled up the dark staircase leading to the "Telephene" office, supporting herself by her stick, a crack of light shone into her eyes from under the door; and she heard the old press jammed down sharply within. Barton had plainly guessed her thought and gone silently to work. How good every one was to her!

She turned the knob and went in. A gush of light greeted her. The place was all illumined. Barton was at the press; the boy was hurrying about. From the inner room a voice she knew cried out:

"We shall have to put that silver editorial over to the issue after next, Barton. Our next issue will have to be a kind of Jubilee Mutrie number—editorials, locals, everything. I'll do the squibs this week and an account of the President's visit, if you'll look after my regular locals."

"All right," responded Barton from his press. After a moment he looked up and saw Berna standing there.

"Why, Miss Dexter!" he exclaimed, mechanically stopping the press. He came toward her, wiping his hand, which, however, he finally wrapped in a corner of his printer's apron and offered to her that way.

"You ought to have sent for me," he said, abstractedly.

She looked at him for a moment.

"Who's in there?"

"What?" asked Barton, offering her a chair, with a doubtful glance over his shoulder.

She pointed.

"Oh, there. Nobody, I guess."

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Barton."

"Yes, of course. I don't know."

"Take this chair." Barton seated himself, and stared after her as she pushed quickly into the room where Rignold sat writing busily at his old desk, which was littered with proofs and manuscript.

"Berna!" he exclaimed, looking up as she entered.

"Ben Rignold, what are you doing here?"

"Getting up a little copy. I often come on here of an evening to do my work, from old habit. You don't mind, I hope?"

"You mean *my* work!"

"I did n't say so."

"You don't need to. I heard you just now give your order to Barton. Ben! Ben!—You're just wicked!"

Tears filled her eyes. She sat down suddenly.

"Let me move those," he said, rising, and coming to her quickly; and she saw that she had seated herself on a chair heaped with a pile of old exchanges. He moved them to another chair, avoiding her eyes, which followed him everywhere. As he took his seat again under the lamp, which threw down a strong writing light upon the table, she saw how worn he looked. There were purple rings under his eyes, and his face was drawn. His disordered hair, which he had probably tumbled as he wrote, gave him a wild look. It was three months since she had seen him closely by daylight. She reproached herself bitterly.

"You're too good to breathe!" she murmured, in continuance of her indictment, as she fastened her eyes on him. "How dared you? Why did n't you tell me?"

"See here, Berna, why did n't you stay at home? Then you would n't have known."

"Well, I'm glad enough I came," she said, still breathless.

"Well, then, I ain't."

"So it's you, Ben Rignold, who have been making my paper better than the 'Apex'!" she went on, unheeding. "It's been you from the beginning." She stopped suddenly, startled. "Then it must be you, too, who have made the 'Apex' so bad!" she added.

Rignold smiled. "Did you think it was bad?"

"Never till now. I never let myself. But I know now that it's been the worst paper in the State!"

"Did you expect me to make it the best, with your paper across the way?"

"I did n't expect you to make *mine* the best! O Ben!"

"Pshaw! that was easy," he said, laughing. "The trouble's been to make the 'Apex' poor enough without giving the scheme away. I've always been afraid that you'd tumble, if the town did n't. Come, Berna! You did n't suppose I was working at that rate to *succeed*, did you?"

"I thought—" began Berna, tremulously.

"Then take it back, please! The man who could n't succeed, with that paper and that backing, by smoking cigars in his rear office, ought to give up the business. To make such a paper *fail* takes work!"

"Ben," she exclaimed, "you've ruined yourself!"

"Oh, no, I have n't. But I've ruined the 'Apex.' The sheriff is to pay me a visit to-morrow. Nobody knows it yet; but I may as well tell you, because it'll be all out in the morning. I *had* hoped to fail last week. But I could n't get enough advertisements and subscriptions dropped."

She looked thoughtfully at him for a mo-

ment. "Ben, I believe you 're the best man in the world," she said solemnly.

"I guess not," laughed Rignold, uneasily.

"You are," she repeated. "And, Ben—"

"Yes?"

"You must n't fail!"

"But I 've got it all fixed. After to-morrow there won't be but one paper in Rustler."

"That 's what I mean," she said huskily.

"Let 's *make* it one—the 'Telepheme-Apex'! Let 's—consolidate!"

"Berna!"

"Well?" she answered, looking down with a deep blush.

He came and stood over her, and laid a hand upon her chair. "Berna, do you mean it?"

She looked up with tears streaming down her face.

"I guess so."

"And Aleck?"

She smiled happily through her tears as she laid a hand in his.

"Ben, dear, *we* will keep up the fight!"

Wolcott Balestier.



BOOKS AND SEASONS.

BECAUSE the sky is blue; because blithe May
 Masks in the wren's song and the lilac's hue;
 Because—in finé, because the sky is blue
 I will read none but piteous tales to-day.
 Keep happy laughter till the skies be gray,
 And the sad season cypress wears, and rue;
 Then, when the wind is moaning in the flue,
 And ways are dark, bid Chaucer make us gay.
 But now a little sadness! All too sweet
 This springtide riot, this most poignant air,
 This sensuous sphere of color and perfume!
 So listen, love, while I the woes repeat
 Of Hamlet and Ophelia, and that pair
 Whose bridal bed was builded in a tomb.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.



THE World's Columbian Exposition was organized April 9, 1890, and on the 25th of the same month Congress passed the bill giving Chicago the honor of this great enterprise. On July 1 following, Jackson Park and the lake front of Chicago were selected as the double site of the Exposition. On the 20th of August F. L. Olmsted & Co. were elected consulting landscape-architects. Between then and the following December the organization of the Department of Construction was perfected by the appointment of D. H. Burnham as chief and of J. W. Root as consulting architect, Mr. Burnham having acted as professional adviser from the beginning of the enterprise. Undoubtedly to his sagacity, energy, and breadth of view, and to his wide experience in important architectural work, the Chicago Commission is largely indebted for the great effective working capacity which it has developed; and under his organizing power the complicated machinery of administration in respect to grounds and buildings was fairly established.

For reasons which we need not state, the double site was finally abandoned; and it then became the duty of the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, under the advice of their chosen experts, to review this all-important question of locality, and to discover, if possible, within the limits of Chicago, or in its near vicinity, an area of land capable of containing, without crowding, a series of buildings which, in the aggregate, should be at least 50 per cent. larger than those of the last Paris Exposition; should be conveniently and economically accessible for visitors and for material; not divided by railroads, streets, creeks, or cemeteries; and not so encumbered with buildings or other improvements that it would be difficult to obtain possession of it and to prepare it for the reception of the structures of the Exposition.

Of the few places answering these requirements all were flat, low, and, from a horticultural point of view, unsatisfactory. The only large, agreeable, or dignified element of scenery within many miles of the town was the lake, and there was discovered only one place on the lake presenting the desired conditions. This was a tract of five hundred acres between six

and seven miles south of the central part of the city, with a length of a mile and a half on the lake side and three quarters of a mile in width. Topographically the place consisted of a series of low sand-dunes which had been thrown up successively by the lake in lines nearly parallel with the shore, the most considerable of them having an average height of not more than six feet above the high stages of the water. Between these dunes there were broad, low, flat, swampy swales, subject to occasional floods, with water generally standing one or two feet below the surface. On some of these dunes groves of small, stunted oaks were growing, and the intermediate flats were more or less overgrown by sedge and water-grasses.

This tract belonged to the South Park Commission, having been obtained twenty years before with a view to its future improvement as a public park. Practically it was in a state of nature, as we have described, except as to a limited area at its northern end, which had been graded, planted, diversified by ponds, and made accessible by drives and walks. The disadvantages of this site were sufficiently obvious; but it was considered that they, together with the inconvenience arising from its distance from the thickly populated parts of the city, would be offset by these advantages: first, that it was unencumbered with buildings; secondly, that it could be made readily accessible, either by boats on the lake or by public land conveyances of various sorts, without numerous railroad or river crossings; and thirdly, that a number of railroads passed within a few hundred feet of the landward boundaries of the tract, extending in one direction nearly to the heart of the city, and, in the other, connecting, or easily to be connected, with lines to all parts of the continent. Indeed, to the experienced eye and instructed imagination of the landscape-architects the very qualities in this desert-like waste which presented the most formidable obstacles to the realization of anything approaching the horticultural splendors, or finished park-like aspects, of previous international expositions suggested the possibility of procuring out of these most unpromising elements effects quite unusual, yet of a wholly appropriate character. The broad expanse of the great inland lake itself, with its ever-changing surface and its oceanic horizon, its waters prospectively alive

with sails, and animated by the incessant movement of steamers and craft of every sort, "ornate, bedecked, and gay," beneath the unlimited summer sky, would give to the *mise-en-scène* a peculiar character, under the influence of which the foreign visitor might forget to ask for that metropolitan opulence of shaded parkland which here could not be obtained. Steam-dredges and the railroad grading-processes of the West could readily at small expense enlarge the areas of higher land, and create level plateaus and stately terraces as sites for the great buildings of the Exposition, with material excavated from the wet and sedgy intervals, converting the latter into a system of lagoons connected with the lake by walled canals and basins. Thus might be created within the grounds an interior water-system, four miles in length, which would be navigable by omnibus-boats, conveying visitors from every quarter of the Park to landings before each of the principal buildings.

Under such circumstances the landscape-architects felt authorized to recommend to the committee the use of the grounds known as Jackson Park, which, after much negotiation with the South Park Commissioners, and much controversy with those advocating other sites, were finally obtained under the agreement that, after the Exposition and after the removal of the buildings, they should be left in a condition well adapted to be formed into a permanent public park for the city. A succession of ingenious plans was then prepared and reported to the committee by these gentlemen, in intimate connection with Messrs. Burnham and Root, illustrating the gradual development of a general scheme for the occupation of the site, Mr. Root making sketch-designs of all the buildings as the work progressed. The leading motives of composition were to obtain such a disposition of the greater buildings as should make the best and most effective use of the natural conditions of the ground, when modified and corrected by the art of the landscape-architect; should give to these buildings a proper and articulate relation, one to the other, and also to the water-system of the Park; should group them in a formal and artificial manner at those points where their great size and necessary mutual proximity invited a pre-dominance of architectural magnificence, or picturesquely and accidentally, where the conditions of the landscape were such as to forbid a close observance of axial lines and vistas. But all these dispositions were made subordinate to the situation furnished by the wide expanse and horizon of the lake, so that this important element of composition should have its due value from all the principal points of observation.

Another fundamental condition affecting the general dispositions of the plan was the method of reaching the Park by the seven railroads, so that the difficult problem of debarking and embarking more than 60,000 people every hour by these means of transit should be solved with the least confusion, and at a point where the visitor should be introduced to the grounds through a monumental vestibule, from which a scene should open, stately, splendid, and surprising, alike in its architectural and in its natural elements. It was necessary, also, to consider every means of approach by street-cars and by water,—the latter suggesting the provision of moles and protected harbors on the lake side,—and also to provide for an additional intramural communication by some form of elevated railway.

None of the difficulties to be surmounted, however, were greater than those presented by the necessity of converting into a garden a tract of land which was almost a desert waste; so that the grounds in which the great monumental buildings of the Exposition were to be placed should be set forth with something more than formal architectural terraces, balustrades, bridges, statues, fountains, and canals, and should enjoy at least some of the advantages to be obtained from ordered or picturesque vegetation. Unlike the sites of former expositions, located in the heart of ancient civilizations, the prairies of Illinois afford no imperial treasures of trees and shrubbery, from which the modern Amphion could draw the means of establishing such vast, full-grown masses of foliage as were needed adequately to decorate these impoverished acres. When the thick ice which is formed on Lake Michigan during the winter is broken up, it is driven by prevailing north winds toward Chicago, and there lingers to prolong the tardy spring. A little later, while the first leaves are unfolding, a night gale from Canada sweeps over these five hundred miles of ice-cold water, and all forms of vegetable growth along the southern margin of the lake are discouraged and delayed. Moreover, the fluctuations which are characteristic of the waters of the lake, not only from day to day, but in its normal and average elevations during the summer, must create bare and dreary shores where the intramural water-system of the Park expands from the formal, stone-bordered canals into the broad and picturesque lagoon.

To obviate these difficulties it was determined—first, so to treat the existing groves of trees that their dwarfish character would be masked by the introduction of hardy, indigenous shrubs around the margin of each group, thus creating effects of massed foliage, as seen from a distance; secondly, to edge the water with a

nearly continuous strip of reedy, aquatic plants, which would bear occasional submergence; and thirdly, to provide these with backgrounds of low foliage, chiefly shrub willows and brightly flowering local plants. Occasional stretches of well-kept lawn would also, where necessary, serve to refine the rustic aspect of the grounds.

At the outset the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, together with D. H. Burnham, Chief of Construction, were confronted by a delicate and difficult problem. How were the designs for these great buildings to be obtained? Should one architect be appointed for the whole, or, in view of the more practical alternative of appointing one architect for each building, should these be selected by general competition, by limited competition, or by direct selection? After a careful review of the subject, it was concluded by the committee, in accordance with the rec-

1 Innumerable experiments with architectural competitions have made it clear enough that, of all the methods of selecting the architect, this is the most wasteful, unscientific, tedious, costly, demoralizing, and uncertain. It is almost impossible to devise a competitive scheme which will, as its result, secure to the building the best service, or to the competitors an opportunity to express their most useful qualities as architects. It seems equally evident that the establishment of confidential professional relations in the beginning with an architect chosen because of his proved ability and experience, and not because of the accident of his success in a game of chance, is economical of time and money, and consistent with honest business principles. Therefore, the action of the Committee on Grounds and Buildings in this case is so memorable in the history of architectural practice, that we deem it important to print here the report upon which this action was based. This report was prepared by Mr. Burnham, and, at his request, was signed by all the professional advisers of the committee.

Dec. 6, 1890.

THE HONORABLE THE COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS, WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Gentlemen: Preliminary work in locating buildings, in determining their general areas, and in other elementary directions necessary to proper progress in the design and erection of the structures of the Columbian Exposition, has now reached a point where it becomes necessary to determine the method by which designs for these buildings shall be obtained.

We recognize that your action in the matter will be of great importance, not only in its direct effect upon the artistic and commercial success of the Exposition, but scarcely less upon the aspect presented by America to the world, and also as a precedent for future procedure in the country by the Government, by corporations, and individuals. In our advisory capacity we wish to recommend such action to you as will be productive of the best results, and will at the same time be in accord with the expressed sentiments of the architectural societies of America. Whatever suggestions are here made relate to the main buildings located at Jackson Park.

That these buildings should in their designs, relationships, and arrangement be of the highest possible architectural merit is of importance scarcely less great than the variety, richness, and comprehensiveness of the various displays within them. Such success is not so much dependent upon the expenditure of money as upon the expenditure of thought, knowledge, and en-

commendations contained in a remarkable memorial presented to them by their professional advisers, to give to the architectural part of the Exposition, so far as possible, an appropriate national character, by making a direct selection of representative architects; thus not only avoiding the serious delays and embarrassments which would inevitably accompany any form of competition, but at the same time enlisting the services of a body of professional experts to consider the architectural questions from the beginning and as a whole, and to lay out a scheme of efficient and harmonious coöperation.¹

On January 12, 1891, the invited architects, Messrs. R. M. Hunt, George B. Post, and McKim, Mead, and White of New York, Peabody and Stearns of Boston, Van Brunt and Howe of Kansas City, together with Messrs. Adler and Sullivan, S. S. Beman, Henry Ives

thussiasm by men known to be in every way endowed with these qualities, and the results achieved by them will be the measure by which America, and especially Chicago, must expect to be judged by the world. Several methods of procedure suggest themselves:

First. The selection of one man to whom the designing of the entire work should be intrusted.

Second. Competition made free to the whole architectural profession.

Third. Competition among a selected few.

Fourth. Direct selection.

The first method would possess some advantage in the coherent and logical result which would be attained. But the objections are that time for the preparation of designs is so short that no one man could hope to do the subject justice, even were he broad enough to avoid, in work of such varied and colossal character, monotonous repetition of ideas. And, again, such a method would evoke criticism, just or unjust, and would certainly debar the enterprise from the friendly coöperation of a diversity of talent, which can be secured only by bringing together the best architectural minds of our country. The second method named has been employed in France and other European countries with success, and would probably result in the production of a certain number of plans possessing more or less merit and novelty. But in such a competition much time, even now most valuable, would be wasted, and the result would be a mass of irrelevant and almost irreconcilable material, which would demand great and extended labor to bring into coherence. It is greatly to be feared that from such a heterogeneous competition the best men of the profession would refrain, not only because the uncertainties involved in it are too great and their time too valuable, but because the societies to which they almost universally belong have so strongly pronounced on its futility. A limited and fair competition would present fewer embarrassments, but even in this case the question of time is presented, and it is most unlikely that any result derived through this means, coming as it would from necessarily partial acquaintance with the subject, and hasty, ill-considered presentation of it, could be satisfactory, and the selection of an individual would be open to the same objections made above as to a single designer. Far better than any of the methods seems to be the last. This is to select a certain number of architects, choosing each man for such work as would be most nearly parallel with his best achievements; these architects to meet in conference, and become masters of all the elements of the problems to be solved, and agree upon some general scheme of procedure. The preliminary studies re-

Cobb, W. L. B. Jenney, and Burling and Whitehouse of Chicago, were called together to consult with the chief of construction, the consulting architect, and with Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, Henry Sargent Codman of Boston, regarding the architectural conditions involved in the scheme of the Exposition. The latest plans of the consulting architect and landscape-architects, which, as a whole, had been accepted by the National Commission and by the Chicago directors, were laid before this board of architects for consideration. After an exhaustive study of the whole problem, during which many revisions and modifications more or less fundamental were suggested and considered, it was finally resolved to recommend to the Committee on Grounds and Buildings the acceptance of the general scheme of location of buildings and waterways, as prepared by Messrs. Root, Olmsted, and Codman, with but little modification. In fact the problem had been developed by these gentlemen with so much skill and with such exact forethought for all the conditions embraced in this vast complication of interests, and the several stages of development had been so intelligently discussed by the committee and by the chief of construction, that it was evident to the board of professional experts that they could devise no better starting-point for their specific part of the work.

The sudden death of Mr. Root, after a very brief illness, during these preliminary sessions of the Architectural Board, deprived this great enterprise of services which would have been of peculiar value in perfecting the architectural work, and which already had been an essential factor in laying out the general scheme of the buildings, and in facilitating an effective, fraternal coördination of professional labor such as rarely, if ever, has occurred in the history of architecture. The strong initiative force furnished by the generous enthusiasm and bright genius of Root remained, however, with the Architectural Board, and has been an element constantly working for unity and strength in its councils.

In all projects relating to the decoration of the grounds by sculpture and monumental fountains, the large experience and eminent authority of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens have been forces working silently for higher art, greater nobility of expression, and more effective results. Unfortunately the work of his own hand will not appear in these decorations; but his advice in the selection of sculptors for

sulting from this to be compared and freely discussed in a subsequent conference, and, with the assistance of such suggestions as your advisers might make, to be brought into a harmonious whole.

The honor conferred upon those selected would create in their minds a disposition to place the artistic quality of their work in advance of the mere question of emulation; while the emulation begotten in a rivalry so

them has been of permanent value, and has been followed with generous intelligence and to the manifest advantage of the Exposition.

The basis of operations is explained by the plan of the grounds herewith presented, which exhibits in outline the result, not of the latest studies, but of that stage of the work reached at the time when it was necessary to prepare the map for the purpose of illustrating this paper. In a subsequent paper we hope to present a more comprehensive plan, indicating the nature of the modification to which the whole scheme has been subject from month to month. It will be observed that there are three grand divisions. Of these the northernmost, which had already been laid out as a park by the city, is to be occupied centrally by the Department of Fine Arts, the State pavilions being grouped north and west of it; while the foreign government buildings will be placed east of it, toward the lake, and, if occasion requires, in the Plaisance, which is a long reserved tract 600 feet wide between 59th and 60th streets, forming a boulevard approach to Jackson Park from the west. In this tract also areas have been granted to foreign enterprise for the establishment of model villages and groups of pavilions illustrating the characteristics of domestic and industrial life in remote countries.

The middle division is formed by the lagoon, the most characteristic landscape feature of the grounds. This is an irregular, artificial water-way surrounding several islands, the largest among them being a wooded tract about 1700 feet long and from 200 to 500 feet wide, the natural conditions of which will be enhanced by aquatic shrubbery and flower-beds, with kiosks and rustic pavilions approached by bridges. A part of the northern end of this island has been applied for by, and will probably be granted to, the Japanese commissioners, who propose to lay out a considerable area in a characteristic garden, according to their ancient traditions in this art, and to embellish it with exact reproductions of several of their most venerable temples. The outer margins of the lagoon will be occupied on the west by the Transportation Building, by the Horticultural Building, with its gardens, and by the Woman's Building; on the east, toward the lake, will stand the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, and the United States Pavilion. The lagoon branches capriciously northward and eastward, giving water-fronts to the Pavilion of Fine Arts, to the Illinois State Building, and friendly could not fail to be productive of a result which would stand before the world as the best fruit of American civilization.

D. H. BURNHAM, Chief of Construction.

JOHN W. ROOT, Consulting Architect.

F. L. OLMSTED & Co., Consulting Landscape-Arch'ts.

A. GOTTLIEB, Consulting Engineer.



ing, and to the Fisheries and United States Government buildings. Southward this irregular quadrangle is closed by the north façades of the Mines and Electricity buildings.

The lagoon connects southward with a system of formal stone-bordered canals and basins, where will be symmetrically placed the great plaza, or *cour d'honneur*, of the Exposition, a regular quadrangle 700 by 2000 feet, about equal in size to that of the last Paris Exposition. Water-communication will be provided for at the east end of this court, and the system of railroads will debouch at the west end in a railroad terminus, masked by the Administration Building, which will be treated so

as to serve as the monumental porch of the Exposition. From the railroad terminus, through the arches of this porch and beneath its lofty dome, the visitors will enter the court, which is bounded on the right hand (southward) by the Departments of Machinery and Agriculture, on the left (northward) by those devoted to Mines, Electricity, and to Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, and in front (eastward) by Lake Michigan. The center of this court is occupied by a great artificial basin which forms a part of the water-system of the Park. Connecting with this basin, a broad canal, bordered by double terraces and crossed by arched bridges, will run southward into a minor court between the pal-

aces of Agriculture and Machinery. This minor court will be closed toward the south by an architectural screen in the form of an arcade on the first story and a colonnade on the second, with a triumphal arch in the center, through which the visitor will enter the Department of Live Stock, which constitutes the southernmost feature of the Exposition. Opposite this canal, on the same axis, is another of similar character, running northward between the Departments of Electricity and the Liberal Arts, and connecting, as we have already seen, with the waters of the lagoon.

This brief description, aided by the topographical views which we present, may serve to give in outline the general architectural scheme of the Exposition-grounds. The relative positions of the buildings being understood, we may now devote ourselves to a consideration of the architectural motives which underlie the designs of the buildings, and confer upon them character and significance as works of art. In other words, we do not attempt a description of these buildings, still less a criticism,—which would be premature,—but an analysis of the principles according to which they have been severally developed. We purpose, in fact, to put ourselves in the position of the architect when first confronted by his problem, and, as far as possible, to outline some of the processes of investigation and study through which his work gradually grew into its final form. Of course it would be impracticable to indicate the numerous false starts, the erasures, the studies tried and abandoned, and all the long tentative processes which must in every case be labored through before the scheme of a building takes its ultimate shape. The main object of these papers will have been attained if they may serve to show how a work of architecture, like any other work of art, is the result of logical processes studiously followed, and not a mere matter of taste, a following of fashion, or an accident of invention more or less fortuitous.

THE highest claim which can be made for modern architecture must rest on those characteristics of ornamented or ordered structure which have grown out of the unprecedented exigencies of modern buildings. Wherever these exigencies have been met in such a spirit that a corresponding development of style has been produced, justly differentiated from all other historic or contemporary styles not by caprice, but by growth, there exists a living and progressive art, which, like all other living arts in history, will stand as the exponent of the civilization under which it obtained its definite form. Probably the largest, the most deliberate, and the most conspicuous expression of the present

condition of architecture in this country will be looked for by foreign critics on the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition; but they will find it rather in the latest commercial, educational, and domestic structures in and near our larger cities. By these our architecture should be judged. It is true that the industrial palaces of our Exposition will be larger in area than any which have preceded them, and will surpass in this respect even the imperial villas and baths of the ancient Romans. But they will be an unsubstantial pageant of which the concrete elements will be a series of vast covered inclosures, adjusted on architectural plans to the most lucid classification and the most effective arrangement of the materials of the Exposition, and faced with a decorative mask of plaster composition on frames of timber and iron, as the Romans of the Empire clothed their rough structures of cement and brick with magnificent architectural veneers of marbles, bronze, and sculpture. Mr. Burnham, the Chief of Construction, rubs his wonderful lamp of Aladdin in his office at Chicago, and the sudden result is an exhalation, a vast phantasm of architecture, glittering with domes, towers, and banners, like the vision of Norumbega, which presently will fade and leave no trace behind. But these shapes do not make themselves. There is, it is true, a creative energy, followed by an apparition of palaces and pavilions; but between the energy and the apparition are the consultations, the experiments, the studies of a very palpable board of representative architects of the nation, who have learned that this great architectural improvisation requires as much of their zeal, labor, knowledge, and professional experience as if they were planning to build with monumental stone and marble. However temporary the buildings, the formative motives behind them will be on trial before the world; for these motives, disembarassed as they have been, to a great extent, of the usual controlling considerations of structure and cost, and concentrated upon the evolution of purely decorative forms, have made demands upon our resources of art such, perhaps, as have been required by no previous emergency in architecture.

The liberality exhibited by the management and by the architects of Chicago toward their brethren summoned from other cities has been more than generous. To the latter were assigned all the buildings around the great court, a compliment which involved the most serious responsibilities, and of which the only adequate recognition could be an especial effort to justify it. In view of the fact that these buildings had a mutual dependence much more marked than any others on the grounds, and that the formal or architectural character of the court abso-



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

Livestock Building, 1712 Acre, Livestock Approach.

Assembly Hall and Annex to Agricultural Building, 1712 Acre, Livestock Approach.

24 Acre, Livestock Approach.

SHOWING GROUNDS AND DESIGNS OF THE BUILDINGS—VIEW LOOKING NORTHWEST.

Transportation Building, 15.52 Acre.

24 Acre.

24 Acre.

Northwood Hall, 10.15 Acre.

24 Acre.

24 Acre.

Woman's Building, 10.15 Acre.

24 Acre.

24 Acre.

BY PERMISSION OF JOHN A. LOWELL & CO., BOSTON.

Illustration of the Navy Yard, Boston, showing the grounds and buildings of the Government.

State Building and buildings of the Government.

24 Acre, State Building and buildings of the Government.

24 Acre, State Building and buildings of the Government.

lutely required a perfect harmony of feeling among the five structures which inclose it, it became immediately evident to these gentlemen that they must adopt, not only a uniform and ceremonious style,—a style evolved from, and expressive of, the highest civilizations in history,—in which each one could express himself with fluency, but also a common module of dimension. These considerations seemed to forbid the use of mediæval or any other form of romantic, archæological, or picturesque art. The style should be distinctly secular and pompous, restrained from license by historical authority, and organized by academical discipline. It was not difficult, therefore, to agree upon the use of Roman classic forms, correctly and loyally interpreted, but permitting variations suggested not only by the Italians, but by the other masters of the Renaissance. It was considered that a series of pure classic models, in each case contrasting in character according to the personal equation of the architect, and according to the practical conditions to be accommodated in each, but uniform in respect to scale and language of form, all set forth with the utmost amount of luxury and opulence of decoration permitted by the best usage, and on a theater of almost unprecedented magnitude, would present to the profession here an object-lesson so impressive of the practical value of architectural scholarship and of strict subordination to the formulas of the schools, that it would serve as a timely corrective to the national tendency to experiments in design. It is not desired or expected that this display, however successful it may prove to be in execution, should make a new revival or a new school in the architecture of our country, or interfere with any healthy advance on classic or romantic lines which may be evolving here. There are many uneducated and untrained men practising as architects, and still maintaining, especially in the remote regions of the country, an impure and unhealthy vernacular, incapable of progress; men who have never seen a pure classic monument executed on a great scale, and who are ignorant of the emotions which it must excite in any breast accessible to the influences of art. To such it is hoped that these great models, inspired as they have been by a profound respect for the masters of classic art, will prove such a revelation that they will learn at last that true architecture cannot be based on undisciplined invention, illiterate originality, or, indeed, upon any audacity of ignorance.

It was further agreed by the architects of the court that the module of proportion for the composition of their façades should be a bay not exceeding twenty-five feet in width and sixty feet in height to the top of the main cornice, which is about the size of a five-storied

façade on an ordinary city lot. In all other respects each of these gentlemen, influenced of course by mutual criticism, and subject to the approval of the executive of the Exposition through its Committee on Grounds and Buildings, has been left perfectly free to develop, within the area prescribed in each case, the design of the building assigned to him, according to his own convictions as to general outlines and details of architectural expression. Under these circumstances, therefore, it may fairly be anticipated that the great palaces of the court will illustrate the vital principle of unity in variety on a scale never before attempted in modern times.

It must be borne in mind, however, that all this is not architecture in its highest sense, but rather a scenic display of architecture, composed (to use a theatrical term) of "practicable" models, executed on a colossal stage, and with a degree of apparent pomp and splendor which, if set forth in marbles and bronze, might recall the era of Augustus or Nero. We have not, it is true, the inexhaustible resources of the museums and schools and gardens of Paris to people this great industrial court with statues and vases, set against rich backgrounds of exotic foliage; but the opportunity will possibly enable us to prove that whatever characteristics of audacious invention or adaptation are exhibited in the best buildings of modern America, it is not because our architects are untrained in the organization of structural forms, ignorant of historical precedent, or wanting in respect for the works of the masters, nor yet because they do not know how on occasion to express themselves in the language of the most venerable traditions of art. But these great Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders, with their arches, porticos, pavilions, attics, domes, and campaniles, do not express actual structure in any sense, as was the case with Paxton's apotheosis of the greenhouse in the great glass and iron building of the first London Exposition; they rather serve as architectural screens, of which only the main divisions and articulations have been suggested by the temporary framework of iron and timber which they mask, and which, in itself, is incapable of expression in any terms of monumental dignity. If each architect of the board had been permitted or encouraged to make his especial screen an unrestricted exhibition of his archæological knowledge or ingenuity in design, we should have had a curious, and in some respects perhaps an interesting and instructive, polyglot or confusion of tongues, such as in the early scriptural times on the plains of Shinar was so detrimental to architectural success. The show might have contained some elements of the great "American Style"; but as a whole it would have been



FROM OFFICIAL DRAWING, BY H. G. RIPLEY.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT, LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE.

DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

a hazardous experiment, and it certainly would have perplexed the critics. In respect to the architecture of the great court, therefore, it seemed at least safer to proceed according to established formulas, and to let the special use and object of each building, and the personal equation of the architect employed on it, do what they properly could, within these limits, to secure variety and movement.

It is a fashion of the times, following Mr. Ruskin, to stigmatize the marvelous multiplication of mechanical appliances to life in the nineteenth century as degrading to its higher civilization and destructive of its art. Mr. Fred-eric Harrison agrees with these philosophers of discontent so far as to say that if machinery were really the last word of the century we should all be rushing violently down a steep place, like the herd of swine. But he says:

To decry steam and electricity, inventions and products, is hardly more foolish than to deny the price which civilization itself has to pay for the use of them. There are forces at work now, forces more unwearied than steam, and brighter than the electric arc, to rehumanize the dehumanized members of society; to assert the old, immutable truths; forces yearning for rest, grace, and harmony; rallying all that is organic in men's social nature, and proclaiming the value of spiritual life over material life.

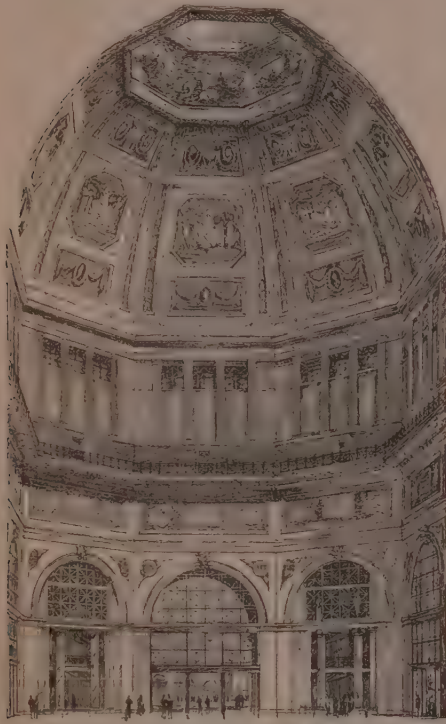
In order, therefore, to present a complete and symmetrical picture of modern civilization, it is necessary that the Columbian Exposition should not only bring together evidences of the amazing material productiveness which, within the century, has effected a complete transformation in the external aspects of life, but should force into equal prominence, if possible, corresponding evidences that the finer instincts of humanity have not suffered complete eclipse in this grosser prosperity, and that, in this head-long race, art has not been left entirely behind. The management of the Exposition is justified in placing machinery, agricultural appliances and products, manufactures and the liberal arts, the wonderful industrial results of scientific investigation, and the other evidences of practical progress, in the midst of a parallel display shaped entirely by sentiment and appealing to a fundamentally different set of emotions. It is the high function of architecture not only to adorn this triumph of materialism, but to con-done, explain, and supplement it, so that some elements of "sweetness and light" may be brought forward to counterbalance the boastful Philistinism of our times. Each department of the Exposition must possess more or less capacity for architectural expression, if not by disposition of masses, by style, or by sympathetic treatment of technical detail, at least by the

suggestions of sculpture and characteristic decoration. It is true that the vast preponderance of human effort in these closing years of the century has been in favor of practical things; it remains to be seen whether this supreme test of the elastic powers of architecture to develop out of these practical things demonstrations of

fail to confer upon the work resulting from it some portion of the delightful harmony which prevailed in their councils.

By common consent the most monumental of these buildings—that devoted to the Administration—was undertaken by Mr. Hunt. Having all the elements of an academical project of the first class, it was eminently fitting that this important structure should fall into hands so admirably equipped by learning and experience to do it full justice. It was to occupy the western or landward side of the great court, and to stand in its main central axis at the point where this axis was intersected by a transverse axis which ran north and south between the Mines and Electricity buildings. It was designed to be the loftiest and most purely monumental composition in the Park, and to serve not only for the accommodation of the various bureaus of administration, but, more conspicuously, as the great porch of the Exposition. The area assigned was a square measuring about 260 feet on each side, and it was necessary to divide it into four equal parts by two great avenues crossing at right angles on the axial lines which we have described. In fact, the building was in some way to stand on four legs astride this crossing of the ways, like one of the quadrilateral Janus-coaches of the Romans, but on a much greater scale. The whole system of railway communication was to be so connected on the west with this building, that the crowds of visitors, on arriving, should enter and cross this ceremonial vestibule; should there obtain their first impressions; and by the majesty and spacious repose of the interior, should be in a manner introduced into a new world, and forced into sympathy with the highest objects of this latest international exposition of arts. Its function, indeed, was that of an overture.

These conditions suggested to Mr. Hunt the idea of a civic temple based upon the model of the domical cathedrals of the Renaissance. Following this type, he projected, upon the crossing of the two axial lines, a hall of octagonal plan; but unlike the cathedrals, this hall was designed to form the fundamental basis, the leading motive, of the design, not only on the interior but on the exterior of the structure, there being neither nave nor transepts to interfere with the clear external development of this dominating feature from the ground to the summit. Thus, at the outset, he secured that expression of unity which is essential to the noblest monumental effect in architecture. The expression of repose, at once majestic and graceful, which is no less essential, was to be obtained, not only by a careful subordination of detail to the leading idea, but by such a disposition of masses as would impart an aspect



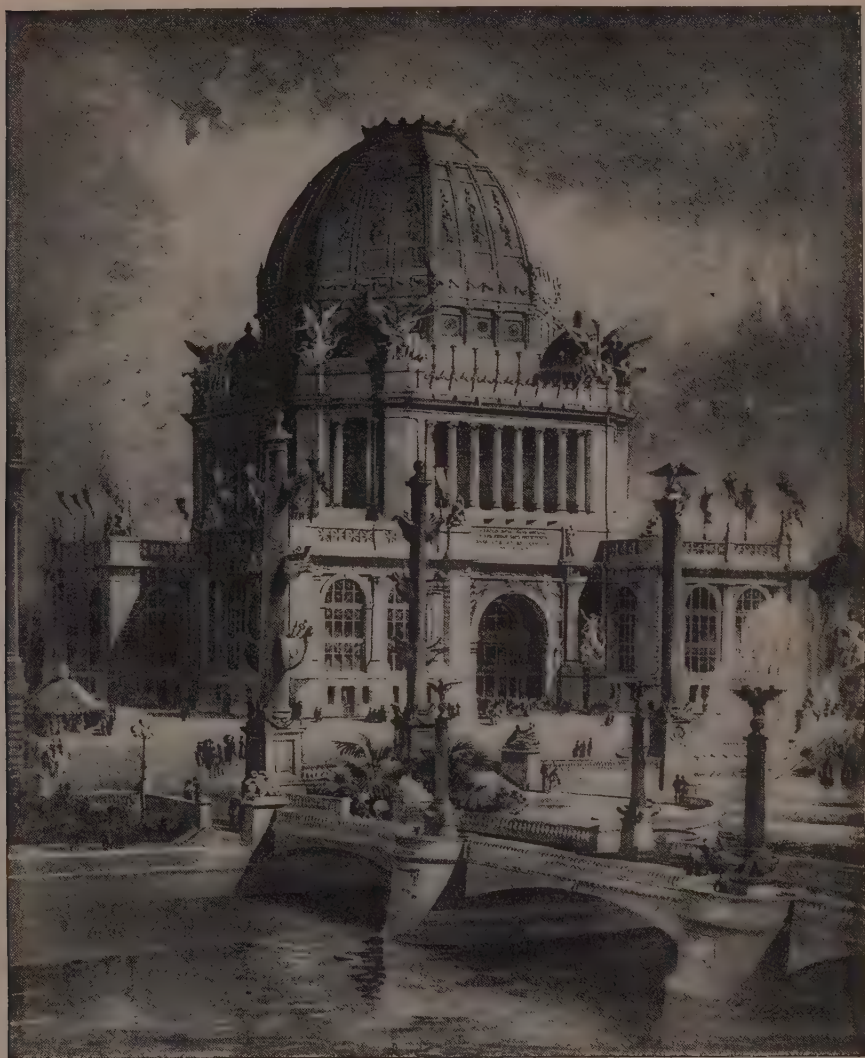
DRAWING MADE BY F. E. WALLIS.

RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

INTERIOR OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

art will result in furnishing any of that "rest, grace, and harmony" which are needed as a compensation for materialism.

By a remarkable piece of fortune, the architects to whom the five buildings on the great court were assigned constituted a family, by reason of long-established personal relations and of unusually close professional sympathies. Of this family Mr. Hunt was the natural head; two of its members, Post and Van Brunt, were his professional children; Howe, Peabody, and Stearns, having been pupils and assistants of the latter, may be considered the grandchildren of the household; while McKim, who had been brought up under the same academical influences, was, with his partners, of the same blood by right of adoption and practice. Collaboration under such circumstances, and under a species of parental discipline so inspiring, so vigorous, and so affectionate, should hardly



DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

of absolute stability. This implied the necessity of procuring a pyramidal or culminating effect; the whole composition, from bottom to top, preparing for this effect by some process of diminution by stages upward. To this end he enveloped his hall (which the conditions of area permitted him to make 120 feet in interior diameter) with two octagonal shells about 24 feet apart, the space between being occupied by galleries, elevators, vestibules, and staircases. Against the alternate or diagonal sides of the octagon he erected four pavilions in the form of wings 84 feet square, in four stories, in which

he accommodated the various offices of administration; the archways, pierced through the four cardinal sides of the octagon, being externally recessed between these pavilions, thus affording two direct, broad passageways through the building at right angles. These pavilions are so treated as to be in scale with the other buildings of the great court, and are carried to the same height of 60 feet, thus securing four wide-spreading abutments with flat, terraced roofs. Above these the outer octagonal shell of the central mass detaches itself, and asserts its outline against the sky through another stage, where it

stops in the form of a gallery, decorated with bronze flambeaux, and permits the inner shell in turn to become outwardly manifest in a third stage of diminished diameter, rising in an octagonal drum, the whole mass finishing with the soaring lines of the central dome; which by vertical growth, determined by conditions of proportion, reaches the height of 275 feet from the pavement. Enriched with decorated ribs and sculptured panels, and made splendid with shining gold, this noble dome rises far above the other structures of the Exposition, proclaiming afar the position of its monumental gateway.

But as the inner surface of the outer dome would form a ceiling far too lofty to serve as a proper and effective cover for the hall, it became necessary, in order to give proper proportions to this monumental chamber, to construct an inner and lower dome, 190 feet high from the pavement, with an open eye at the apex, through which from below could be seen the upper structure, like the cope of a mysterious sky beyond. This architectural device is similar to those used by Mansart in the dome of the Invalides at Paris, by Soufflot in the Panthéon, and by Wren in St. Paul's at London, which rank next to St. Peter's as the largest and most important of the great Renaissance temples of Europe. It also appears in the rotunda of the national Capitol at Washington. But, as conceived by Hunt, the exterior dome of the vestibule of the Exposition is 42 feet higher than that of Mansart, 45 feet higher than that of Soufflot, about the same height as that of St. Paul's, and 57 feet higher than that of our national Capitol, exclusive of the lantern in each case. The interior dome has a height from the pavement 15 feet higher than that of the Invalides; it has about the same height as that of the French Panthéon; is 20 feet lower than that of St. Paul's, and 10 feet higher than that of the Capitol at Washington. In diameter it surpasses all these domes, being 38 feet wider than the first, 56 feet wider than the second, 12 feet wider than the third, and 26 feet wider than the Washington example. Indeed, in this regard, it is only 20 feet less than that of St. Peter's at Rome, which, however, in exterior height exceeds the American model by 90 feet, and in interior height by 143. Being thus in dimensions inferior only to the work of Michelangelo, it may be considered, in this respect, at least, an adequate vestibule to the Exposition of 1893.

The method of lighting the interior of this vast domical chamber in a proper and adequate manner was a problem so important that Mr. Hunt considered it one of the primary formative influences controlling the evolution of his architectural scheme. One of the noblest effects of interior illumination known in historical art is in the Roman Pantheon, the area of

which (140 feet in diameter) is lighted only by the circular hypethral opening 25 feet wide at the apex of the dome, 140 feet from the pavement. Inspired by this majestic example, Mr. Hunt proposed in this respect to depend mainly upon such light as could be obtained from the open eye of his lower dome, 50 feet wide and 190 feet from the pavement, which should in turn borrow its light from the illumination of the space between his outer and inner domes through a glazed hypethral opening 38 feet wide, forming the summit of the building, and taking the place of the lantern or belvedere which usually forms the finial of the greater domes of the Renaissance.

In his decorative treatment of the problem thus evolved Mr. Hunt has exercised a fine spirit of scholarly reserve. The architectural language employed is simple and stately, and the composition as a whole is so free from complications, its structural articulations are so frankly accentuated, that it is easy to read, and, being read, cannot fail to surprise the most unaccustomed mind with a distinct and veritable architectural impression. But to obtain this simplicity of result a far greater knowledge of design and far more ingenuity of adaptation have been required than if the building had been sophisticated with all the consciousness and affectations of modern art. In order to bring his design into the family of which, by the adoption of a common module of proportion, the other buildings of the groups around the great court are members, Mr. Hunt's four pavilions of administration, forming the lower story of the façades, are treated externally, like them, with a single order raised upon a basement. He has preferred the Doric in his case, so as to obtain by contrast with its neighbors an effect of severe dignity and what might be called colossal repose, and to provide for a gradual increase of enrichment in the upper parts of his monument. His second story is Ionic, with an open colonnade, or loggia, on each of the cardinal faces of the octagon, showing the inner shell behind, and with domed circular staircase pavilions of the same order on the narrower alternate sides, niched between heavy corner piers, which bear groups of statuary, thus obtaining a certain degree of movement and complication in the outlines of his design, and enhancing its pyramidal effect. On all his exterior he has used conventional ornament with great reserve, depending for richness of effect upon three colossal groups of statuary on each of his administrative pavilions, upon two, flanking each of his main entrances, and upon eight, crowning the gallery below the drum of his dome.

This sculpture, the work of Mr. Karl Bitter of New York, is characterized by great breadth



DESIGNED BY KARL BITTER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY RICHARD M. HUNT.

GROUP FOR ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, "GLORIFICATION OF WAR."

and dignity of treatment, and by that expression of heroic power and fitness which is derived from knowing how to treat colossal subjects in a colossal way, and how to model figures so that they may assist the main architectural thought and not compete with it. Thus the groups which crown the corner piers of the four wings in the lower part of the building are in repose, and are so massed that they serve properly as monumental finials, while those surmounting the gallery above are more strongly accentuated, so as to become intelligible at that great height, and are distinguished by a far greater animation of outline and lightness of movement, by means of gesture, outspread wings, and accessories, so that they may act

as foils to the simple and stately architectural lines of the dome, at the base of which they stand, and so that they may aid it in its upward spring. The subjects are apparently intended to typify, in a succession of groups, beginning in the lower parts of the monument, the advance of mankind from barbarism to civilization, and the final triumph of the arts of peace and war.

Unlike the other buildings of the Exposition, Mr. Hunt's has two sets of façades, an exterior and an interior. In the latter he has not repeated his exterior orders, and the same self-denial which has chastened and purified the exterior has left these inner walls large, simple, and spacious, not even the angles of the inclos-

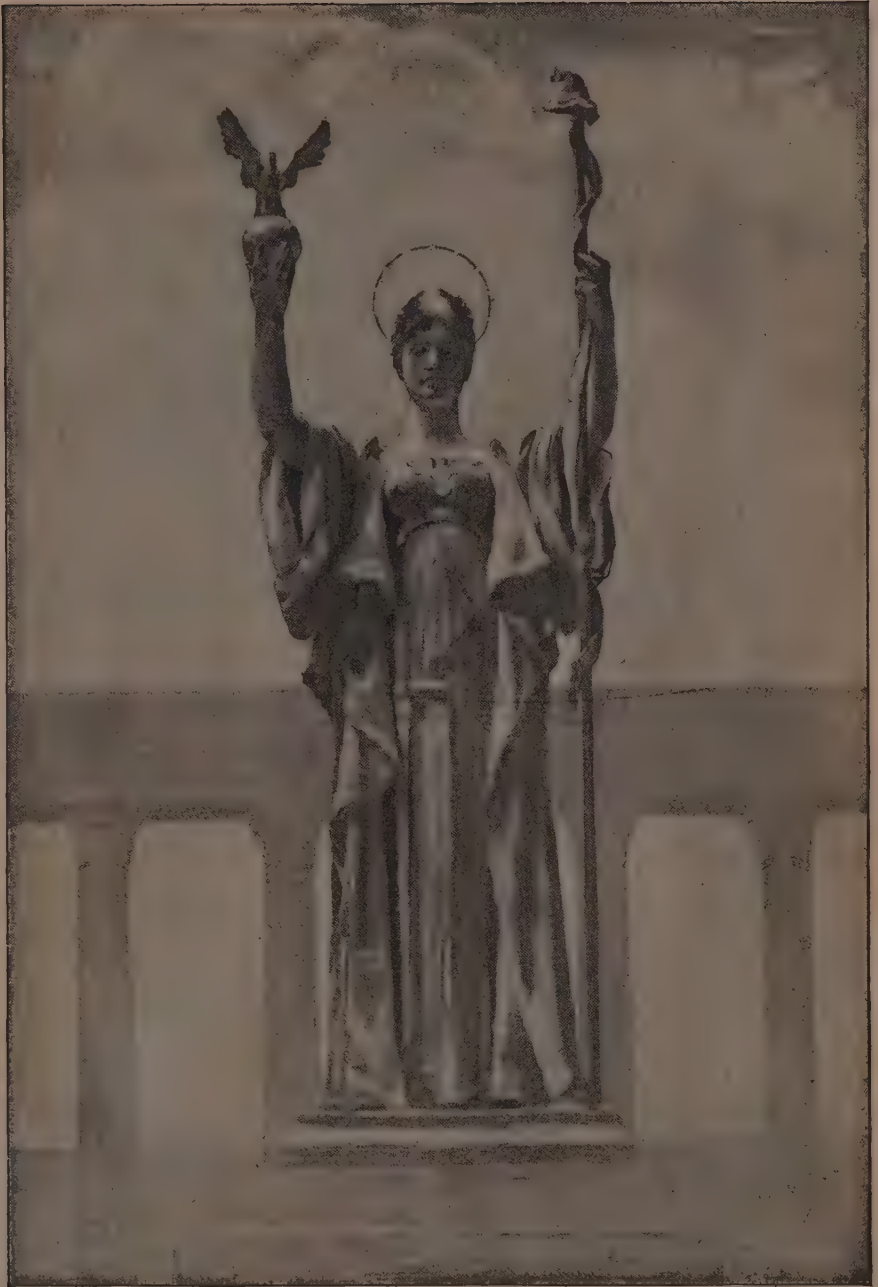
ing octagon being architecturally emphasized at any point. Each of the eight sides of this interior octagon is pierced with an archway occupied by a screen of doors below and bronze grilles above; over these is a series of panels filled with sculpture and inscriptions, and upon the great interior cornice which crowns these walls is a balcony, like the whispering-gallery of St. Paul's, by means of which the scene may be viewed from above. An order of pilasters directly under the inner dome surmounts this gallery, and the dome itself is decorated with panels, the whole interior being enriched with color, so disposed as to complete and perfect the design.

We have already said that this vestibule was intended to introduce the visitors to the Exposition into a new world. As they emerge from its east archway and enter the court, they must, if possible, receive a memorable impression of architectural harmony on a vast scale. To this end the forums, basilicas, and baths of the Roman Empire, the villas and gardens of the princes of the Italian Renaissance, the royal courtyards of the palaces of France and Spain, must yield to the architects, "in that new world which is the old," their rich inheritance of ordered beauty, to make possible the creation of a bright picture of civic splendor such as this great function of modern civilization would seem to require.

At the outset it was considered of the first importance that the people, in circulating around the court and entering or leaving the buildings, should so far as possible be protected from the heat of the midsummer sun. To assist in accomplishing this object the great quadrangle will be closed in by a series of sheltered ambulatories, like the Greek *stoa*, included in and forming a part of the façades of the palaces of Machinery and Agriculture on the right, and of the Liberal Arts and Electricity on the left. The vast fronts of these buildings, far exceeding in dimensions those of any other ancient or modern architectural group, with their monumental colonnaded pavilions, their sculptured enrichments, their statuary, domes, and towers, will appear in mellowed ivory marble, relieved by decorations in color in the shadowy recesses of the porticos. Immediately before him the stranger will behold the great basin 350 feet wide and 1100 feet long, stretching eastward in the middle of the court, bordered with double walled terraces, of which the lower will be decorated with shrubbery and flowers, and the upper, with balustrades, rostral columns, vases, and statuary. Broad stairs descend from the main porticos of the buildings to the water, and the canals, which enter the basin on each side, are crossed by monumental bridges. On the nearer margin of the greater basin, and in the

axis of the court, he will see a smaller circular basin 150 feet in diameter, on a level with the upper terrace, flanked by two lofty columns bearing eagles. In the center of this, on an antique galley of bronze 60 feet long, eight colossal rowers, portraying the Arts and Sciences, stand, four on a side, bending to their long sweeps; in the prow is poised the herald Fame, with trumpet and outspread wings; while aft, Time, the pilot, leans upon his helm; and, high aloft on a throne, supported by cherubs, Columbia sits, a fair, youthful figure, eager and alert, not reposing upon the past, but poised in high expectation. Eight couriers precede the barge, mounted upon marine horses ramping out of the water. The whole triumphal pageant is seen through a mist of interlacing fountain-jets, and from the brimming basin the water falls 14 feet in a series of steps into the greater sheet below, a half-circle of dolphins spouting over the cascade. This pompous allegory is the work of the sculptor Frederick MacMonnies. At the outer end of the basin a colossus of the Republic, by the sculptor Daniel C. French, rises from the water. It is treated somewhat in the Greek archaic manner, with a strong accentuation of vertical lines, but with a simplicity and breadth which give to the figure an aspect of majesty and power. Beyond it, a double open colonnade, or peristyle, 60 feet high, like that of Bernini in front of St. Peter's, forming three sides of a square, closes in the great court toward the lake. Of the two wings of this colonnade one is a concert-hall, and the other a casino or waiting-hall for passengers by boat. Its columns typify the States of the Union. In the center of this architectural screen is a triumphal arch thrown over the canal which connects the basin with the harbor. Through this and through the open screen of the colonnade one may see the wide-spreading lake, the watery horizon, and, still in the axis of the court and a thousand feet from the shore, a lofty pharos with an island-casino at its base. Animating the whole, banners and gonfalons flutter gaily from innumerable staffs; people of all nations walk in the shadow of the porches, linger on the bridges, crowd along the broad pavement of the terraces, and watch from the balustrades the incessant movement of many-colored boats and electric barges upon the water.

THE palace of Mechanic Arts, or, as it may be better known, Machinery Hall, occupies a frontage of 842 feet on the south side of the court, and a depth of 500 feet, thus covering, with the main building of this department, $9\frac{1}{2}$ acres. These dimensions are nearly the same as those of the palace of Diocletian at Spalatro, and larger than the Parliament House of Great Britain in the proportion of 5 to 2. (The Capitol



DRAWN BY JULIUS ROLSHOVEN.

STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC," BY DANIEL C. FRENCH.

at Washington measures 680 feet by 280.) Attached to this building on the west is an annex 550 feet long, covering about $6\frac{1}{4}$ additional acres, for the exhibition of the rougher sorts of machinery. Messrs. Peabody and Stearns of Boston, in adjusting the constructional scheme of their main building to this fixed area, were governed by the necessity of providing large unencumbered spaces of considerable height for exhibits, so disposed as to facilitate classification and to avoid confusion; and by the fact, imposed equally upon all the other architects, that, so far as possible, the form of structure should be such that its material would be marketable after the conclusion of the Fair. These considerations led to the adoption of a typical railway-shed 130 feet wide, covered by a barrel-shaped roof 100 feet high, sup-

clear, large, and simple as, in great measure, to counterbalance, with their effect of spacious harmony and noble proportion, the inevitable perplexity and confusion of a display of miscellaneous running machinery.

In this way Messrs. Peabody and Stearns proposed to satisfy the principal structural and practical requirements of their problem. But the more difficult task remained to give to the prosaic and unimaginative mass an exterior aspect of beauty and fitness, which, so far as possible, should reconcile the spirit of materialism, here, in the very central place of its power, with the spirit of organized "rest, grace, and harmony." The architectural formulas by which this new and apparently ill-assorted marriage of Hephæstus and Aphrodite was to be attempted had already been established, as we have seen,



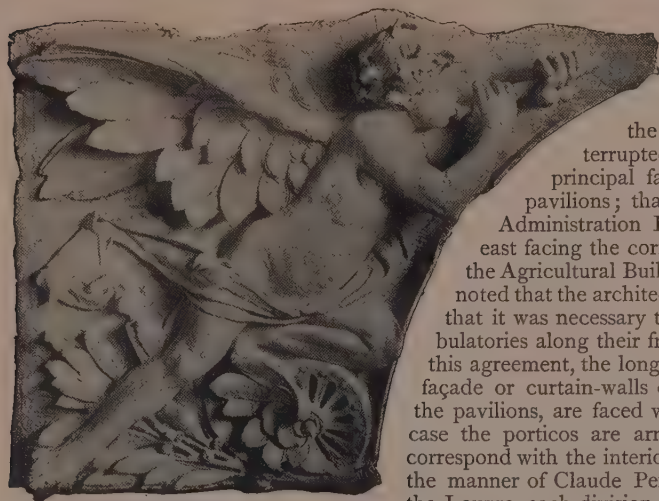
DRAWN BY C. HOWARD WALKER.

MACHINERY HALL.

PEABODY & STEARNS, ARCHITECTS.

ported on iron arched trusses 50 feet apart, as a convenient basis for their plan. They placed three of these sheds side by side. But the site of the building was such that its main entrance had to be placed in the center of the long court-frontage, opposite the south doorway of the great vestibule of the Exposition, thus establishing a clear architectural relationship with its nearest and most important neighbor. This condition suggested the crossing of the triple hall in the center by a great transept, which, being of the same width as each of the three naves, developed a noble main hall composed of three bays 130 feet square, from each of which, to the right and left, the naves opened in long perspectives of six 50-foot bays on each side. In order still further to distinguish this main avenue, giving access to these minor naves, each of its three square divisions was covered with a conical glazed roof, giving an interior effect of a succession of domes. The architects thus secured a vast covered area composed of three parallel naves with glazed roofs, crossed by a central main transept, the combination giving a total width of 390 feet and a length of 730, affording every desirable condition of practical convenience, with structural divisions so

by the agreement among the architects of the court to confine themselves to a style strictly classic, and to a definite height of 60 feet to the cornice. By this limitation of effort they proposed to secure for the great quadrangle a harmonious aspect of stately ceremony; but in so doing they sacrificed invention to convention, and were constrained, in designing their exteriors, to confine themselves to the composition of a series of architectural masks or screens, as we have already explained. These, though in general arrangement suggested by the divisions of the plan in each case and by the uses of the building, were intended to be expressive rather of possible than actual structure. In fact, so far as the exterior envelop was concerned, they were to be merely plastic models of buildings, designed so as to be capable of construction in permanent materials. The whole, therefore, may be considered as little more than a pageant of practicable stage scenery on a vast scale. The architects of Machinery Hall, in studying the problem of their architectural screen, reserved for this purpose an enveloping area, about 50 feet wide, extending entirely around their central hall. This area they occupied with external

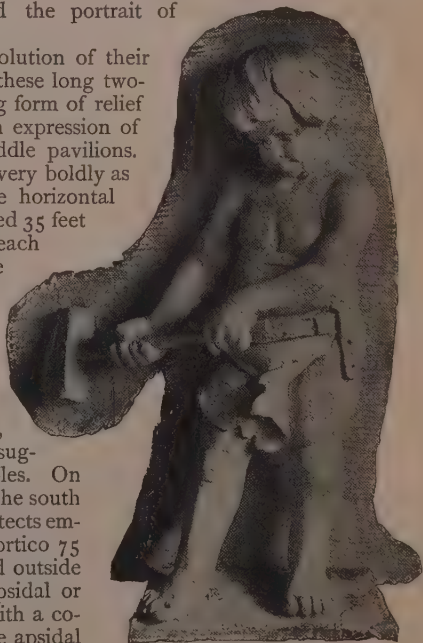


DESIGNED BY MAX BACHMANN.
FIGURE IN WINDOW-FRAME OF
MACHINERY HALL.

spacing of these columns being multiples of the structural divisions of the great interior bays. Unlike the famous Paris example, however, the basement upon which these colonnades are placed is pierced with an open arcade to form the lower ambulatory, the ceiling of the latter being treated with a dome in each bay, and that of the former with richly embellished panels. To relieve the scrupulously scholastic accuracy of the main order, and to recall the days of Columbus and of Ferdinand and Isabella, the apertures in the rear walls of the upper porticos are treated with the picturesque freedom of the Spanish Renaissance, and the arms of Spain and the portrait of Columbus are frequently repeated about them.

It became evident to the architects, in the evolution of their design, that the light and open character of these long two-storied porticos needed some strongly contrasting form of relief and support, to be obtained by transition to an expression of solidity and massiveness in the corner and middle pavilions. For this reason they were led to treat the latter very boldly as plain wall-surfaces abruptly interrupting all the horizontal lines of the orders of the curtain-walls, and carried 35 feet higher, there finishing with a level cornice. On each front this plain wall-surface they divided in three pavilions, of which the outer, 29 feet wide, are treated as towers, the wider intermediate part being slightly recessed between them. Upon these towers, which contain staircases, they placed open octagonal lanterns, in three diminishing stories, rising to the height of 102 feet, like spires enriched with balustrades and finials, somewhat Romantic in character, and following suggestions contained in Spanish or Mexican examples. On the north pavilion toward the court, and opposite the south entrance of the Administration Building, the architects embedded in this central division a temple-like portico 75 feet wide and 90 feet deep, the portion developed outside the pavilion, and forming the exterior, being apsidal or semicircular in plan. This portico they treated with a colossal Corinthian order 60 feet high, crowning the apsidal projection with a low half-dome behind a balustrade, with a pedestal and statue over each column somewhat like the

and internal galleries of two stories. These galleries naturally develop pavilions 50 feet square where they intersect at the corners, and they are interrupted, in the center of the two principal façades, by main-entrance pavilions; that on the north facing the Administration Building, and that on the east facing the corresponding side porch of the Agricultural Building. It has already been noted that the architects of the court considered that it was necessary to establish sheltered ambulatories along their fronts. In accordance with this agreement, the long intermediate stretches of façade or curtain-walls of this building, between the pavilions, are faced with porticos; but in this case the porticos are arranged in two stories to correspond with the interior, treated somewhat after the manner of Claude Perrault in the east front of the Louvre, each division having Corinthian colonnades of 23 columns 27½ feet high on the long façades, and of 9 columns on the end façades, the



DESIGNED BY MAX BACHMANN.
FIGURE IN WINDOW-FRAME OF
MACHINERY HALL.

famous circular porch of the *calidarium* in the Baths of Caracalla. The east portico practically received the same treatment, the temple-portico, however, in this case being 75 feet square in plan, two fifths of it projecting outside the pavilion and finishing with a pediment, and the remainder being embedded, as it were, in the interior. It would be difficult to conceive of a more majestic welcome to this department of the Exposition. With the object of keeping the corner pavilions subordinate to those in the center, and to establish unity of design on the adjacent sides, the two-storied orders of the long colonnades are continued around them, but emphasized by a slightly projecting loggia on each face. The interior of each of these pavilions contains a grand double staircase inclosed in a circular cage of columns supporting a dome. This domical treatment is expressed externally by a much higher dome, raised upon a circular arcaded drum or podium supported on the corners by small circular pavilions and finishing with a lantern.

The long level sky-lines of these great façades, thus broadly accentuated at the corners by domes, and in the center by the aspiring lines of twin towers nearly 200 feet high, were devised to form an engrossing foreground to the long higher roofs of the triple naves behind, broken by masses of decorative skylights with clearstories, and by the three low conical roofs of the main central transept. On the shorter fronts these naves present their glazed circular ends behind and above the façade in the manner used in the great Roman baths. In this way every principal feature of the main structure is made to play a noble and expressive part in the decorative scheme. The details of this design have been kept in rigid conformity with classical and scholarly traditions, relieved, as we have

seen, in parts by motives suggested by the highly ornate Renaissance of Spain. Enriched profusely with sculpture and emblematic statues, and with effects of decorative color behind the open screen of the porticos, this composition, if it does not succeed in revealing the mysterious relationships between machinery and art, may at least stand as a beautiful model of highly organized academic design adjusted to modern uses.

The iconographic scheme of this building embraces statues representing the Sciences and the Elements, and figures bearing escutcheons inscribed with the names of famous inventors. In the great east pediment Chicago presents to America, and to the judges of the nations, various inventors and mechanics submitting their handiwork. The windows are surmounted by groups of infants bearing mechanical tools, and holding festoons composed of chains of mechanical implements instead of the conventional fruit and flowers.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the Agricultural Building, which lies east of Machinery Hall, and, with its noble façade, completes the southern closure of the great court, it is necessary to consider the treatment of the minor court, which, with the southern extension of the main canal from the basin, lies between these two buildings. The terraces in front of them are connected by a bridge thrown across the canal, and the southern closure of this minor court forms a connecting link of two-storied corridors between the two buildings, solid below and open above, and repeats the orders of the curtain-walls of the Machinery Building, which, in their turn, are not unlike those of the façade of the Museo of Madrid. This light construction is flanked at each end by a solid pavilion, still of marked Spanish accent,



DRAWN BY C. HOWARD WALKER.

PEABODY & STEARNS, ARCHITECTS.

THE CONNECTING SCREEN OF CORRIDORS BETWEEN THE MACHINERY AND AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS.

without pilasters, and treated as a wing of the main building. One of these pavilions is designed for a restaurant, and the other for a hall of assembly. The transition from these to the delicate open peristyle of the connecting corridors is still further eased by the interposition of small towers, crowned by circular belvederes, which break the sky-line with great elegance. This screen, while making a noble connecting-link between the two buildings, serves as a frontage for the amphitheater and offices of the Live-Stock Exhibit, which will be designed by Messrs. Holabird and Roche of Chicago, and which are entered by a triumphal arch in

the center of the screen. The southern end of this canal will be decorated by a fountain with spouting lions and an obelisk.

All the architectural modeling of this building is executed by John Evans & Co. of Boston, and the figures in connection with it are modeled, under their direction, by Mr. Bachmann. The statues of the Sciences and the Elements, and the groups on the entrance to the Live-Stock Exhibit, are the work of the sculptor Waagen. The statues on the semicircular north porch, and the figures in the spandrels over the entrance to the Live-Stock Exhibit, are executed by Mr. Krauss.

Henry Van Brunt.



HAST THOU HEARD THE NIGHTINGALE?

I.

YES, I have heard the nightingale.
As in dark woods I wandered,
And dreamed and pondered,
A voice passed by all fire
And passion and desire ;
I rather felt than heard
The song of that lone bird :
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

II.

Yes, I have heard the nightingale.
I heard it, and I followed ;
The warm night swallowed
This soul and body of mine,
As burning thirst takes wine,
While on and on I pressed
Close to that singing breast :
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

III.

Yes, I have heard the nightingale.
Well doth each throbbing ember
The flame remember ;
And I—how quick that sound
Turned drops from a deep wound !
How this heart was the thorn
Which pierced that breast forlorn !
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

R. W. Gilder.

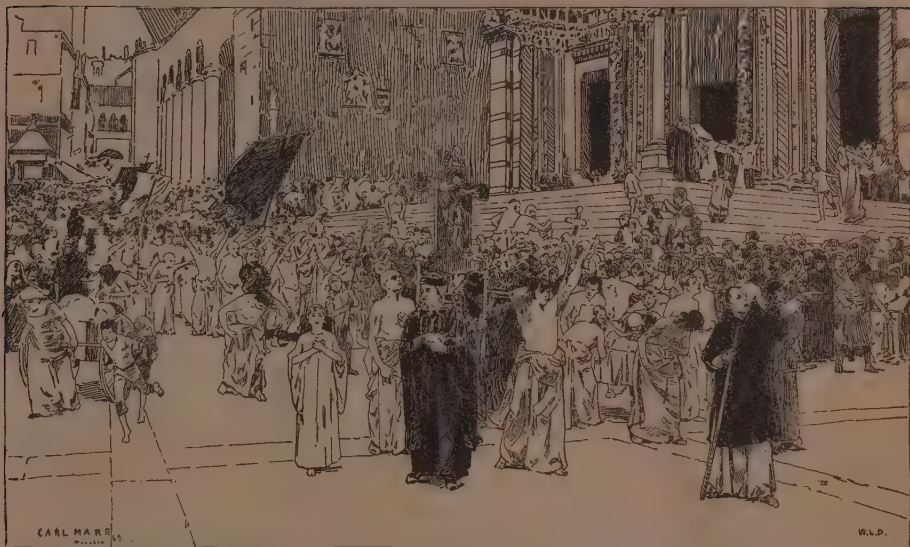


THE FLAGELLANTS (DETAIL), BY CARL MARR.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

AMERICAN ARTIST SERIES.

CARL MARR, J. H. DOLPH, AND HERBERT ADAMS.



DRAWN BY W. L. DODGE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OUTLINE OF "THE FLAGELLANTS," BY CARL MARR.

"THE FLAGELLANTS," BY CARL MARR.

PERHAPS no picture was ever placed with better effect than Carl Marr's "The Flagellants" in the Munich Exhibition of 1889. Entering the building from the street, one passed through a vestibule which by the aid of Eastern rugs and other textiles had been converted into a mass of soft, richly subdued harmonies. From the vestibule one entered a room whose screened skylight diffused a twilight effect on groups of palms and other exotics. From this dimly lighted apartment a door perhaps eight or ten feet wide gave entrance to the picture-gallery, and on the wall opposite, filling the entire opening of the doorway, was the picture. The contrast of the well-lighted gallery with the subdued light through which one had to pass, the fact that "The Flagellants" was not only the first to catch the eye, but the only picture that could be seen until one had advanced some distance into the antechamber, together with the light key of the picture, gave the effect of looking out of a window on the self-tortured,

fanatical wretches who, scourge in hand, led by the hermit Rainier, overran Italy in the thirteenth century. So strong was the illusion, so intensified by the picture's realism, that it required only a slight exaltation of the senses to hear the hiss of the scourge as it fell on the lacerated and bleeding back of the devotee, the praying, the groaning, and the weeping. It was certainly no small honor to the picture to place it thus in an exhibition which represented not only the best of German, but also much of the best of French, art. But it was, together with the gold medal awarded the painting, an honor which was well deserved. An excellent composition containing over two hundred figures, all well drawn; a story requiring much historical research, well told, although not without some warrantable artistic license; stirring and dramatic action without a suggestion of the stage; the whole, if not vigorously, at least well painted—the artist had produced in this work a picture which in its technical qualities easily took rank with the average in the exhibition, and in its quality of invention stood almost alone.

At the date of this exhibition Carl Marr was thirty years of age. Early in his teens he had

gladly left school to learn wood-engraving in his father's office, for a serious defect in his hearing had made him a lonely boy and a dull scholar. His father seems to have early recognized that the lad was cut out for an artist, and, when he was eighteen, sent him to Germany to study. After spending a year at Weimar, he went to Berlin to work under Professor Gusson; from Berlin he went to Munich, where he became a pupil of Seitz, and, later, of Gabriel Max. While with the last named he painted the "Mystery of Life," one of his two pictures now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In 1880, considering himself fairly equipped, he returned to his native town, Milwaukee, with this picture as the key to unlock the door of the temple of fame. A very few months disillusioned him. Nobody wanted the picture. There was no resource for him in engraving, and had it not been for his ability as a pianist, his career, artistic and other, would in all probability have come to an end at that time. At the expiration of eighteen months of precarious existence he secured from Boston and New York publishers enough illustrating to enable him, by careful economy, after five months, once more accompanied by the "Mystery of Life," to cross the ocean. Soon after his return to Munich he painted his "Episode of 1813," and with it scored his first success, the picture being purchased by the (German) Society of Historical Art. In 1885 he began work on "The Flagellants," and finished it in 1889. It won a gold medal. One year later he produced "1806 in Germany," now in the Royal Gallery at Königsberg, and for which he was awarded by the Royal Academy of Berlin another gold medal. As was to be expected from the influence of the masters under whom he has studied, Carl Marr's work is intellectual, serious, and thoughtful. His pictures are the work of a faithful and diligent student, of one who takes life seriously. His work, which possesses imagination and invention, excellent drawing, composition, construction, and masterful story-telling, has fairly won for him the recognition he has received.

"AN AFTER-DINNER NAP," BY J. H. DOLPH.

CARL MARR has been more fortunate in his environment than has J. H. Dolph. He also, while a mere boy, made his hands minister to his necessities in a field other than that of fine art. Born in 1835 on a farm in the interior of New York State, by the death of his parents he was left to shift for himself when only ten years of age. From that time until he went abroad in 1870 he had a very varied experience: at first as a painter of ornamental cards, later as a scene-painter, and, in a very broad sense, as

a marine painter also, for he is fond of telling that on one occasion he painted on the stern of a schooner a composition, "Agriculture and Commerce," that was nearly thirty feet wide.

By 1860 he had made a reputation as a painter of easel-pictures, and in 1870 had saved enough money to pay for a course of study abroad. He entered in Antwerp the studio of an animal-painter of some celebrity, Louis Van Kuyck, where he worked for two years, and then returned to America. His is also a story of disappointment upon his return home. His *penchant* was for scenes of country life, the barn-yard, the country blacksmith shop, etc. These subjects he painted well, but the public would not buy them. When his resources were almost exhausted, a picture of a kitten, a studio pet, found a ready purchaser at a fair price, and from that time his success in this *genre* has been such that he rarely paints any other class of subject, and the knowledge that he is a good portrait- and figure-painter is confined almost to his brother artists and intimates. It is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Dolph should be kept painting puppies and kittens, he paints them so well, as is shown in his picture on page 64; his knowledge of their construction, of their action, of their ways is so intimate; there is so much "cattiness" in his cats, that one must like them.

PORTRAIT BUST, BY HERBERT ADAMS.

It seems necessary in art to discriminate between the imaginative and the inventive, between the poetical and the tentative. An artwork may possess much invention, and yet lack imagination; may possess this latter quality, and yet no invention. Thus a work by Watts possesses imagination; one by Doré, invention. Many a so-called poetic work is poetic simply because the power to execute is lacking. The thought that projected the work may have been commonplace and literal enough, but the lack of technical ability on the part of the worker left it vague and illusive. The thought that inspired Watts's "Love and Death" was poetic. The execution embodied the thought. The thought was a dream. Had the execution been bold and vigorous, the vigor of the technic would have robbed the dream of its poetry.

Mr. Herbert Adams seems to understand these distinctions, and to have combined happily the imaginative, inventive, and technical in the marble a reproduction of which is printed on page 121. This bust is quite in the spirit of the Renaissance, and yet is thoroughly modern. There is such a sweet, womanly, simple grace in it; such a real unreality; such thoroughly good modeling and construction, with a conscious letting go of convention when the strength of

the technic would say too much, would make too personal the personality, that in looking at it one instinctively thinks of that other in the Louvre, the delight of the artist, the despair of the copyist, and the puzzle of the Philistine, "La Femme Inconnue."

Mr. Adams was born in Concord, Vermont, in 1859. His first lessons in art were taken at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, where, as student and teacher, he passed several years.

In 1885 he went to Paris, where his serious art study began under Antonin Mercié. He remained in Paris six years, exhibiting in each successive Salon, and in 1888 he received a mention. He returned to America two years ago, and at present is connected with the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. His most important work is the public fountain at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, a group in bronze, larger than life, cast by the *cire perdue* process.

W. Lewis Fraser.

ALTAR AND IDOL:

FATHERS of Freedom, o'er
The realm your courage won,
Carrion vultures soar,
And deeds of shame are done.

The altar, raised to your
God, in the wilderness,
Is stained by priests impure,
Who alien gods profess.

Speak, departed ones,
From your graves by the sea!
Have ye left no sons
Stern and pure as ye?

Sleep ye so sound
As not to hear the cry
Of Freedom, flouted, bound,
Target of mockery?

Shall we, taught to obey
No lord save only God,
Bend 'neath the huckster's sway—
Cringe at the gambler's nod?

Twice our blood we shed
That slaves might cease to be:
Must we ourselves be made
Slaves, who slaves made free?

Fetters that control
Limbs alone are light:
Fetters of the soul—
Who may gage their weight!

God of our fathers, smite
Our golden idols down!
Kindle the sacred light!
Give Freedom back her own!

That we once more may rise
The beacon of mankind—
Not grope with darkened eyes,
Blind leaders of the blind!

Julian Hawthorne.



POEMS BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

[THE death of Herman Melville, which took place in New York soon after midnight on the morning of September 28, 1891, was the signal for an outpouring of articles on the life and writings of an author whose vogue had temporarily subsided, partly through his own self-seclusion: Melville has rightly been called the pioneer of South Sea romance, and his "Typee" and "Omoo" gained an international reputation at an earlier date than the writings of Lowell, although both authors were born in the same year — 1819. These books, with "Moby-Dick; or, the White Whale," soon became classics of American literature, and are likely to remain such. They have been continuously in print in England, and new American editions are now in course of publication. Melville's art of casting a glamour over scenes and incidents in the South Pacific, witnessed and experienced by himself, has not been exceeded even by Pierre Loti. The Civil War first turned his attention to lyrical writing, and many of his "Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War" (1866) obtained a wide circulation. Near the close of his life he had printed for private distribution a few copies of two little books of miscellaneous poems, the last fruit of an old tree, entitled "John Marr and Other Sailors" and "Timoleon." From these volumes the following pieces have been selected.]

ARTHUR STEDMAN.]

ART.

IN placid hours well pleased we dream
Of many a brave, unbodied scheme;
But form to lend, pulsed life create,
What unlike things must meet and mate:
A flame to melt, a wind to freeze;
Sad patience, joyous energies;
Humility, yet pride and scorn;
Instinct and study; love and hate;
Audacity, reverence. These must mate
And fuse with Jacob's mystic heart,
To wrestle with the angel — Art.

MONODY.

TO have known him, to have loved him,
After loneliness long;
And then to be estranged in life,
And neither in the wrong;
And now for Death to set his seal —
Ease me, a little ease, my song!

By wintry hills his hermit-mound
The sheeted snow-drifts drape,
And houseless there the snowbird flits
Beneath the fir-trees' crape:
Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine
That hid the shyest grape.

THE NIGHT-MARCH.

WITH banners furled, and clarions mute,
An army passes in the night;
And beaming spears and helms salute
The dark with bright.

In silence deep the legions stream,
With open ranks, in order true;
Over boundless plains they stream and gleam —
No chief in view!

Afar in twinkling distance lost
(So legends tell) he lonely wends,
And back through all that shining host
His mandate sends.

THE WEAVER.

FOR years within a mud-built room
For Arva's shrine he weaves the shawl,
Lone wight, and at a lonely loom,
His busy shadow on the wall.

The face is pinched, the form is bent,
No pastime knows he, nor the wine;
Recluse he lives, and abstinent,
Who weaves for Arva's shrine.

LAMIA'S SONG.

DESCEND, descend!
Pleasant the downward way,
From your lonely Alp
With the wintry scalp
To our myrtles in valleys of May.
Wend then, wend!
Mountaineer, descend!
And more than a wreath shall repay.
Come — ah, come!
With the cataracts come,
That hymn as they roam,
How pleasant the downward way!

Herman Melville.



THE CHOSEN VALLEY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

PHILIP REPORTS FOR WORK.



"WHAT is it that you hope to do over there? What is the most you have promised yourself?"

"Why do we always say 'over there'? Is n't it time, if only as a courtesy, we began

to call it home?"

"Should I be at home—on the desert plains?"

"You might concede something to the fact that you will soon have a husband and a son there."

"I might concede everything, and go myself! But then there would be one reason less, though a poor one, I admit, for your coming back. No; you need not remind me, Philip, that I have nothing left."

Mrs. Norrisson was a pretty, spoiled mother; one that should have died young and lived in the memory of her charm. She could argue, very logically, from her own predispositions, but she failed in that logic of the heart which enables a woman to feel another's reasons. Nothing could have convinced her, now, that she had not a bitter cause, as the sorrows of women go, even with one who sends a son into battle or gives him up to a fatal choice in marriage. Yet all her grief was that her son had chosen a profession which she called narrow, and elected to practise it in his, in their, native West; while Philip's culpability lay in that he had not revealed to her this purpose as it grew. There had been the natural affection, but never a perfect understanding, between them. If Mrs. Norrisson had guessed this fact before, she knew it now, passionately declaring there is no mystery in life like the being one calls one's child.

Mr. Price Norrisson had married his wife "just off the range," as they say in the cattle countries; sixteen, and the most beautiful girl he had ever met; mixed blood of course. The marriage was pronounced, in the language of his set, "a good gamble." In the course of her subsequent remarkable social progress Mrs. Norrisson had left the range far behind. The fields in which she sought distinction lay to the east; and here she would have detained her son but that some reactionary sentiment in the young man called him back. Mr. and Mrs.

Norrisson had been much apart since the experiment of their marriage began,—he, frankly in pursuit of money; she, of the most enlightened ways of spending it,—and Philip had idealized the parent he saw least of. He was prouder of his father's summons, in the name of his Work, than a young cadet of his first commission in the service of his country; but how commend this enthusiasm to a woman professedly weary of both husband and country?

"I am looking for an engineer," his father's letter ran, "with about what I take your qualification to be, to go on big irrigation work—an extension of our present system near the town of Norrisson. Don't you think you had better come and see what you can make of it over here? I shall have use for all your science,—you should have got considerable by now,—and I can give you the practical experience no engineer, no American engineer, can afford to dispense with. Cable me your answer directly. The place can't wait."

Mrs. Norrisson held this letter, folding it and pinching it small in her delicate but not generous hands.

"What does he want with an engineer?" she demanded. "A county surveyor is all they need to build what they call their 'ditches.' They are always working against time, and the quality of the work is quite a second matter. Take my word, Philip, your methods will not suit your father. He values nothing but time. He is what they call a driver."

"That, quite possibly, is what I need," Philip answered with provoking humility—"to learn something of that drive, which has done so much over there."

"So much and so badly," the fair renegade retorted. "I don't deny they have pluck; but look at their chances, in a new country where they are first in the field! You'd think they might afford at least to be honest. But they have the courage of their opportunities. Take the history of their continental railroads, for example. But granting you can keep out of all that, what sort of a school is it for a young man who has n't finished his education? Your father built a ditch over there—the one that has made Norrisson—not only without consulting a single engineer of reputation, but actually in defiance of a very able one, a sort of partner of his. He stood in his way, and your

father got rid of him, because he had a conscience about his work. You need not look at me, my dear, as if I were talking scandal. He will tell you the story himself. He glories in succeeding in just that illogical, immoral way. It is the triumph of makeshift. That is his school of 'practical experience.' They say the country drives them, and they have to keep the pace, somehow, or 'get left.' I don't go into the philosophy of it. I'm only speaking of its effects. You can see them in me. I was bred in that same school; I got on famously; I could do anything I pleased up to a certain point. There I stopped. There I have stopped for want of thoroughness in the beginning. I hoped you would be a school-boy till you were twenty-five, then take five years for travel. By that time you would have been something more than an 'American engineer.' I meant that my son should be a citizen of the world, not a local man in a profession half learned."

"I'll come back, my dear mother; but a man must choose his field. It strikes me the field for Americans is America; and if the conditions are so different, the sooner I get over there and learn them, the better."

"Who, then, are the Americans? Are you an American? If you are, you get precious little of it from me. My father was an Englishman, my grandmother was a Spanish Creole—a Californian I suppose you would call her. Why should n't we revert, through these knots in our blood, to the people we come from—who had something that could be called race? I am convinced it is the homesickness of generations that stirs in me whenever I fancy myself back in that ugly, raw, indiscriminate region you ask me to call home. I may be homeless, but *that* is not my home."

"Has it ever been suggested that you should call the desert plains your home? Come, at least, as far as San Francisco."

"I might as well be in London, so far as the society of my husband and son is concerned."

"Well, not quite."

"The difference in miles does n't begin to make up for the difference in point of residence. But it's not a question of my going back; whether I go or stay, my tastes, my principles, are the same. But for you it will be the turning-point. I am sure that you will commit yourself to something pitiable before the year is out; probably to staying there forever. There's a fascination about the life, as there is about the first stage of every return to barbarism. When the rope begins to strain, it's a temptation to reverse the wheel; but is it worth while to send the bucket to the bottom again, after so many turns have brought it nearly to the top? No; you are making a distinct step backward. A man, I have always insisted, should go east for

his education, his accent, and his wife. He may go west for his fortune, perhaps; but you do not need a fortune, Philip."

The last word was a plea. But Philip could not forego his retort.

"Because my father has made one for me? Is that a reason I should spend my life in Europe, posing as a citizen of the world?"

"Ah, if you are posing! I thought you were doing something more sincere. But now I see you have never been that. You have taken the way of all men with all women; flattering them, conceding everything till the moment of discovery. And then they ask, why it is a woman must always make a scene! Well, go and be 'foot-loose,' as they say over there! But don't get beaten, and don't 'get left.' For if you do, your father will lay it all to Europe and to me."

Philip cabled that he would report at the company's office in New York, at once, where he hoped for further orders. He knew that there was such a town as Norrisson, a metropolis of the desert plains, named for his father, who had been the Moses of emigration thither, even to the smiting of the dry hills to furnish forth water for the reclamation of the land. But where lay this field for practical experience, in what precise quarter of his big native West, he was as ignorant as if he had been born a cockney. He had a mixed idea that the people of Norrisson lived in semi-subterranean dwellings called dugouts; that their only fuel was sage-brush; that their sons herded cattle; and their daughters, phenomenally pretty and ungrammatical, ran barefoot, like the sage-hens, until each married her cowboy or successful prospector and became a boarding-house belle in San Francisco. These images were mainly derived from his mother's generalizations,—she was a sad recreant to have been born under the Star of Empire,—and from her free use of hyperbole where her feelings were involved. She had a singular aversion to the West, and when she talked of her girlhood there,—a time of unimaginable freedom, by her own account,—it was with a bitterness Philip could only marvel at, seeing that even her distorted descriptions conveyed, in spite of herself, a picture that interested and attracted the listener.

He began his journey in anything but a triumphant humor. He was preoccupied with his mother's disappointment, and some of her arguments stayed with him after the heat of contention had subsided. A half-doubt of his own choice hampered his outlook. It was not till he began to go down the long continental slope, westward from the Port Neuf, far west of the great divide, following the Snake River Valley, and towns and farms gave way, and solitary buttes stood for church-steeple, and

dusty corrals for lawns and meadows, that he saw his work before him, and began to look forward instead of back.

11.

HE IS INTRODUCED TO THE SCHEME.

MR. PRICE NORRISSESSON was at breakfast, eating his first course of iced fruit and going through a pile of newspapers, when Philip made his appearance on the morning after his arrival. The hours of his father's establishment were a shock to his system; he had not thought of breakfast at half-past seven. Wong, the Chinese butler, in a white, starched blouse, the sleeves of which fell to the knuckles of his tawny, pointed hands, was making coffee in a Vienna coffee-pot with the solemnity of a priest preparing an oblation. One side of the room was filled with a great array of glass and china in cupboards built into the wall; the opposite side was devoted chiefly to a huge painting of the Shoshone Falls, the work of a local artist, after a photograph by Jackson of Denver—such an acquisition as the bored possessor sometimes deprecates by explaining that he took it for a debt. A long window on the third side, divided into casements, opened upon a grass terrace where a lawn-sprinkler flung its dazling mist into the sunshine. Outside there was a humming stillness, a perfume of locust-blossoms, a breeze that blew freshly into the room, whipping the silk sash-curtains out from the rods, turning up the corners of Mr. NorrisseSSon's newspaper, and tumbling the yellow roses that filled a majolica bowl in the center of the table.

"You're about four inches longer than you were when I saw you last," said Mr. NorrisseSSon, measuring his son with his keen, appraising glance. "Don't run to fat much: queer how white everybody looks who's just out from the East. You ought to have got a Western color on shipboard."

In the next five minutes he had asked Philip a number of questions, rather difficult to answer, about his mother. "She's still too good an American, I suppose, to be happy out of Europe?"

"Where it is well with me, there is my country," is her creed national," said Philip, after a moment's hesitation.

"And how is it with you? Have you got outside of all your national prejudices?"

"I have come home," said Philip.

"Good enough! And what does your mother think of your going to work?"

While Philip fumbled in his memory for a speech of his mother's that would bear repetition, Mr. NorrisseSSon answered the question for himself.

"Did n't expect it, of course. Well, she has

been running your education for quite a while on the European plan; I rather thought it was my turn now. And when I've set you on your legs it will be your turn. Then you can go back if you want to. But I guess after you've been two years in the West, with something to do, you won't want to go back. Let me see, how old are you, Philip?"

"Twenty-three, sir."

"You don't say! It's a fact. You were born the year of the big strike on the Comstock."

"And Phosa must be forty years old!" was the thought Mr. NorrisseSSon did not utter. He was quite used to thinking of himself as a man of fifty-two, with a chest-measure that increased rapidly downward. But Phosa a woman of forty! His slender, narrow-eyed, rose-mouthed gipsy, in whom he had forgiven everything because of her youth! How could she endure the fact herself? The reflection made him feel more tenderly toward her.

Philip took from his letter-case a photograph, and pushed it across the cloth. Mr. NorrisseSSon took it up and looked at it fixedly, but without a change of expression. "For me?" he inquired.

"If you like it. It is mine only because I helped myself to it. My mother has her picture taken every now and then; her *journal intime* she calls the collection. But she is very jealous of its circulation."

"She need n't be afraid, if the others tell no more about her than this one. I can't read her *journal*. This picture does n't even tell her age."

"Neither does her face."

"You better keep it," said Mr. NorrisseSSon, handing back the card with a confirmed stoical patience in the last look he gave it. "It may tell you more than it does me. I presume you will miss her a good deal. She's the kind of woman who occupies a man's mind. She did mine until I found I could n't think about her and do anything else. I don't miss her so much as I used to; I don't let myself."

Mr. NorrisseSSon now began upon the second course of his substantial breakfast—trout from the hills, served in a wreath of cresses, with curly slivers of bacon, and potatoes hashed with cream. Philip was breakfasting Continental fashion, his father eying him disapprovingly.

"I'm going to take you down the line this morning. You can't ride twenty miles on a roll, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette. Eat something, boy! You don't know when you'll get your next meal."

Philip fancied that this prompt call for "boots and saddles" might be somewhat in the nature of a test, and was careful not to keep his father waiting, though the horses were brought round

at once and he was not dressed for riding. Mr. Norrisson glanced at his son's trousers and faultless foot-gear, and ordered a servant to fit him with a pair of spatterdashes. His "narrow-gage" hat was exchanged for a grass-cloth helmet, and they set forth.

From time to time, as they rode along, the father cast an eye upon his son's seat in the saddle. At length he spoke of it, approving Philip's readiness to "catch on" to the American way of riding. Philip disclaimed the compliment, explaining, with some particularity as to terms, that he had been taught to ride in the French school, which had certain points of resemblance to the American, notably the long stirrup. Mr. Norrisson snorted at the idea of a resemblance; he said that the Americans had no school.

"We ride because we want to get there. A horse is merely the extension of the powers of a man: if the man likes to make a show of himself he can do it better on a horse than on the ground; and that, I take it, is the fundamental principle of the *haute école* in riding."

They were following the lower bank of the irrigation-canal toward the head-works on the river. The stream which supplied the canal was an uncelebrated tributary of the Snake, called the Wallula, fed by melting snows from the mountains, and now at the flood. Every long, hot day set the river roaring with added volume at night; and the dry-plains wind, which blows strongest toward morning, like the teral of the tropics, augmented the sound of its booming, which could be heard for miles, and might have been mistaken for a distant growl of surf. The canal was carrying to its full capacity, a guard of men watching it day and night. Mr. Norrisson pointed out to his son that the location at which the main ditch had been taken out of the river was not a particularly good one; a fact which Philip had already noted.

"That ditch had to go through," said his father. "There was only one spot at the time for the head-gates. Better risk the patching and propping than let the scheme grow cold on my hands. Here, you see, we had no *garanties d'intérêts*, like your gentlemen of the *Ponts et Chaussées*. We had no security but faith in the ditch. Private capital, if it's non-resident capital, is skittish unless you can show results. Our parties got scared at the outset. We had to give up our scientific lay-out, and build as we could, with what money I could get them to put up. We made a bad job of it, but we made it pay. But there is just where the pride of your foreign engineer knocks him out. We had one of them with us at the start, but he could n't put up with our American methods. It hurt him more to botch the job than to see the whole

scheme fall through. He had his professional reputation to look out for; I had my reputation as a business man. If I undertake to make a deal, I make it; if not on one proposition, then on another; carry it through, somehow, and stop the leaks afterward. We were the original partners in the scheme, Dunsmuir and I. He has got the location that we should have had only for the split between us. He is canny enough to see that he holds the door to the high line, the only ditch-line that can reach the big tracts below, that we can't reach—300,000 acres of the richest arid land in southern Idaho. We have been freezing him out, you understand. It has taken fifteen years to do it. I brought you over here to be ready for the new scheme that is to take in Dunsmuir, location and all."

"And is Dunsmuir prepared to be absorbed?"

"Bless you, no. It is n't time to close him out yet. You don't like the *vi et armis* method, I see. Well, don't be alarmed. There is n't going to be any fighting, not even in the courts. Dunsmuir's claim is worn pretty thin; but if it came to a tussle between us, the side of a big company is always the unpopular side. Dunsmuir has been laughed at and called a crank these ten years; but people have got used to thinking of him, holding on with a bulldog grip, staking every penny he's got on the game, and year after year of his life—not to speak of the lives of his wife and children. It's the sort of spectacle that stirs the blood of your true Western man. There is never any sentiment about the rights of a company. It will be a delicate bit of work, I presume, this closing deal with Dunsmuir. I hear that solitude has become a disease with him; that he's completely warped, like a stick of timber left out in the sun. He was sound enough once. We might have been of immense service to each other, if he could have brought himself to compromise with that professional conscience of his. But pride before everything! He had put his name to the first report on the scheme: it should never go through, then, with his consent, but on what he called a sound basis. Of course there were one or two little issues of a personal nature. I'll tell you the story some time, but the gist of it is just here—Dunsmuir is a sore-headed theorist, and I am a practical man."

They had reached the measuring-weir of the main distributing-channel, and the talk plunged into technicalities. Dunsmuir's name was not again mentioned between father and son until that evening, in the summer smoking-room, when Mr. Norrisson returned to the story with evident relish of the opportunity to review it with an intelligent listener. He refrained from making points against Dunsmuir, resting his case honestly or carelessly on its merits, such

as they were. He did not pretend to be proud of them, but treated the whole entanglement as one of the exigencies arising from a practical man's obligations to his business.

Above their heads, as they talked, a Japanese lantern softly glimmered in its sheath of wrought-bronze filigree; the pattern of the metal screen wavered upon the circle of light cast upon the ceiling, like the shadow of leafy boughs on a moonlit curtain. Mr. Norrisson was seated in a deep, leather chair, one foot resting on the ratan lounge where Philip was stretched out, looking both sunburned and pale after his first day in the saddle. He was observing his father, and smiling to himself at the contrast that bold masculinity presented to the fair, changeful, feminine type which he was accustomed to watch, in his usual rôle of the listener. Ugliness in one another has a certain fascination for men, where its signification is power. Philip had seen famous historic heads by the Flemish painters, the prototypes of his father, set off by the ruff, and gold chain, and furred mantle that would have suited Mr. Norrisson's middle-aged development much better than a pongee sack-coat and a linen collar. Yet he understood what an offense this man of broad instincts and hard, vital force might have become, with his sanguine eye and sagging underlid, to the petted, disdainful sensibilities of the wife who for twenty years had contemplated only the points of difference between them.

"I was joking this morning, you know, at the breakfast-table," said Mr. Norrisson, not very explicitly.

"Yes?" Philip inquired.

"When I said it was my turn now. I want you to understand that I have n't interfered to please myself, though I enjoy having my son around as well as any man. It was on your account I called you home. I was afraid she'd polish away at you till all the bark was off, and then your growth would stop. That was one trouble with Dunsmuir. He'd been trained up to a certain size and shape, and he could n't change to fit the circumstances. Dunsmuir was not much above thirty when I first knew him, but he was already an engineer of some distinction. He had done excellent work in India, in charge of one of the divisions of the Lower Ganges canal. He became disgusted with what he considered the gross inequality between the positions of a civil and a royal engineer in the Government corps. I believe there is some room for jealousy in the treatment of the two branches, and Dunsmuir was n't one to pass over a thing like that. When he had served his term he decided to quit the Government service. He had got the colonizing fever, moreover, and was resolved to do something on a large scale over here, making use of his Indian

experience to start an arid-land scheme on the colonization plan. I was looking up the subject of irrigation myself; it was the spring of '74, and mining stocks had got a black eye. I made up my mind then that irrigation was going to be the next big boom.

"Dunsmuir was coming down from the Northwest, on horseback, traveling light with a couple of pack-animals and a half-breed guide. I was on my way across from San Francisco. We met at Winnemucca, where I dropped off the train to wait for the stage. He had got wind of this tract through some old Idaho City miners he struck at Vancouver. I'd had my eye on it, going back and forth, ever since '60. I happened to know there was a possibility of the U. P. pushing across it, and that the lands must still be open for occupation; but it was all vague, in the future, with me. He was first on the ground; but he wanted to go in with some American, because, you know, an alien can't locate a water-right under our Government. Well, Dunsmuir turned up that evening, as I was saying, and we sat up talking irrigation, soils, crops, climates, and railroad facilities till two o'clock in the morning. The result of our talk was that Dunsmuir gave me his spare saddle-horse, and we rode north together. I don't know that I ever had a pleasanter journey. Dunsmuir had a keen eye for a new country; and like most Englishmen he was a bit of a farmer. He knew soils and climates, and was watching out for the flowers and birds and all the living things of the desert; and when we rode at night he had the whole map of the stars in his head like an old navigator. Those lands, as we rode across them, two days and two nights, seemed to take hold on his imagination. He saw them with the eye of a dreamer, but he sized 'em up just as coldly as I could. I never was surer in my life that I had got hold of the right man. But when it came to laying out the scheme in detail, I began to get scared. His very success, formerly, in India, was a disadvantage to him. However, I'm ahead of my story. We agreed to take hold of the scheme together. He wanted me to take it over to the other side and offer it to some of those swell philanthropists who want room, outside of their estates, for their crowded agricultural population. But I have always had a preference for home capital when I can get it. However, it was chiefly a question of time with me, and you can't hurry an Englishman. We had various nibbles. I closed finally with the Larimers, a New York loan and mortgage house with agents all over the West. They knew the country pretty well, and were in some of the railroad combinations that were likely to benefit it in the future. They were really anxious to get in here,

and they sent out one of their men to look the thing over. He was satisfied, and they put up fifty thousand to enable us to go on with the work and hold the right, while they placed the rest of the money.

"Now you'll notice how Dunsmuir's training got away with him. Here, with no demand as yet for water, he used the same care in laying out his system as in India, in a thickly settled country on a tail division, where every inch of duty was required. Well, there never were such surveys made in this part of the country as Dunsmuir's—longitudinal sections, and cross-sections, and elaborate detailed maps; and everything costing, you know, like the deuce. He put two hundred men on that heavy side-hill work in the cañon, and lined his earth-banks with masonry. Dunsmuir's cry was always that no work is so expensive as cheap work which has to be done over. I could n't gainsay him on technical grounds; what I did urge was this: put your men below, on the easy part of the line, and you can show our people, when they come out here, ten miles of ditch that will have cost no more than half a mile up there in the cañon. Dunsmuir called this "jockeying the scheme." The entire ditch below the cañon could be built, he said, in less time than those first three miles and the head-works. Why, then, should he push forward the lower work merely to let it stand waiting to its detriment? I had nothing to do but to bring forward my usual doctrine of expediency, which Dunsmuir scorned, both as a man and an engineer.

"It turned out precisely as I expected. Our people were to have come in June, when the country is at its best; they did n't get here till September, when it looks its worst—dust on the plains six inches deep; smoke from fires in the mountains, cutting off the view; hot; and the river sunk to a creek. The miners said they had n't seen it so low for twenty years. Our people doubted that we had even the water we claimed to have. They doubted everything but Dunsmuir's figures, showing what the cañon work was costing. They would n't listen to his averages; it was the big figures that stuck. They proposed to cut down the canal to half its size, covering a portion of the lands first. Later, if the water held out and the settlement demanded it, the canal could be enlarged. Well, you can't imagine Dunsmuir's disgust. We had a battle royal—Dunsmuir's note-books, his Indian experience, his historical precedents, all his professional artillery, and his personal enthusiasm against their cold, hard, business sense. They were scared, it's true; but I did n't wonder they were scared. And Dunsmuir would n't go a step to meet them. He had taken offense at their criticism of his economy.

Did you ever see a magnificent handler of money who did n't think himself a great economist? He was suspicious, moreover, of their plan of opening the lands for settlement. They talked more about that part of the business than was advisable—to Dunsmuir, at least. They were square men enough, but Dunsmuir thought they meant to squeeze the settlers. Privately he did n't wish to give them control of the scheme. He told me as much, and urged me to let them go, with what stock their money represented. I knew we could n't afford to play with our chances, and I wanted to unload and be ready for the next thing.

"But you must know I had an anchor on windward. While we were waiting, seeing how Dunsmuir was carrying on with the funds, I privately got possession of a little bundle of water-rights down the river; all put together, they represent our present system. I did n't inform Dunsmuir what I was doing; he would have considered it a sort of potential bad faith, and I did n't wish to take issue with him on any new grounds. We had plenty to discuss as it was. When I saw our big deal growing cold, I showed the Larimers this little pocket-scheme; no rock-work, no masonry, line of ditch directly upon the lands. They liked it. We closed the bargain, and then I offered to go halves with Dunsmuir. Lord, how he did kick! I had been forelaying for the event of failure, he said. I had betrayed our mutual interest for a private deal of my own. He made nothing of my offer to go snacks. A vain show, he called it, offering him a share in a rotten scheme which I well knew his reputation would n't allow him to touch. He called it rotten because we were proposing to raise money on contracts for water which, he said, we could n't supply. Why could n't we? Because we had n't the first elements of a ditch; to begin with, we had no site for our head-works. Very true; but we have made shift to get along without one. He argued that our failure would be a blow to irrigation in this section for years to come. Very true—if we had failed. He could n't understand that one scheme was no more to me than another. To hear him talk of how I had weakened, you'd have supposed there was some principle at stake. What the big scheme really meant to him, I'm not sure that I know. Anyhow, he would n't look at any substitute. He might have gone in with us; he preferred to hold out alone against us. Since then I have treated him as I would any other obstacle to my company's success.

"He built him a house up on his location, as solid as the hill it stands on. I have come to stay, was the idea. He brought his family over, and he raised money on the other side to

buy out our interest. I advised our people not to sell, to keep their hold on his scheme. Ultimately, I knew we could freeze him out. Our game has been to let him make his deal, and then quietly come in at the last and be the card too many. The tendency has n't been to increase Dunsmuir's friendship for us."

"How was it, sir, that with your interest in the big canal you did n't wish it to go through?" Philip inquired.

"Our interest was a small one, though with an option of increasing it on certain terms. We should not have had the controlling voice in the management; it might have gone against us, conflicting with our own ditch. We wanted the thing to hang in the wind till we were ready to take hold of it ourselves, as we now propose to do, and make the two ditches into one system under our own management. Then we shall abandon our shifty head-gates, and build on Dunsmuir's location, and supply the lower line from the upper one. If Dunsmuir could be approached like any other man, on a business basis, it would be easy enough to compromise; it's as much to his interest as to ours; but he's terribly complicated. We've got to satisfy his science, and his principles, and his pride, and his romantic sentiments, and the bitterness of fifteen years' steady disappointment. It has been hard for him to look on and see us succeed by the very methods he despises. Probably the hardest thing for him to forgive us is the plain truth that we are not so black as he has painted us."

"Possibly that truth is not yet obvious to him."

"Possibly not. In that case it must be painful to him to reflect upon the ways of Providence."

The two men smoked awhile in silence.

"My definition of a theorist," Mr. Norrisson resumed, "is a person who is never satisfied with his own work, nor with anybody else's, not even the works of the Creator. Meet them where you will, they are always obstructionists, injuring other people's chances, coquetting with their own, but terribly sore-headed if they find they've been left out in the cold. In politics they are Mugwumps; in religion they are no-devil Unitarians; and if they read novels, they only read 'em for the 'truth to life.' No, sir; I've no use for a theorist — not if he's a man. Women are born that way sometimes, and can't help themselves."

Mr. Norrisson was in very good spirits. He felt that he had told his story tolerably well and with fairness to the other side, and he was confident that he had carried his son with him. He gave Philip credit for being, as he would have expressed it, "a boy of sense." Philip was certainly impressed. He sat thinking the story over, and was not prepared for

the change of subject when his father spoke again.

"Do you think your mother will come home, Philip? What does she say about it?"

"From what she says, I should hardly expect it; but it is n't always safe, you know, to take a woman at her word."

"No," Mr. Norrisson coincided grimly; "I took one at her word some five and twenty years ago, and it was the greatest wrong, it seems, that I could have done her. 'No,' he corrected himself, after a moment; "I took a child's word for a woman's, thinking I could win the woman afterward. And that's why I forgive her. I took the risks. She did n't know what the risks were. It was n't a square game; but I've paid the shot, and I've never complained — more than I'm complaining now; and I don't say, if it was all to do over again, I should n't take the chances just the same. What is all the rest of it worth if you can't marry the woman you want? And if you can't make her happy, who knows whether any other man could? Have you always made her happy, Philip? She loves you."

"I am not making her happy now."

"No; but she blames me for it. All her talk about America, you know, means me. If I were in Europe, she would come home."

"I don't think so," said Philip, earnestly; "but of course I don't know. Her very bitterness seems to me to be a sign there is feeling left. I had not thought of it before, but now it comes to me that she talks about — America as if she were fighting some half-stifled plea for the country she says she deplores."

Both men smiled at the word.

"Well," said Mr. Norrisson, "when she does come back I shall expect to see her out here. She 'deplores' the West, but she was born a Western woman, and she does n't love the East now, you know!"

III.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SCHEME.

BEFORE they separated for the night, Mr. Norrisson planned with Philip a reconnaissance up the line of the "old ditch" to look at Dunsmuir's location. The next day the manager was called away, and it turned out that Philip rode up the ditch-line into Dunsmuir's domains alone. He was told that about three miles above the mouth of the cañon, where it debouches upon the plain, he would come to the "big cut," a spot often chosen by excursionists as a camping-ground. Was the cañon, then, a place much frequented? Philip inquired. At certain seasons, yes; when the young folks went on picnics and riding-parties. Tourists generally took a look at it on account of the lava bluffs

that rose, in some places, two hundred feet above the river, to the level of the hill pastures.

"But don't you go foolin' round the house. The old man don't take no stock in strangers up there on his location, you bet!"

Bearing this in mind, Philip entered the cañon. The bridle-path hugged the shore, winding in and out amidst dusty sage- and willow-thickets, and boulders fallen from the bluffs. The first sign of Dunsmuir's occupation was the cabin of the "force," where a purblind mongrel collie barked at him, without crawling from the house-shadow where he lay. Half a mile farther on he passed the force itself—two men at work blasting rock on the slope of ancient debris escarped against the bluffs. The sun, declining in a cloudless sky, hung midway between these barriers, heating their vitreous surfaces to the temperature of a brick-kiln. The breeze that faintly puffed and died, could be tracked on its way down the trail by the dust-pillars whirling before it. It smote Philip in the face, and left him with the sensation of having been exposed to a sand-blast. Across his sight the heat-veins quivered; the river's monotonous ululation drowned the silence—a sound of mocking coolness to a horseman on the blinding trail. Philip saw ahead of him a black notch of shadow, and spurred forward to the shelter of the "big cut."

It was a noble, unroofed gallery, sixty feet across the top and forty feet upon the ground, with floor and slope-walls of cut stone laid in cement; bending in a mathematical curve around the hill, and so averted from the sun. It might have been the hall of approach to a tomb of prehistoric kings. But here the perennial picnicker had made himself at home; broken bottles, tin cans, greasy paper bags desecrated the pavement laid for the tread of waters which fate and that instrument of fate, Mr. Price Norrison, had conducted another way.

Philip gave himself up to a moment of frank sentimentality over this good work come to naught. Like the work of many another theorist, it had been in advance of its time. He sat still, breathing his horse, loath to quit the shadow for the glare. More than once he heard the call of a bird, the only voice in the cañon, before its peculiar, indeterminate, yet persistent rhythm took hold upon his ear. It was not the "perfect cadence"; it would have been difficult to repeat upon any instrument the first note of the combination, still more the doubtful fragment which followed, dropping down the scale and ceasing suddenly, the final note wanting. While he waited came the pure, sad postulate again, unsupported in the sequel; and then the haunting pause. Philip listened, fairly thirsting for the sound so delicious in the hot silence. Where was it, the poet-bird? No-

thing stirred in the dead air of the cut; there was not a leaf nor a spear of grass to record that a breath of wind had wandered into it; but the broken utterance came again and again, as if aware of a listener and trying to make itself understood, always with the one word wanting. Nothing came of this lyric pause: Philip rode on reluctantly, and his horse's tread silenced the bird.

By the distance he had come from the mouth of the cañon he judged the house itself could not be far away; and as the walls of the cut fell back he saw it straight before him, the only house for miles—as distinct in that absolute light as the picture in the small lens of a telescope, yet unreal and dreamlike in its dwarfed proportions because of that very perfection of detail. A long, yellow house of adobe, or plastered brick, with low dormers scarcely breaking the line of the roof, peering out like saurian eyes into the glare. The roof, sloping outward at a slight angle, rested on the squat pillars of a massive portico, which shaded the entrance to the house. A side entrance for carriages was through a blind wall, running back like the wall of a court; and beneath the arch of the gateway hung a bell for announcement or warning. The sun beat upon the dull red roof, projecting the shadows of smokeless chimneys, and emphasizing the dormers with lines of black. The aspect of the place was that of sultry, torpid seclusion. The plateau, or bench, on which it stood parted the meager waters of a stream which trickled down a side-gulch, one of the laterals of the cañon. Small, stunted trees clung to the slope, crouching all one way, as if the wind were ever at their back. A blight had withered the patches of thin grass on top; but up the gulch, following the stream, a double rank of poplars towered, their dark-green tops clear-cut against the sky, a landmark in that dun country of drought.

Philip concluded that all the water descending from the gulch had been hoarded within the court, for here and there a fruit-tree overtopped the wall, or a vine flung a loose spray over it; showing there was a heart of verdure inside that stone shell which the house presented to a stranger. Scarcely a leaf trembled in the hot, intermittent lull; even the river seemed to hold its breath; then, with a hoarse sigh, the sound bore down again; a sheet of ripples spread, whitening the current; the poplars began to rock and strain; and a flicker of white, like the folds of a thin curtain, blew out of one of the lidless dormers in the roof.

Leaving the cut, the trail made directly toward the house. Philip saw that he could follow it no further without trespassing; but as he proposed to see something more of the cañon, he rode back to the shelter of the cut,

tied his horse, and returned to the trail on foot. His plan was, if possible, to gain the top of the bluff, whence he could survey the region and study it as upon a map. He marked where a thicket of wild shrubs flourished close at the foot of the cañon wall. The water-supply which they had "located" was the storage from melted snows, collecting in hollows of the rocks above, which had dripped, or fallen in slender cata-racts, down the face of the bluff. Discolored streaks showed where, spring after spring, the muddy overflow had descended. The slope of debris here rose to within fifty feet of the top, and Philip decided to try this spot for the ascent, trusting to find cracks and footholds caused by the action of the water. His spurs were in his way as a climber, so he took them off, and went light-footed up the talus as far as the foot of the bluffs. Here, in the shade of a huge buck sage, ablaze with yellow blossoms, he threw himself down to rest. Already his prospect was immensely enlarged; he had gained a cooler stratum of air; he could see the formation of the cañon from end to end, from its rise in the hills to the gate of the river's departure. He could pick out the rocks and shallows in the brown water beneath. Tons of boulders, fallen from the bluffs, lay embedded near shore, breaking the current into swirls and eddies. The river had worn a way down to its present bed, from the level of its former path, through a fissure in the ancient lava-flow which once submerged the valley. Such was the word of science respecting its history, a revelation to be classed with visions and dreams of the night. Had Dunsmuir taken counsel of nature during his fifteen years' waiting, and learned patience in the daily presence of this astounding achievement? Or had he fretted the more for these silent agencies, witnessing how long, how heartbreaking in their slowness, are those works which endure; how the life of a man is as the frosts of a single season to the accomplishment of one of nature's schemes?

Below the house the river's channel pinched suddenly, and the volume of waters rushed down, with a splendid outward swirl, between two natural rock-piers resembling the abutments of a bridge. This spot Philip accepted at a glance as the famous location. Here, upon this footstool of the bluffs, Dunsmuir had planned to build his dam and waste-gates. The river was to have been raised to the level of the big cut, and its waters transmitted thence, by the high line, to the plains. It was a fine, courageous piece of fancy, from an engineering point of view, and conceived closely within the bounds of practicability; but it was the dream of a potentate with the credit of a nation to back him. Philip saw how alarming it might have been to a few private capitalists, who were

not building for fame or for posterity. Yet the dreamer's time had come. The only doubtful issue now remaining was the personal one—upon which men waste their lives. Philip was beginning to dread it in proportion as his sympathies went out to the man whom his father was quietly encompassing.

Suddenly a hand, unseen, touched the strings of a guitar close to his ear, the sound proceeding from the heart of the wild-sage thicket. Amazed, he sat listening, while a boyish voice shouted out a Spanish chorus, with a most deplorable accent, but in excellent and bold time, to a somewhat timid touch on the guitar:

I love them all, the pretty girls,
I love them all, both dark and fair.

"Be still a moment; I thought I heard a step."

The accompaniment broke off as a softer voice hushed the singer.

"Who could be stepping around here?"

The chanter began again, but the guitar was silent.

Philip rose up and stared at the tuneful bush. He walked around it, and saw that on both sides its crooked boughs brushed the face of the cliff; every twig was strung with blossoms of a vivid gipsy yellow; the whole mass, gilded with sunshine against the purple blackness of the rock, seemed loudly to defy investigation.

"I am simply positive there is some one," the girl-voice exclaimed, low, but so near that Philip started, as if a singing-bird had sprung out at his feet. There was silence and intense curiosity on both sides of the bush.

Philip peered at its winking blossoms awhile, and then essayed a way between the quickest and the cliff. The springy boughs yielded transiently; the rock seemed to give way; he caught himself, and stumbled forward into the hidden nest. It was a shallow cave, or pocket, left by the falling of a segment of sheer rock, completely screened from discovery, yet free to every breeze that wandered up the valley. A threadbare rug, a cushion or two of old-fashioned needlework, a few badly used books, a field-glass such as the stock-herders of that region use to pick out their brands at a distance, and the guitar, composed its furniture. The boy-singer had started to his feet, and Philip saw that he was crippled of one arm, which was neatly bandaged and carried in a sling. The girl had backed away on the rug, holding the guitar, while with her free hand she improved the arrangement of her skirts. The interruption had evidently been rather haughtily expected, but in the eyes of the charming pair, as they met his, Philip saw a change of expression, and both began to smile.

"Prospecting for anything in particular?" the boy inquired, in the slipshod speech of the frontier.

"Yes," said Philip; "for a way out of the cañon without crossing private grounds."

"How far have you followed the trail?"

"Until I came in sight of the stone house at the mouth of the gulch."

"Go ahead, then, till you come to a wire fence on this side of the gulch. Follow it along up, and cross above it where you see the poplars in the fold of the hills. Or you can go down on the beach and follow that along; only it's a bad climb back again. Are you for the hills or the shore?"

"I am for the bluffs. Is it possible to get up from here?"

"Well, not with a horse. You're not footing it?"

Philip explained that he had left his horse in the shade below, and was at present exploring the cañon on foot.

The young people took counsel together with their eyes. "There is a way up from here," said the lad. "It is our short cut to the cave; *we* come down from above. If I show it you, you won't give it away, will you? We don't care to have the mob in here, you know, with their egg-shells and paper bags."

Philip agreed to keep the secret of the "short cut" from the mob. The lad moved aside to give him room upon the rug, and the young girl handed him one of the cushions.

Plainly the couple were brother and sister; they might have been twins from the likeness between them, yet the unlikeness was equally strong. Both were gray-eyed blondes. Both were the slender, tawny children of wind and drought. The girl's smooth cheek was toned by the sun to the creamy tint of a meerschaum in the first bloom of coloring. Her single braid of long hair, coiled around her neck like a torque, had broken silver lights that were lovely against the warm, even flesh-tones. She had deep-set eyes and dark eyelashes, and here the differences began: for the boy had the prominent eye of a talker; his brows and lashes were reddish gold; his beauty was altogether more striking than the girl's, but also of a commoner type. In his flannel shirt and belt and flowing necktie he might have been the ornamental member of a "Buffalo Bill" troop; while the maiden, seated like a squaw on a blanket, looked a perfect little gentlewoman. Her dress would not be worth mentioning but that Philip came afterward to know so well the dark-blue serge skirt, and the faded silk blouse with its half-obliterated stripe of pink, and the neat little darns in the sleeves, which were too short, and "drew" a little at the elbows. Everything she had on had been good in its day; all but her shoes, a

pair of forlorn little tan-goat buskins, whitened by dust and defaced by the rocks, the like of which Philip had never seen before on such a foot. Under the circumstances he would willingly have foregone the bluffs for the cave, with the very least encouragement, but it seemed to be taken for granted by his young hosts that he was in haste to go.

The youth had remained standing; he now turned toward the leafy tent-curtain and looked out.

"There is nothing up there," he conscientiously explained. "Seventy-five miles of bunch-grass, and the mountains, and the cañon, which you can see from here."

"That is quite enough for me," said Philip. "Still, I don't wish to be troublesome. I see you are not very fit for climbing."

"But the climb is nothing at all. We go up a crevice by steps in the rock; it's no more than climbing a ladder."

"Thanks," said Philip, seeing that he was expected to come to some conclusion. "Is the secret of the short cut mine to keep only, or to use, if I should come this way again?"

He looked at the girl, who had not risen.

"Alan—my brother, is master here," she said. "He is very fond of company," she added more encouragingly.

She rose now, showing her height, which was nearly equal to her brother's. Her face seemed childlike in contrast with her woman's growth. Her gray eyes just swept the surface of Philip's delighted gaze, seeming to see no more than that he stood there; but her lips kept back a smile.

Alan called from without, and Philip reluctantly made his exit as he had come. A few moments later he was roaming with his guide along the top of the bluffs. He saw the circle of mountains, and the seventy-five miles of summer-dried pasture dipping and rising to meet it. Through the midst the cañon plowed a great crooked rent. The level light encompassed them; their own shadows were the only ones in sight. The river's voice rose in mightier volume. They felt the first breath of the change, a freshness preluding the down-cañon wind which sets in, after sunset, toward the hot plains from the mountains.

"My sister has n't a notion that we've given the key of our back stairs to the son of Mr. Price Norrisson," said Alan, coolly, as he strode through the brittle weeds at Philip's side.

"If you knew me, was there any reason why you should n't have said so?"

"I don't know you, except by sight. You know, perhaps, that I am the son of Robert Dunsuir."

"Not until this moment; and I'm sorry if I have come by anything in the way of cour-

tesy which does n't belong to me. Shall I go back and tell her who I am?"

Alan was not sure but that he meant it.

"Oh, that's all right. I was only laughing at the joke on my sister. I'm the emancipated one of the family. I don't hold by any old-fossil feud. I don't care whose son you are. I hope I know a gentleman when I see one, though it's little practice I get in the knowledge. We're not all scheme-ridden at our house. I go in for a good time."

"And do you mostly get it?" asked Philip.

"Not often; and when I do I have to pay for it, as I'm doing now."

"Really? You are paying at this moment? That's perhaps hard on me again."

"This is part of it," and Alan indicated his bandaged arm. "But it's the least part. Do you happen to be acquainted with any of the boys at Gillespie's horse-ranch in the hills, up the river a mile or so?"

Philip did not know Gillespie's.

"Peter Kountze is the man in charge. My father gave me a horse when I was twelve, and let me ride with the range-riders, as they used to send a boy before the mast to cure him of the sea. I was n't cured; and now he thinks I'm turning cowboy. That's why it was so unlucky my getting mixed up in that Pacheco business the other night when I was out with Peter."

"And what was the 'Pacheco business'?" asked Philip.

"Don't you read the 'Wallula Gazette'? Then, of course, you don't know the locals: who's in trouble, or who's skipped, or who's struck it rich in the Cœur d'Alène, or whose wife's got a ten-pound boy, or anything. Well, I'd got leave to go with Peter to Long Valley to help him round up some cattle. But just this side the bridge, before you get to town, we met up with Sheriff Hanson and his men, out after this Pacheco, who is wanted for a cutting scrape. Sheriff said Peter'd got to go along, because he knew where Pacheco's girl lived, in the hills back of Cottonwood Gulch. Peter had no objection, only for me. I told him he need n't let that hinder—I'd take the responsibility; and the boys said, 'Let the kid come along and see the fun.' I say, does this bore you?" Alan had caught his companion's eye wandering to the landscape.

"Far from it. But let us go to the edge, and take it comfortably, with the view below us."

"Like the gods beside their nectar," Alan suggested with his usual "freshness." When they were lying prone in the warm, brittle grass, with their faces over the brink, the lad went on with his adventure. His speaking voice was like his sister's, deep and sweet, with an odd, singsong cadence in it; a voice that atoned for his lazy,

corrupted accent. Philip found it very pleasant to listen to him, with the dreamy lights and motionless shadows of the cañon below them.

"We put out into the hills about moonrise. It's a broken country after you leave the valley. We played hide-and-seek with the moon among the gulches—the little draws, you know, between the hills; Cottonwood is the biggest of 'em. Finally she broke loose from the clouds, and there was the cabin—no light in the window, but the greaser's pony stood puffing by the door, his cinch not loosened; so we knew we had n't long to wait.

"Pacheco heard us s'rounding the house, and some one else heard us too. We did n't count on the girl's taking a hand. She broke us all up, firing on us while Pacheco lit out up the gulch. Peter tried to shove me into the woodpile, but we were n't a man too many. I'd have looked pretty in the woodpile! They said it was the girl hit me. Pacheco only fired twice; his horse was on the jump, and his shots went wild. If ever I see that little girl of his, I'll give her back her bullet. The boys all laughed at me; said she spotted me in the moonlight on purpose. She did n't know what she was aiming at. Every time she fired a shot she gave a screech like a wildcat, and the boys would n't give it her back again because she was a woman. Anyhow, Pacheco got away, and I got into a precious row with my father. They had up the doctor from town, and he joked me; said the whole thing was in the newspaper, names and all. And that did n't help matters. Of course my father blames Peter, and he's bound I shall cut the whole concern. I won't, because Peter was not to blame. We both lost our tempers, and so it's gone on. I saw you that evening in town, and Peter told me about you. 'He ain't much for talk,' Peter says, 'but he's got a good eye, and he takes in the country same's a States' horse when you turn him loose on the range.' I've noticed that. And if I had my pony back, I could show you some country. But I'm not to have a horse again till I've promised to quit riding with the boys; and promise I will not. Am I to pass 'em to windward as if they'd got something the matter with them that was catching?"

Alan rolled over in the grass and pulled his soft felt hat over his eyes.

"I say, do you come up this way often?"

"I've never been up before, but I'm sure I shall want to come again," said Philip.

"I suppose you know all about the row between our governors?"

"I have heard an outline of it from mine."

"Is he very bitter?"

"You may judge when I tell you there's no man of this region I so much wish to meet as your father; there is no engineer I would

THE HILL PASTURES.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STYER.



rather work under; and all I know of him I have from my-own father."

"You can afford to say those things; you have been out of it, and your father has won. It's not so easy for us to be good-natured. It is for me, because I don't care about the scheme. I hate this arid-land business; I think it's a kind of bewitchment, like the Dark Continent or the Polar Sea. Is n't there land enough with water belonging to it, without spending millions to twist the rivers out of their courses, and make grass grow where God said, 'Let there be a desert'!"

"Are you quite sure that was the word in the beginning in regard to these desert lands?"

"It don't matter," Alan retorted, superior, in his quarrel with fate, both to history and grammar. "It's enough for me that it's a desert now. I should let it stay so. My father can build other things besides ditches. Every spring and every fall the work's going to start up, and I'm to go away to school; and every spring and every fall it does n't, and here I am. I've no work; I've no amusements; I've nothing to do but loaf and study; and my father will tell you I stick to my books like cobbler's wax to an oil-stone! I've no friends but the boys, and now they're put down. It's no wonder if I kick."

"I hope you are not compromised through me," said Philip, smiling. "You showed me the crevice, it's true, but the cave I discovered for myself; and I suppose I've the same right up here as the rest of the mob."

"Ah, you are not the mob. Ditches be hanged! Have n't you been everywhere that I want to go? and seen everything, and had the chance I ought to have had? And yet I can't ask you home to dinner, nor even meet you here, without a hangdog feeling that I'm keeping something from my father—all on account of that idiotic scheme!"

"Dunsmuir, have you seen a book called the 'Heroes and Martyrs of Invention'?"

"No," said Alan; "not if it was published within twenty years."

"It was; but the heroes and martyrs are considerably older. For the most part, their persistence was the despair of their families, and the ruin of their fortunes when they had any; but their lives make excellent reading. They were men, like your father, with a tremendous power of affirmation. They had a genius for waiting. Of course there's a tragic side to the life of every man whose eye is

fixed on the future. Do you know the Persian proverb, 'He that rides in the chariot of hope hath poverty for his companion'? It is sad to spend years on those long journeys, trying to overtake the future, but you would not have us all time-servers, men of the present. And when they do arrive, those men of the future, their names are not forgotten; or their works are not, which is better. I wish you were farther away from the scheme—"

"I wish I were," Alan interrupted. "It's a pity we can't change places, since you seem to fancy riding in hope's chariot with poverty alongside. I don't. There's my sister come to remind me. She's afraid I'll cut five o'clock recitations."

The girl stopped beneath the ledge, and looked up at the two faces against the sky.

"Alan, are you coming down?"

"No; I'm going back the other way."

"Then I will take the books." She pointed toward the way she was going, by the lower trail.

"Dolly!" Alan called her back. "Come closer."

"I can hear you."

"This gentleman"—the announcement was made very distinctly—"is Mr. Philip Norrisson. Mr.—Philip—Norrisson! Do you understand?"

"Why do you shy my name at her as if it were a thing to be dodged? My vanity protests," objected Philip.

"Oh, just to see her stare."

"She does n't believe you."

Philip had been watching the girl's face. She kept her eyes upon her brother.

"You are too silly for anything," she remarked in a conversational tone.

Philip longed to throw her a kiss in answer to her charming, puzzled upward gaze. As she turned to go there came the note of the cañon-bird pealing through the deep cut—the wild broken song that insisted yet could not explain. She looked up involuntarily, as if asking them to listen. Philip was fain to think that her eyes sought his for sympathy: he could not be sure.

All the way home, in the pink dusk, before moonrise, his aroused fancy was at play constructing a future which should include himself, his work, and the fair children of the cañon; with ever the dreamy cañon-lights and -shadows attending them on their way to better acquaintance.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.



SHE POINTED TO THE LOWER TRAIL.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.



THREE SONNETS.

MAGELLAN.

HE left the landmarks of the past behind :
The world of waters opened wide before,
Wherethrough he aimed to sail forevermore,
Seeking within the waste, with steadfast mind,
Some brighter realm, untrod of human kind,
Some happy island, some Elysian shore.
From many an unknown coast he heard the roar
Of breakers, heard the voices of the wind
On unknown seas, but neither rising blast
Nor wave could daunt his soul, firm-set as he
Who first saw Calpe sink behind the mast,
Nor turned his prow, bent to explore the sea,
Whether its westerling tides touched Asia vast,
Or washed the steep shores of eternity.

CARLYLE.

SOMEWHERE, in dim Antarctic space, alone
Upon the unsailed ocean's utmost verge,
There is a nameless rock, that with the surge
Wars, battling everlastingly. Upthrown,
Basaltic, black, time-scarred, from earth's fire-zone,
It stands unconquered, hears the wrathful dirge
The tempest utters from its whirlpool gurge,
And fronts the starlight with calm face of stone.
Carlyle was like that rock,—the peace was his
That reigneth at the hollow whirlwind's core,
The calm of faith in God,—as when the main,
After long rage, drags down some rugged shore,
And a deep stillness holds the night again,
So, now, that where he was dull silence is.

A LOST MIND.

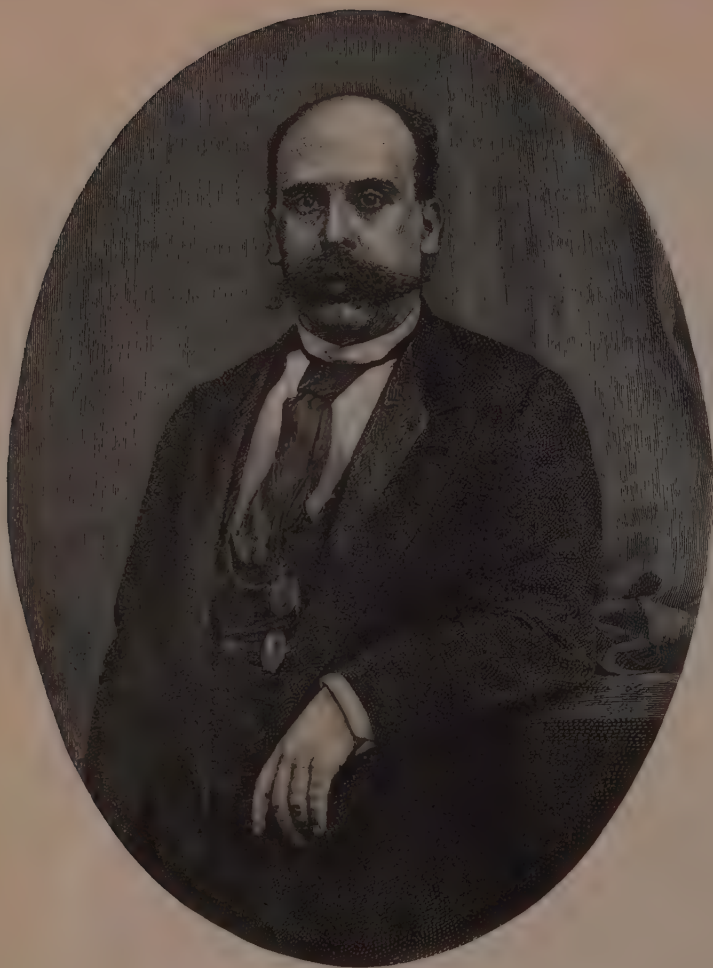
PALE traveler in regions saturnine,
Whose feet tread pathways steep as Alpine steeps,
Through passes desolate, where no light sleeps
Of this world's sun or moon, and no stars shine,
My heart aches when, with tender word and sign,
I try to cheer the gloom that o'er thee creeps,
Yet still thy soul its awful exile keeps,
A wanderer through fancy's vast confine.
The mind hath deserts, wastes unknown to men,
Yet unforget of God; of none more sad /
Sang Dante; by what whips of scorpions vexed,
Thy torn soul, wandering far beyond our ken,
Hastes through that hell, insanity, perplexed
By the dark doubt that thou, or God, art mad.

William Prescott Foster.



PORTRAIT BUST, BY HERBERT ADAMS.

(SEE PAGE 102.)



EMILIO CASTELAR.



MILIO CASTELAR, the famous orator of Spain, is still a force in Spanish politics, his present attitude being opposition within parliamentary limits to the existing moderate monarchy. He had paved the way by his writings and his speeches for the revolution of 1866, which was put down by Serrano; as one of the leaders of the revolt he was condemned to death, but made his escape to Geneva; he returned during the troubles of 1868, when Isabel II. was de-throned, and labored for the adoption of a republican form of government, but the throne was reëstablished in 1870 with Amadeo as King; when the latter abdicated in 1873, Castelar became Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Republic, and in September of that year he was made President. His measures for suppressing the Carlist insurrection and for harmonizing conflicting interests did not succeed; on January 2, 1874, he resigned, Serrano came to the front in the military reaction, and a year later, when Alfonso XII. was called to the throne, Castelar made a second journey to Geneva. In 1876 he reëntered the Cortes; he has since taken an active part in the political debates. To a history of the Columbus epoch he brings scholarship of a special character; the chair of History and Philosophy at the University of Madrid was filled by him for many years until he resigned it in 1875. His democratic principles and his admiration for American institutions have served to keep him in sympathetic touch with the civilization of the New World.—THE EDITOR.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

I. THE AGE IN WHICH HE LIVED.



HE name of Columbus suggests mysterious analogies to all those redeemers who owe their influence on humanity, and their renown throughout the ages, to suffering and sacrifice. Fortunate, thrice fortunate was the Genoese mariner in the attainment of his ambition. While yet in the full maturity of his powers, long before the infirmities of age had begun their blighting inroads, he lifted the veil from a new and beautiful world. True, after Columbus had brought America to light, he did not grasp the significance and full extent of his achievement; nor would blind fate consent to the linking of his immortal name with his discovery, reserving that well-earned honor to a pilot of inferior merit. But, as if to make amends for this, he leaves in the background of fame all other navigators whose names are written in the priceless annals of discovery.

The first wanderer who quitted the watered valleys to seek a new existence amid the sands of the desert; the first frail bark intrusted by human daring to the surging billows; the Phenician explorer who first grounded his ship on the shores of Carthage; the wary son of Hellas, forced to flee from the reefs against whose hidden rocks vessels were dashed in pieces, and to cover eyes and ears, that he might return to his native land and not linger forever in idle harbors and along smiling shores; the hotly pursued searcher for the Golden Fleece—all who by means of perilous expeditions have brought to light unknown regions, or established communication between remote races, stand grouped yonder in the shadowy outlines of the early dawn of the historic ages.

When Columbus, greatest of discoverers, appears at last, in an era when the intellects of men are ripening, and when mind and nature are becoming reconciled under the influence of religious and scientific reformation, his personality stands out in such exact proportions, drawn in colors so bright, that it can never be confounded with another, or be hidden behind the glamorous mists that hang around other prominent historic characters, who, less fortunate, have never, with all their worth, risen so high as Columbus rose, nor won what he won—universal remembrance and recognition.

I attribute the historical good fortune of this portentous hero to his martyrdom; or, in other words, to the virtue and efficacy involved in the nature of suffering. That persistent struggle of the discoverer with superstition, prior to his wonderful success, and that other struggle, after his wonderful success, with his own errors and with ingratitude, encircled his brow with a crown of thorns, of which every barb that pierced his temples while he lived became



From a Photograph taken for the Bureau of American Republics.
HOUSE IN WHICH COLUMBUS WAS BORN.



G. SUKOL, SCULPTOR.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LAURENT & CO.

STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ON THE MONUMENT AT MADRID.

at his death a shining ray of glory. At the foot of every altar lies a sacrifice.

The fabulous aspects of his career became almost incredible. Beholding how Columbus stored his mind with all the gathered knowledge of his day; how he urged before universities and learned men the indispensable adoption of his plans, based in part on his personal conjectures and in part on his experience and his researches; how in all that time of steadfast preparation he staked his hopes upon magistrates, archbishops, monks, and potent queens and kings; how learning and calculation entered into his plans as much as intuition and genius, many pious souls professed to discover therein revelations such as God made of old to his prophets, and proposed to the Church his canonization. I attribute such exceptional treatment of Columbus to the fact that discoveries and discoverers exert a potent influence upon the imagination; and yet they hold a lesser place in popular history than statesmen or warriors. How much more important would it be in our day to know who invented the flour-mill than to know who won the battle of Ar-bela! The fact is that, comparing the volumes devoted to statecraft and to war with those treating of labor and industry, one is astounded and dismayed at the incredible disproportion. I can understand why this should have been so in ages when manual toil was considered degrading, and when trade, relegated to the common sort who were politically debarred from coping with the patrician classes, was despised. But even in our day, transcendently the age of labor and of industry, while the names of great commanders are borne on the world-wide wings of fame, those of discoverers fall with the utmost ease into ungrateful oblivion. For one Galvani, one Franklin, one Daguerre, one Edison who has spread his renown among all classes and stamped an invention forever with his name, what a vast number of unremembered or unknown glories!

The peoples of the future will not be so ungrateful. The first years of this century will grow in universal remembrance, not by reason of those Napoleonic victories whose godlike renown a thousand poems sing, but rather because of another and better title to glory—the voltaic pile, imprisoning the all-diffused electric fluid, and by its chemicals and metals engendering currents and forces as though it were a microcosmic universe, an epitome of the alchemy whereby the great powers of nature produce and maintain life. Without the astrolabe, invented by the Arab schools of Cordova and Seville for the study of the heavens; without the science of algebra, so greatly facilitating the labor of calculation; without the mariner's compass, which fixes a sure point to guide the

bark lost in the infinitude of sky and sea; without the printing-press, which within a short half-century after its invention had already become a potent auxiliary to the development of the human intellect, the discovery of the New World—itsself the logical result of a slow but sure evolution, wrought out in successive stages like all great human achievements, and not by sudden chance—could never have taken place.

A LITTLE before the middle of the fifteenth century, about the year 1433 or 1434, Columbus was born at Genoa. Nature and Providence joined in willing that so sublime a mariner should be brought forth and reared on the shores of the sea. From the earliest times the true historic centers of civilization and culture have been associated with places situated on or near great waters. Survey the world of history, and you will discern what an intimate relation has from time immemorial existed between river-courses and the formation or transformation of States. The Indus and India; the Euphrates and Chaldea; Israel and the Jordan; the Pharaohs and the mysterious Nile; Carthage and her harbor on the African coast of the Mediterranean; Tyre and Sidon, founded on the spot where the three continents of primeval earth seemed to converge; Greece with her sculptured shores and groups of islands redolent of song; Italy with her peninsular formation in the center of Europe and the southern sea; Spain set between the billows of old ocean and the Mediterranean furnish by their respective fluvial or maritime situations a perfect key to their strange and complicated histories.

The fact cannot be ignored that as there is a kinship in art, like that between all the Dutch and Flemish masters of the Germanic schools, so likewise is there a kinship between all the Italian painters—Florentine, Milanese, Roman, Venetian, and Umbrian. And like this affinity of the northern and Italian masters, so is there kinship between all-Mediterranean mariners. So, therefore, Columbus belongs exclusively to the Mediterranean type of kinship by the happy union of inspiration and self-interest, which makes of him at once a trader and a prophet, equally capable of obeying the stimulus of gold like any sailor who roams the sea for commerce, for barter, and for the ignoble lust of gain, or of obeying the summons of religious faith like some old crusader. In the Norman sea-rover you always behold the mariner. In the Mediterranean sailor you behold, joined to the selfish interests of industry and traffic, the religious enthusiast, the prophet and the martyr. Let no man undertake to analyze Columbus who will not recognize how absolutely these two extremes meet in him.

It is a historical fact that the fifth, the tenth,

the fifteenth, and the nineteenth centuries are the four great periods of transition. Who can doubt that the fifteenth century was one of those predestined to bring about radical and profound changes? Paganizing influences were stealing over the pontificate, to such a degree even that the popes seemed to be high priests of Jupiter and religion itself an art, a plastic art. Poets, painters, sculptors, true ministering spirits of this new heaven, reawakened the olden gods amid the scenes of nature, and revived the ancient idolatry beneath the arches of the churches. The empire became a mere empty show; the German kaisers seemed to be little more than bespangled and unreal players; feudal society fell, overthrown by the successful power of labor. The ancient Lombard leagues, the old military framework of society, and the outworn feudal States were succeeded by the dominion of the mercantile cities, whose fleets were such as empires never owned, and who rewarded their artists as emperor never did. These cities made use of their garnered wealth to convert the palaces of their guilds and corporations into museums, and, resting from their world-wide barter, devoted their whole existence to continual artistic tourneys, Olympic games, and poetic contests, in which the days of ancient Greece seemed to be revived, and the Muses who perished at the feet of Hellenic altars to be once more restored to our world. This fifteenth century is the springtime of modern history. Industrial art brings forth the printing-press, which helps to immortalize the thoughts of men; old ruins crowned with the wild thyme and rue give up, like the tomb, their treasure of life, the perfect statue that affords a type for the perfection of new-born art; the dry shell of scholastic philosophy produces, like some bright insect, the pure Florentine Platonism, and finally the ocean, in order that all may be marvelous, that all may be regeneration and progress, brings far-off America to light, renovating nature itself, as by another and greater miracle, with her virgin forests and her fullness of life.

This age of the Renaissance seems to have delighted in satisfying every need and aspiration of the spirit of man. A means was required to rend and crush the feudal rock, and gunpowder appeared in the fourteenth century. To lay bare the secrets of the planet, to accomplish the legendary voyages of the new Argonauts, a fixed point in the sky corresponding to another fixed point in the ship was demanded, and the mariner's compass was providentially vouchsafed. A new type of art was required, and the long-forgotten statue came forth to hold the post of honor in our cathedrals and in the palaces of our popes. A new social organization was demanded, whereupon the municipalities arose to institute democra-

cies, and monarchies to organize states. A new sense was needed to pierce the further heights of heaven, even as the printing-press had vanquished devouring time and the compass conquered space, and straightway the chance dropping of a few bits of glass into an organ-tube revealed the telescope and overthrew the senile astronomy of Alexandria. Conscience, too, needed to be renovated; the Church to be reconstructed; Christianity to be reformed, and the beliefs of man idealized. And to fulfil this mission without abandoning the traditional ideas and dogmas of the faith, the strong intellect of the immortal Savonarola and the reformatory doctrines of Luther were brought forth. So, too, nature must needs be new-born, and Columbus appeared. Examine the record of all discoveries and inventions, and you will see how that of the great mariner makes its advent in the appointed hour, when our earth and our intellect demanded it with one accord.

An event took place in the century of Columbus which aroused the minds of men and overwhelmed their souls with dread. Constantinople, the holy city, set at the very portal of Asia, found herself suddenly surprised by the hordes which had escaped three centuries before from the Mongolian plains, and was forced to bow beneath the yoke, like Jerusalem of the prophets, until the crescent replaced the Christian cross upon the minarets of Saint Sophia, and the muezzin uttered his cry where hitherto the priest had offered his prayer. This great empire of the East had endured for eleven centuries; yet in its agony it held aloof from the West, and from the West received no succor, merely on account of wretched theological controversies. It is impossible to conceive how potently and imperiously Columbus was inspired by that other semi-religious impulse of a new crusade, except by sharing the impression left on his soul and the thoughts aroused in his mind by events like the taking of Byzantium, mourned in the chiefest elegiac poems of the age. In like manner as the yearning for a new life and new discoveries filled the minds of men in that Easter-time of the Renaissance, and as the desire to revive the crusades was excited by the fall of Constantinople, so the zeal for traffic that possessed him had its origin in the mercantile cities of Italy; the desire to seek commercial gain through great maritime expeditions originated in the marvelous spectacle of the Portuguese discoveries of that time; the resolve to essay fabulous and impossible deeds sprang from the successful end of that great campaign against the Arab invader, accomplished after seven centuries of effort by Spain on the beauteous Vega of Granada.

But our principal need, in order to understand

one of the phases of the mind of Columbus, is to study the mercantile cities of Italy at that day. None was so active as Genoa. By its internal constitution it ranked among the republican municipalities, in which upon a solid basis of genuine democracy there was often reared a certain noble class; not, we may say, of true election, but of true selection, charged by common consent and by long usage with the functions of direction and government. But the Genoese democracy had become split up into such a number of factions, and so many leaders had arisen among its nobility, that Genoa was compelled to deliver one of her fortresses to the Duke of Milan; in order that, by maintaining a garrison and a standard there, he might impose upon all the mutual respect and consideration due among free and genuine citizens. And as in the commercial republic of the Carthage of old foreign mercenaries were employed, and as in the no less commercial monarchy of England there exists even in our day a hired soldiery, so in those mercantile cities, in accordance with the axiom that nature produces the thing of which she stands in need, there was evolved a class of soldiers of fortune, who offered their swords to the highest bidder, in return for favors or money, for the defense of any principles and any cause. Thus, and only thus, in those terrible ages of everlasting war when civil discords often coincided with foreign discords, could governing families arise like the Medici in Florence or the Dorias in Genoa; or manufactories be established for the fabrication of countless products that even to-day amaze us; or the exchanges of commerce be effected as a stimulus to labor; or a peaceful existence be assured to the tillers of the soil, who were exempt from all other service provided they would give the proprietor one half of their crops; or the lyre resound, the canvas yield to the brush, the marble to the chisel, and the rough stone be wrought into the stately piles of those splendid cities, filled with bright colors and vocal with the chants of triumph. The gorgeous churches of Genoa made of Columbus a crusader, its schools a geographer, its palaces filled with paintings and statues an artist, its shores a mariner, its industries and commerce a shrewd calculator and thoroughgoing man of business.

In the same way as Genoa must have exerted an influence upon the character of one like Columbus, so also Pavia, the university-city, to which his parents sent him in his early youth, was calculated to influence his psychological and moral nature. In truth, the universities of that time took rank as great intellectual capitals and as centers of converging ideas. Columbus, after three years' residence, abandoned the university; and we may there-

fore disregard its possible influence when we endeavor to follow out and estimate the various developments of his mind. From a very early age, like all those who are under the sway of a sovereign vocation, the great pilot took the highest mental delight in the study of geography and charts, while his principal physical occupation was in the combats and perils of the sea.

Although the story of the youth of Columbus, after all that is known of it has been scrupulously sifted, can hardly be vouched for as historically certain, mixed as it is with a thousand wild traditions originated after he had become famous, and mainly due to interested kinsmen, or resting on mere tales devised to fit his career and his achievements, it cannot be denied that he was indeed a part of the stormy maritime life of his time. John of Anjou, Duke of Calabria, took Columbus with him in the fleet of galleys sent to win the Neapolitan throne for René, Count of Provence. And in these expeditions he made good use of the two great virtues of the true sailor, courage and sagacity. Columbus himself tells that when René sent him to Tunis in search of the galiot *Fernandina*, and when, in the neighborhood of San Pietro in Sardinia, the crew mutinied and sought to force him to set sail for Marseilles, he contrived, under cover of the darkness of the night, to change his course, so that at day-break the mutineers found themselves, against their will and without having suspected the trick played upon them, within sight of the headland of Carthage. It need, therefore, seem to us no great thing for him to have sailed from Cyprus to Lisbon, and at last to have passed, in the prime of life, about the year 1454, to the dominions of Portugal, a nation much in harmony at that time with the propensities of his temperament and with the dreams of his far-reaching imagination.

Although the fame of Columbus would rightly seem to stand alone and incontestable in human annals, it has in reality been one of the most contested. The erudite advocates of new-fangled theories appear to think that the highest merit in their trade is to dispute the indisputable: and so some of them attribute to the earliest Icelander they come across in the sea-legends of ancient Scandinavia the discovery that was made by Columbus; and some to the chance event of a direful shipwreck in the waters of Portugal, where Columbus was at the time, and to the tale whispered in our pilot's ear by a poor wrecked sailor who lay dying in consequence of that shipwreck and of his bitter sufferings. In Spain, where the most familiar proverbs are instinct with the highest philosophy, when one is persecuted by the breath of slander or calumny he is told, by

way of consolation, that "they would say it of God." It is impossible for Columbus to be exempt from the common lot that befalls our shortcomings and chance acts. Many concurrent causes explain this contradictory judgment in regard to a personality so distinct in itself and so positively historical. At the beginning of the century, and indeed far into it, history was largely governed by a diseased standard of criticism, which mistook scurrility and censoriousness for healthy judgment, much as though in the domain of justice the judge were to be confounded with the hangman. In the second place, it has been the fate of our generation to undergo a dismal succession of reactionary movements, outdoing each other in extravagance and unexpectedness. The ultra-reactionists of our religion had long felt the need of new saints to renovate their time-worn calendar; they hunted far and wide to find some personage possessed of the gift of miracles, and finally they set to work to proclaim the impeccability of Columbus, and to raise him to the category of the immaculate conception as being without the stain of original sin. In order to confer, with any show of reason, the saintly title upon him, the Ultramontanes exaggerated his domestic virtues; while on the other hand the opposing rationalists dragged him in the mire by their merciless attacks, not so much with intent to degrade the man himself as to open the eyes of the devout to the facility with which the Church can swallow anything when it sets to work to make, for its own advantage, a popular and miracle-working saint. The upshot of this scandalous quarrel went to prove that Columbus sinned in his love-affairs and in his pecuniary transactions, that he was a greedy adventurer, and that he was fond of gold and sensuality. None of this would ever have been thought of had due heed been given to what the immortal pilot really was—by atavism, by birth, by vocation, by natural bent, by education and by the whole tenor of his life. What, then, was he in truth? Columbus was, purely and simply, an Argonaut.

Our Argonaut is seen to be very complex when contrasted with him of old. The minds most difficult to comprehend are the most complex. Columbus, seer and trader, visionary and calculator, crusader and mathematician, a sort of Isaiah in his prophetic insight and banker in his computations, his thoughts set upon religion and business alike; a sublime oracle from whose lips predictions fall in impetuous torrent, and a singularly bad governor, resorting to irregular and arbitrary measures; advocating the reconquest of the Holy Sepulcher through a mighty effort of his devout will, and of the mines of Golconda by a shorter road to India than any then known; ever in suspense between lofty

ideals and idle fables; able to create a new world through the strength of his intellectual vision, only to ruin it forthwith by his improvident schemes and his wretched administration; mathematician and soothsayer; believer in magic and student of nature; mystic and astronomer; so multiplex and various are his traits that they scarcely come within the grasp of any logical chain of reasoning. He who regards not the supplications of Columbus, his visions, his predictions, his schemes of evangelization, his dream of winning back the Holy Sepulcher and his irrepressible tendency to oracular and prophetic utterances, ignores the most important element of his being; but he who leaves out of sight his Italian refinement, his Genoese shrewdness in trade, his fifteenth-century diplomacy, his inordinate thirst for wealth, his stratagems in seamanship, his Florentine duplicity as a schemer, his propensity to sell himself body and soul to the highest bidder, his continual bargaining, ignores on the other hand an aspect no less singular than the first, and of no less decisive influence toward the accomplishment of his great end, and toward the realization of his marvelous achievement. What a strange mingling of science and sorcery he appears to us; now wholly a philosopher, like Copernicus, his contemporary; now a knight-errant, like those depicted by Pulci or Ariosto. At one moment you would deem his mind stored with the most perfect astronomical tables; at another you would hold out your palm to him that he might read your horoscope by chiromancy. There is in him somewhat of those positive algebrists of Cordova who revived the mathematical sciences by their own researches and by the aid of Alexandrine traditions, as there is also something of the alchemists who found, not gold indeed, but chemistry, the peer of gold, in their retorts. And all this is in him and of him, for with him the middle ages end and modern times begin.

We must not be misled by the magnitude of the event to imagine that the advent of Columbus and the discovery of the New World were sudden happenings, unheralded by the teachings of science or by the evolutions of time. As the productions of Central Asia tempted trade and barter in those days, so likewise did minds of a certain type and class devote their unflagging energies to seeking the shortest possible pathway to that miraculous fountain-head of wealth. The whole world dreamed of India, and therefore all explorers sought the Indies by way of every sea. The ancient Fleece of Gold was revived in the tomes of the Venetian, Marco Polo, which were written in haste and spread among the people as no book had ever spread before. In her eternal rivalry with Venice, Genoa, the home of

Columbus, spurred on by the lust of gain, explored land and sea in every possible direction. The embassies despatched by Henry III. from his Castilian realms, of which Clavijo tells with such delightful ingenuousness; the pilgrimage of that adventurous Venetian, Nicolas Conti, undertaken in the lifetime of Columbus; the swarm of explorations chronicled by countless explorers did not, like the crusades, obey a religious motive and purpose; they were solely instigated by mercantile interest, and sought markets, not tombs. Coincident with all this were a greater zeal and persistence in geographical research. Chartography thrived most remarkably. The barks of Catalonia, in their civilizing mission along the Mediterranean strands, carried tolerably correct charts of the world as it was then known, planned in those splendid centers of culture, Barcelona and Mallorca. The genius of glory will give an eternal place on her roll of fame to that Catalan chart of the world, called in every scientific treatise the Great Map, and drawn in the seventy-fifth year of the fourteenth century, for which reason that year is to be counted among the most brilliant in the pathways of time, and among the most sacred memories preserved in the annals of the world. The terrestrial planispheres so graphically instructed the sailor that they might almost be termed text-books, showing how closely the great and marvelous discovery of the mariner's compass had been followed by man's domination of the sea. In this wise the planisphere designed in the library of the Borgia, and the chart traced by the monks of San Michele on the walls of their monastery in the lagoons of Venice near Murano, both of which were constructed in the time of Columbus, summed up and exhibited all the chartographical knowledge of that day, and gave practical teaching in geography, with all the accuracy then possible, to the travelers and explorers of that most eventful age. But the richest store of the knowledge so essential to his mission and his profession was, perhaps, found by Columbus in Genoa, at that time as celebrated as Barcelona and Palma for its maritime charts. They were called by the same Greek name, *Periplus*, which was rendered so famous by the cruise of Hanno the Carthaginian. Vivien attributes to the Genoese, Pietro Vasconti, a very skilful navigator, the first *periplus* constructed in the middle ages. The charts of Pizzagni, of Bianco, of our Balearic countryman Valseca, served not alone to perfect Columbus both in his calling and in his knowledge; they likewise helped to win for him the means of subsistence, for he copied them and sold them after he had made use of them in his own voyages. An examination of these charts at once reveals indefiniteness and

blank spaces in regard to seas other than the Mediterranean, which was then as well explored and known as in our own times. In addition to all this, the first fruits of the printing-press were seen in the publication of various works on astronomy, cosmography and geography. By a thousand different roads learning had reached its apogee. Then it was that Columbus, deeming the Mediterranean too narrow a field for his genius, took his way, we know not now whether in obedience to deeply reasoned motives or to some swift inspiration, to the extremity of the Iberian peninsula,—to that Portugal which was then exploring Africa and bringing oriental Asia anew within the range of life and history,—to fulfil his design of rounding and perfecting all this by the discovery of America.

THE harmony between the individual vocations of men and their destinies cannot be ignored. Columbus would not have ranked among the foremost of navigators but for the influence of Lisbon; that city whence voyages first were undertaken upon the high seas, which as far excelled in effort and extent the petty Mediterranean cruises as the latter exceeded the ancient navigation of rivers. Columbus the Genoese went to Lisbon; for there was the fane of science, and all roads then led to the mouth of the Tagus. From the Normans to the Mallorcans, all sought at Lisbon opportunities of commerce and nautical instruction. And this decision of his, reached by deliberate and conscious reflection, was inspired by the inward voice, ceaselessly heard, of earnest thought moving him and guiding him in his work. It was not a mere chance, as those historians hold who see him cast upon the Portuguese coasts by destroying tempests and fatal shipwreck.

The relations between the western cities of the Italian peninsula and the western cities of the Iberian peninsula during the middle ages appear to have been very close. This contact of Catalonia with Italy explains how heroic men like Roger de Lauria became admirals of Aragon; the dominion of Charles V. over continental Europe explains how the office of high admiral of Spain was filled by a Genoese sailor, Andrea Doria; the presence of the Genoese in Galicia and Portugal is explicable only by the high reputation won by the Genoese among the Galicians and Lusitanians. Certain it is, as Oliveira Martins, the great Portuguese historian, declares, that in seamanship Genoa held the mastery over Lisbon. In fact, in the eleventh century, the bishop of Compostela or Santiago procured pilots from Liguria; and later, so wise a king as Dom Denis of Portugal bestowed the Portuguese high-admiralship on the illustrious

Genoese family of the Pezzagnas, and made the rank hereditary. So many foreigners dwelt in Lisbon in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that its chronicler calls it a vast city of many and widely diverse inhabitants. It differed from Venice, where three elements predominated—the Greek, the Slav and the Latin. It must rather have been like such modern cities as Buenos Ayres, New York, and many others of America, peopled by immigrants from the four quarters of the globe. To me, Lisbon exerts a decisive influence on the mind of Columbus, and invests it with the traits of universality which Lisbon had possessed from the fourteenth century, and with that dreamy farsightedness that kept it in a perpetual fever of illusion and anticipation. Beholding the ships of every port, associating with men of every clime, hearing the accents of every tongue, taking part in the barter of the wares of all countries, breathing the spirit of all peoples and brought in contact with the large results of universal commerce, a comprehensive and brilliant intellect—one which assimilates converging currents of ideas—molds all into a supreme and universal whole.

The world was growing broader under the influence of Lisbon, and the mind of man was expanding under the influence of a widened sky and earth; while, beyond a doubt, ancient interests and beliefs were dwindling in proportion to the world's advance and the growth of human intellect. As modern astronomy has dethroned our planet from its station as the center of the universe, where it was set by the superstition of old times in obedience to the evidence of the senses; so the ascendancy of Lisbon was lessening, little by little, the influence of Venice and Genoa, in like manner as the discovery of new regions and cities was perforce to lessen in the course of time the sovereign influence wielded by Lisbon in the last years of the middle ages.

There is a mysterious relation between the art-schools of the Renaissance, founded by the Medici in Florence, and the schools of practical seamanship founded by the sons of Dom John I. at Cape Sagres. The academies on the banks of the Arno looked backward to the past, while the schools by the ocean's side looked toward the future. In the former prevailed the inward astronomy of the thoughts; in the latter, the outward astronomy of the heavens. As the Florentine artists were destined to revive the world of history and tradition, so was Columbus destined to reveal the world of nature and of liberty.

The whole of the Lusitanian fifteenth century is filled with the universal aspiration to search and dominate Africa, giving rise to daring voyages and explorations more or less

continuously carried on. The Azores and the Guinea coast, discovered after so many futile attempts, were to the imagination paradises while sought, but proved to be but untilled wastes when found. Turning from the new-found Azores and the western shores of Africa, desire ardently sought to win a foothold on the African continent itself. This desire was personified in the infante Dom Henry, the third son of the king Dom John, belonging to the dynasty of Aviz, successor to the Burgundians and forerunner of the houses of Austria and Braganza, a dynasty that began in Castile with a half-learned, half-feudal noble, and ended with that sublime madman the king Dom Sebastian in the war against the Moors for the coveted sands of Africa. Henry seemed to be not a man, but a cipher. No human passion swerved him from his providential and historic aim. A persistent yearning for voyages filled his breast, and wholly subjugated his will to his ideal. The measureless ocean that stretched at the foot of Cape Sagres was for him crowded with the same fantastic objects and the same idealized visions that his inward soul discerned. Portugal, hemmed in on the landward by the power of Castile, had no resource but to turn to the ocean for broader dominion. Her material growth and her intellectual progress demanded this. Dom Henry, being a Lusitanian, was a born discoverer. This vocation, due to the paternal stock, was fortified by the powerful influence of the maternal line. The mother of Dom Henry of Aviz, being of English birth, was both Saxon and Norman by temperament. Her name was Philippa of Lancaster. Until well advanced in age she bore to her husband, the king Dom John, a child every year. This offspring turned to the sea spontaneously, like aquatic creatures seeking their element; and, being good princes and kings, they aspired to conquest. The infante Dom Henry, therefore, by the double force of his will and his intelligence, imposed an African conquest upon his people, deeming that he might thus penetrate by land to the dominions of the Great Mogul, and become enriched by his measureless store of pearls and diamonds. Cathay, the palace-city, described in all the legends of that time; paved with silver and overlaid with beaten gold; perfumed by odorous waters flowing from fountains of mother-of-pearl and giant opals; crest-crowned by pinnacles of rubies and emeralds; with agate turrets and porphyry walls, upon which seed-pearls fell in gentle shower, rose in a dream-vision beyond the Strait of Cadiz, beyond the Isthmus of Suez, beyond the Arabian deserts, away in far Mongolia where Alexander the Great effected the transfusion of blood from vein to vein among his warriors, and brought about a blending of races whereby

the way was prepared for the moral unity of the human race.

The ruling passion, the idea that excited the mind of Columbus and tyrannically possessed him, was diffused throughout his time. Without those mirage-like and fanciful imaginings, and without the delusions born of fable, never would the other hemisphere have been discovered from our own, and never would the Old World have been completed by the New. Besides all this, Portuguese navigation was attaining such a degree of perfection through the application of the astrolabe to seamanship, and the improvement of the compass, that coasting-skiffs were becoming sea-going vessels and were venturing out upon the boundless deep.

When Columbus reached Portugal, he at once found himself in the midst of excited schemes of daring voyages and innumerable discoveries. To grasp all Africa, and after Africa all Asia, was the one idea that throbbed in Dom Henry's soul. For this he stood ready to sacrifice all earthly things. Handsome, powerfully built and refined, he was to know neither love nor family ties. That heart of his could love only his marvellous Africa. His indomitable will was to leave no offspring save numberless discoveries, half trading-posts, half colonies. So, therefore, the image of Ceuta appeared to him nightly, for Ceuta meant to him a breach through which to seize the Libyan desert and subjugate Morocco. After long nights passed in dreaming of Ceuta, he spent his days in reading the descriptions of the coveted city given by the Arabs.

After having conquered Ceuta he attempted, against the advice of all his followers, the conquest of Tangiers. Certain it is that the irreparable disaster of his life there befell him, and caused the martyrdom and death of his brother Dom Fernando, the hero of Calderon's immortal play "The Faithful Prince," which is regarded by Schlegel as the finished and perfect prototype of the Catholic drama. Defeated before Tangiers, he was forced to promise the restoration of Ceuta to the Sultan of Fez. As a pledge of such restoration, he had to deliver his brother Dom Fernando as a hostage. But humanly it was impossible for him to restore Ceuta. Of no avail was the death of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and who, in the agonies that preceded her end, gave him the crusader's sword and the reliquary of the true cross. Even before her funeral obsequies were over, he celebrated, in rich attire and with endless rejoicings, the festival of his embarkation for Ceuta. Of no avail was the bondage of his brother to the Moors of Fez and their demand for Ceuta as his ransom; he may suffer martyrdom and death at their hands, but Ceuta shall not be lost to Portugal. In vain was his defeat at Tangiers; he renewed the attempt

against the express wish of his brother the king Dom Duarte, who, less inspired and less great but gentler and tenderer, was doomed to die of grief as the blows of the martyrdom of Fez resounded in his pitying and lacerated heart. As the falcon watches its prey, seeing no other creature or thing, so Henry watched his distant lands from Cape Sagres, beholding nothing beside.

The longing to discover other and yet other races had then a firm hold upon all minds. The infante, Dom Pedro himself, made a two years' pilgrimage to Cyprus, to Constantinople, to Cairo, to Mount Tabor, to Golgotha, and to Sinai. Take away from Dom Henry of Aviz the exclusiveness of his natural calling and his intellectual self-concentration, and he would not stand forth in history as the highest and first of the Lusitanian discoverers, among whom shine the glorious names of Vasco da Gama and Albuquerque. For by his exertions there were discovered for Portugal, upon the known African continent, Ceuta; on the untrodden Gold Coast, Sierra Leone; between the African and European shores, clusters of islands such as the Azores, and greater islands such as Madeira, seeming in their vegetation and fruitage like the loveliest of Asia; on the coast of Africa itself other isles, as those of Cape Verde; and besides all these was soon to come the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope.

They who regard history as made up of miraculous chances attribute, as we have seen, to a disastrous shipwreck the coming of Columbus to the Portuguese kingdom; and his good luck in finding out new tracks upon the seas, and in happening upon unknown lands, to his having won the confidence of other shipwrecked seamen, led by accident to his hearthstone. And they have wholly erred; as all those perforce must err who rest their belief upon unlooked-for and abrupt improvisations in human affairs.

The presence of Columbus at Lisbon is like the presence of artists in Rome and archaeologists in Athens. Mathematician, skilled mariner, navigator and pilot, the Mediterranean must have seemed straitened to his generous ambition, and he turned to the ocean. Reared in those Italian cities which gazed toward the Orient and the past, he came, perforce, hither where by a providential law the eyes of men looked to the West and the future. This was the paramount cause of his seeking Lisbon, but the incidental motive was the sojourn of his brother, Bartholomew Columbus, among the Portuguese. Very open to criticism are all the biographical dates in the life of Columbus before his achievement won him such high renown and world-wide fame; but we must assume that he arrived three or four years before

the good Dom Henry passed from this mortal life to the life eternal. So fortunate a coincidence permitted him to learn the use of the quadrant, invented by our mariners as an auxiliary to the compass, and the application of the astrolabe to seamanship, an innovation by means of which vessels were enabled to quit the coast and shape their course out into the infinitudes of the sea; to witness the intrepidity with which the explorers who put forth from Cape Sagres had doubled the promontory of Bojador, supposed to be the extremest verge of earth; and to admire the western caravel, small but so nimble that, in the words of a famous Portuguese, its lateen sails seemed like sea-gulls' wings and its hull like a fish, light of draft for sailing on the coast and in shallow waters, but strong and stout to encounter the waves and gales, an indispensable instrument for the lofty task of exploration and discovery. Besides all this, no doubt now remained as to the sphericity of the earth. And, the earth's shape being no longer in question, neither was there doubt with regard to the coessential conviction that the lands of the Orient would be reached by sailing westward. And, there being no doubt whatever on this point, so also could there be none that neither the Azores, nor the Cape Verde Islands, nor Guinea, nor any spot yet discovered by the Portuguese, could be the last western extremity of our globe.

Admirable and profoundly true as all these propositions were, they did not, however, contribute in so marked a degree toward the enterprise of Columbus as did a paramount error—that of supposing that the world was much smaller than it is. He did not accept the popular ideas of his time concerning the Antipodes, which orthodoxy and tradition held to be impossible. He gave no heed to those who denied the rotundity of the earth because the prophets had likened the canopy of heaven to the roof of a tent. But he believed in the dimensions assigned to the world by Ptolemy; and, being possessed with this idea, he believed that there must be very little sea, and, therefore, but a short distance between the extremest discoveries of Portugal and the East Indies. Inwardly assured of all this, and firm in his resolve to demonstrate its truth, he went about beholding all things around him, and by observation confirming his intimate convictions. To illustrate: the teachings of Jaime of Mallorca; the charts of our Valseca; the report of one Vicente, who averred upon his soul and in God's name that he had found wooden carvings of a strange fashion unknown among the ordinary industries; those giant reeds mentioned by Dom John I., the great size of which opposed an invincible obstacle to all attempts to navigate the shadowy sea; the terrestrial globe

of Behaim which depicted the fabled Atlantis on the very spot where Columbus placed the East Indies; a thousand such details, many of them lost to history but all coincident with the focal center of what we may term the Columbian idea, made up the boundless nebula in the depths of time and space, from whose bosom was evolved, like a glorious sun, the wondrous discovery. Impossible it was, impossible from every point of view, to ignore the more or less certain indications that swarmed on every side. Some told how they had seen the corpses of human beings in form and color wholly unlike the races of men then known; while others told how they had sighted floating pine-trees, very different from the pines of Europe. Certain ship's-boys asserted that they had gathered upon western islands handfuls of sand for the galley fire, and had found it nearly all pure gold. The pilots added to all these glammers of the imagination and of desire by tales, more or less probable, of phenomena more or less real. Those who had sailed the Icelandic seas were unanimous in agreeing that thousands of signs announced a western land, toward which they had shaped their course a thousand times, but had ever been driven back by irresistible hurricanes let loose upon them.

A man born in Genoa, reared on the Rivas, taught seamanship from childhood, familiar with the Mediterranean, accustomed to deduce natural laws from the observation of facts, versed in every branch of nautical knowledge, coming in the prime of life to the immense trading-mart which Portugal had then become, possessed many a touchstone to test the native faculty of analysis, and to cause him to heed the commands and obey the impulses of his providential calling. We cannot, then, accept the fable, told by Herrera and by Oviedo, which attributes the voyage of Columbus to information obtained from a pilot of Palos, who, driven by a gale, landed upon the New World, and, after noting the features of the coast, and measuring the elevations, and calculating his latitude with profound wisdom, came back with the greatest secrecy by way of Portugal. Here, upon his return, having met Columbus upon one of the Portuguese islands, and feeling that death was near because of his exhaustion and his toil, he recounted the treasures of his knowledge and his experience to the Genoese, who, enriched thereby, was thus enabled to carry into effect his long-cherished plan. It is scarcely necessary, after mentioning all this, to add that it lacks historical foundation. It is based upon no written record whatever, upon no document admissible in evidence, nor upon any trustworthy testimony. Wherefore we see that these historians simply repeat the tale without vouching for it, and that it rests on mere fables,

with whose venom popular envy ever seeks to detract from merit.

Had Columbus possessed this legendary evidence in support of his scheme, he would not have hesitated as he so often hesitated; he would not have endured the pangs that tortured him through the weary space of twenty years; he would not have groped as he did in so many paths; nor have made so many proposals; nor have relied upon the arguments of intuition and science. It would have sufficed to have collected the proofs of his assertions, the various papers left in his hands by the blind confidence of a friend, therewith to overcome the general incredulity that so tenaciously and inimically thwarted his colossal schemes. Some practical and tangible proofs of what he maintained, some probable indications, some evidence with a glimmering of reality were demanded of him a thousand times; yet never was he able to present them to the thousand commissions appointed to consider his plan. When before them he appealed at one time to the catholic faith, at another to scientific demonstrations; now as a philosopher, now as an enthusiast; taking shelter behind illusions and calculations, but ever without being able to base the fabric of his dreams and hopes upon any solid foundation.

Columbus did not merely study out his idea in Portugal. Being very poor, he was spurred on by the prickings of necessity to utilize his mastery of map-drawing as a lucrative employment. The biographies of Columbus relate that, not content with satisfying his own wants so far as he might by means of his handicraft, he hoarded up some slender savings to send to his aged father at home. Columbus allied himself by marriage with an Italo-Portuguese family. She whom he was to choose and take to wife was named Felipa Muñiz Peretrello. Originating in Plasencia, the Peretrellos came in the fourteenth century to Lusitania, where they attained to the favor then often bestowed upon Italian families by the Portuguese kings, who were desirous to contribute to the common work of the Renaissance with the assistance of the eminent masters reared in that vast academy called Italy. Senhor Peretrello was exempted from the royal taxes in the last year of the fourteenth century by the recognition in Oporto of his rank and station as a *hidalgo*. His name was Philippone.

Dona Felipa Muñiz y Peretrello belonged to a noble house, associated with Dom Henry of Aviz in his explorations and discoveries, as well because of their family station as by the grace and favor of the Infante. Upon this family had been bestowed, as a reward for such coöperation, the island of Porto Santo, discovered by the well-directed efforts of the noble

and active company organized in Sagres. The origin and tendencies of her family explain Dona Felipa's knowledge, by intuition and education, by hearing and sight, of many of the things that deeply concerned her home circle, and, to some extent, of the condition and government of the islands. Laws like those which in chemistry govern the affinity of combining atoms in social intercourse produce personal affinities. The greatest of all discoverers was himself destined to wed the daughter of a discoverer. Columbus often went to mass on Sundays and other obligatory days. His residence in Lisbon being near the convent of All Saints, he resorted thither to perform his devotions, and in his assiduous attendance there it was his fate to be attracted by Dona Felipa Muñiz until he sought and obtained her in marriage.

The affection of Columbus for the young Lusitanian doubtless possessed practical features also, in view of the sailor's desire to live for the realization in his ripe age of the work already fully planned in the latter years of his exuberant youth. Moreover, crediting his contemporaries as we should, the incomparable pilot displayed two traits capable of turning the head, I will not say of Dona Felipa Muñiz, but of every woman — eloquence and personal attractiveness. His manly grace captivated her sense, his eloquence her mind. Well-proportioned like all the Græco-Latin race, he had the fair color and light hair of the Saxon and the Slav, a very attractive feature among the dark-skinned and black-haired races. With regard to his eloquence, we must believe him capable of inspiring love, to judge from the easy transitions seen in all his writings, whether from popular speech to scientific language, or from scientific language to religious diction; elegant without effort in the first, profound without obscurity in the second, and impulsive without extravagance in the last. Be this as it may, Felipa Muñiz and Christopher Columbus were made one, in conformity with religion and law, in holy indissoluble wedlock. The year after their union a son was born to them, who was baptized in Lisbon and named Diego.

The first and most important results of this marriage to Columbus were that two of his wife's brothers-in-law exerted a signal influence upon his career; one at Palos, a small Spanish port peopled by hardy sailors, the other in Porto Santo, that island discovered, as we have before said, by the exploring expeditions organized by the infante Dom Henry, and bestowed as a fief upon the Peretrellos for reasons not well explained in history. The brother-in-law at Porto Santo was named Pedro Correa. He inherited the island by entail, because of its having been conveyed to Bartholomew Peretrello, the father of his wife and of Felipa, by

the congress and academy of Sagres. To this island, governed by his kinsfolk, Columbus was obliged to go soon after his marriage, in order to look after certain matters touching the family estate; and there, by the domestic hearth, he learned how there had drifted to those shores strange products of other civilizations, corpses of men of other races, plants of other floras, all differing widely from the common and characteristic types then known.

Certain it is that, besides the mental labors of Columbus in cartography, so favorable to an intellectual development of which the influences were brightly apparent everywhere around him, he repeatedly engaged in practical voyages, thereby gaining experience and training in the art and office of an accomplished navigator. Thus he sailed up to the extreme north, and down to the southern limit of the lands then known, visiting Guinea and Iceland. The scientific purpose of all these voyages is found fully set forth in the notes written by Columbus himself, which tend to demonstrate the inhabitation of the various zones of the planet far beyond the bounds assigned by popular superstition to the existence of human life. "I sailed," he says, "in the year fourteen hundred and seventy-seven, in the month of February, a hundred leagues beyond Thule Island, whereof the austral part is distant 73 degrees from the equinoctial, and not 63 as some say, and it is not within the line which bounds the occident, as Ptolemy says, but is much further to the westward; and to this island, which is as large as England, go the Englishmen with wares, especially those of Bristol; and at the time when I was there the sea was not congealed, but there were very great tides, so much so that in some places they rose twice in the day 25 fathoms¹ in height, and fell as much."

By reason of the loss and oblivion of certain

old traditions Columbus could not have been aware of the deeply rooted claim prevailing in Scandinavian waters and lands, that the unknown world had been discovered five centuries before the Columbian theories and projects. In truth, these cruises of the immortal pilot qualified him in a high degree for the project to which his will and his thoughts were pledged. Guinea and Iceland afforded the proofs he sought, and encouraged the undertaking upon which he was entering with such marvelous unity of purpose and object. Africa and Scandinavia! The sun's rays slanting level in the one, and beating from the zenith in the other; there, a sky laden with flakes of snow, and here, rainless and unputying; fields of ice like walls of crystal on the one hand, and deserts torrid as the embers of an oven on the other; the boreal fir-tree and the tropical palm; the reindeer, confined to the polar circle, and the dromedary, restricted to equatorial Asia and Africa; the ichthyophagist, devouring half-cooked or frozen fish, and the anthrophagist, delighting in human flesh; the fair-skinned and ruddy-haired inhabitants of one zone and the black and woolly denizens of another, all told him with one accord, by their contrasts, how the whole planet appeared to be inhabitable and, consequently, how the races of Cathay and the dominions of the Great Khan were to be conquered, contrary to all the achievements of man hitherto, by following the westward track. "I sojourned," says Columbus in his personal notes, "in the Castle of La Mina of the King of Portugal, which lies under the equinoctial, and therefore am I a good witness that it is not uninhabitable as men say." Thus, as one of the results of this voyage, the judgment of Columbus had already shaped his marvelous scheme, and had dissipated the main arguments against the solid foundations on which it rested.

Emilio Castelar.

¹ In Spanish, 25 *brazas*. (Las Casas: "Historia de las Indias," I., 48.) Helps disputes the translation, and, finding that in the extant Italian version the word is *braccia*,

claims that Columbus meant 25 ells, about 52 feet, and not 25 fathoms or 156 feet. But *braccia* is Italian for a fathom, as *auna* is for an ell.—TRANSLATOR.

A SEA GHOST.

ALL night I heard along the coast
The sea her grief outpour;
And with the dawn arose a ghost
To haunt the furrowed shore.

And when from out the gray mist rolled
The sun above the town,
A shipwrecked sailor came and told
Of how the ship went down.

Then did I sudden understand
The sobbing of the sea;
And of that white ghost on the sand
I knew the mystery.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE NAULAHKA.¹

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING AND WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

XVIII.



THE palace on its red rock seemed to be still asleep as he cantered across the empty plain. A man on a camel rode out of one of the city gates at right angles to his course, and Tarvin noted with interest how swiftly a long-legged camel of the desert can move. Familiar as he had now become with the ostrich-necked beasts, he could not help associating them with Barnum's Circus and boyhood memories. The man drew near and crossed in front of him. Then, in the stillness of the morning, Tarvin heard the dry click of a voice he understood. It was the sound made by bringing up the cartridge of a repeating rifle. Mechanically he slipped from the saddle, and was on the other side of the horse as the rifle spoke, and a puff of blue smoke drifted up and hung motionless above the camel.

"I might have known she'd get in her work early," he muttered, peering over his horse's withers. "I can't drop him at this distance with a revolver. What's the fool waiting for?"

Then he perceived that, with characteristic native inaptitude, the man had contrived to jam his lever, and was beating it furiously on the fore part of the saddle. Tarvin remounted hastily, and galloped up, revolver in hand, to cover the blanched visage of Juggut Singh.

"*You!* Why, Juggut, old man, this is n't kind of you."

"It was an order," said Juggut, quivering with apprehension. "It was no fault of mine. I—I do not understand these things."

"I should smile. Let me show you." He took the rifle from the trembling hand. "The cartridge is jammed, my friend; it don't shoot as well that way. It only needs a little knock—so. You ought to learn it, Juggut." He jerked the empty shell over his shoulder.

"What will you do to me?" cried the eunuch. "She would have killed me if I had not come."

"Don't you believe it, Juggut. She's a Jumbo at theory, but weak in practice. Go on ahead, please."

They started back toward the city, Juggut leading the way on his camel, and looking back apprehensively every minute. Tarvin smiled at

him dryly but reassuringly, balancing on his hip the captured rifle. He observed that it was a very good rifle if properly used.

At the entrance to Sitabhai's wing of the palace Juggut Singh dismounted and slunk into the courtyard, the livid image of fear and shame. Tarvin clattered after him, and as the eunuch was about to disappear through a door, called him back.

"You have forgotten your gun, Juggut," he said. "Don't be afraid of it." Juggut was putting up a doubtful hand to take it from him. "It won't hurt anybody this trip. Take yourself back to the lady, and tell her you are returned with thanks."

No sound came to his ear from behind the green shutters as he rode away, leaving Juggut staring after him. Nothing fell upon him from out of the arch, and the apes were tied securely. Sitabhai's next move was evidently yet to be played.

His own next move he had already considered. It was a case for bolting.

He rode to the mosque outside the city, routed out his old friend in dove-colored satin, and made him send this message:

"MRS. MUTRIE, DENVER.—*Necklace is yours. Get throat ready, and lay that track into Topaz.* TARVIN."

Then he turned his horse's head toward Kate. He buttoned his coat tightly across his chest, and patted the resting-place of the Naulahka fondly, as he strode up the path to the missionary's veranda, when he had tethered Fibby outside. His high good humor with himself and the world spoke through his eyes as he greeted Mrs. Estes at the door.

"You have been hearing something pleasant," she said. "Won't you come in?"

"Well, either the pleasantest, or next to the pleasantest, I'm not sure which," he answered, with a smile, as he followed her into the familiar sitting-room. "I'd like to tell you all about it, Mrs. Estes. I feel almightily like telling somebody. But it is n't a healthy story for this neighborhood." He glanced about him. "I'd hire the town crier and a few musical instruments, and advertise it, if I had my way; and we'd all have a little Fourth of July celebration and a bonfire, and I'd read the Declaration of Independence over the natives with a

¹ Copyright, 1891, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. All rights reserved.

relish. But it won't do. There *is* a story I'd like to tell you, though," he added, with a sudden thought. "You know why I come here so much, don't you, Mrs. Estes—I mean outside of your kindness to me, and my liking you all so much, and our always having such good times together? You know, don't you?"

Mrs. Estes smiled. "I suppose I do," she said.

"Well, that's right. That's right. I thought you did. Then I hope you're my friend."

"If you mean that I wish you well, I do. But you can understand that I feel responsible for Miss Sheriff. I have sometimes thought I ought to let her mother know."

"Oh, her mother knows. She's full of it. You might say she liked it. The trouble is n't there, you know, Mrs. Estes."

"No. She's a singular girl; very strong, very sweet. I've grown to love her dearly. She has wonderful courage. But I should like it better for her if she would give it up, and all that goes with it. She would be better married," she said meditatively.

Tarvin gazed at her admiringly. "How wise you are, Mrs. Estes! How wise you are!" he murmured. "If I've told her that once I've told her a dozen times. Don't you think, also, that it would be better if she were married at once—right away, without too much loss of time?"

His companion looked at him to see if he was in earnest. Tarvin was sometimes a little perplexing to her. "I think if you are clever you will leave it to the course of events," she replied, after a moment. "I have watched her work here, hoping that she might succeed where every one else has failed. But I know in my heart that she won't. There's too much against her. She's working against thousands of years of traditions, and training, and habits of life. Sooner or later they are certain to defeat her; and then, whatever her courage, she must give in. I've thought sometimes lately that she might have trouble very soon. There's a good deal of dissatisfaction at the hospital. Lucien hears some stories that make me anxious."

"Anxious! I should say so. That's the worst of it. It is n't only that she won't come to me, Mrs. Estes,—that you can understand,—but she is running her head meanwhile into all sorts of impossible dangers. I have n't time to wait until she sees that point. I have n't time to wait until she sees any point at all but that this present moment, now and here, would be a good moment in which to marry Nicholas Tarvin. I've got to get out of Rhatore. That's the long and the short of it, Mrs. Estes. Don't ask me why. It's necessary. And I must take Kate with me. Help me if you love her."

To this appeal Mrs. Estes made the handsomest response in her power, by saying that she would go up and tell her that he wished to see her. This seemed to take some time; and Tarvin waited patiently, with a smile on his lips. He did not doubt that Kate would yield. In the glow of another success it was not possible to him to suppose that she would not come around now. Had he not the Naulahka? She went with it; she was indissolubly connected with it. Yet he was willing to impress into his service all the help he could get, and he was glad to believe that Mrs. Estes was talking to her.

It was an added prophecy of success when he found from a copy of a recent issue of the "Topaz Telegram," which he picked up while he waited, that the "Lingering Lode" had justified his expectations. The people he had left in charge had struck a true fissure vein, and were taking out \$500 a week. He crushed the paper into his pocket, restraining an inclination to dance; it was perhaps safest, on reflection, to postpone that exercise until he had seen Kate. The little congratulatory whistle that he struck up instead he had to sober a moment later into a smile as Kate opened the door and came in to him. There could be no two ways about it with her now. His smile, do what he would, almost said as much.

A single glance at her face showed him, however, that the affair struck her less simply. He forgave her; she could not know the source of his inner certitude. He even took time to like the gray house-dress, trimmed with black velvet, that she was wearing in place of the white which had become habitual to her.

"I'm glad you've dropped white for a moment," he said, as he rose to shake hands with her. "It's a sign. It represents a general abandonment and desertion of this blessed country; and that's just the mood I want to find you in. I want you to drop it, chuck it, throw it up." He held her brown little hand in the swarthy fist he pushed out from his own white sleeve, and looked down into her eyes attentively.

"What?"

"India—the whole business. I want you to come with me." He spoke gently.

She looked up, and he saw in the quivering lines about her mouth signs of the contest on this theme that she had passed through before coming down to him.

"You are going? I'm so glad." She hesitated a moment. "You know why," she added, with what he saw was an intention of kindness.

Tarvin laughed as he seated himself. "I like that. Yes; I'm going," he said. "But I'm not going alone. You're in the plan," he assured her, with a nod.

She shook her head.

"No; don't say that, Kate. You must n't. It's serious this time."

"Has n't it always been?" She sank into a chair. "It's always been serious enough for me—that I could n't do what you wish, I mean. Not doing it—that is, doing something else, the one thing I want to do—is the most serious thing in the world to me. Nothing has happened to change me, Nick. I would tell you in a moment if it had. How is it different for either of us?"

"Lots of ways. But that I've got to leave Rhatore for a sample. You don't think I'd leave you behind, I hope?"

She studied the hands she had folded in her lap for a moment. Then she looked up and faced him with her open gaze.

"Nick," she said, "let me try to explain as clearly as I can how all this seems to me. You can correct me if I'm wrong."

"Oh, you're sure to be wrong!" he cried; but he leaned forward.

"Well, let me try. You ask me to marry you?"

"I do," answered Tarvin, solemnly. "Give me a chance of saying that before a clergyman, and you'll see."

"I am grateful, Nick. It's a gift—the highest, the best; and I'm grateful. But what is it you really want? Shall you mind my asking that, Nick? You want me to round out your life; you want me to complete your other ambitions. Is n't that so? Tell me honestly, Nick; is n't that so?"

"No!" roared Tarvin.

"Ah, but it is! Marriage is that way. It is right. Marriage means that—to be absorbed into another's life: to live your own not as your own, but as another's. It is a good life. It's a woman's life. I can like it; I can believe in it. But I can't see myself in it. A woman gives the whole of herself in marriage—in all happy marriages. I have n't the whole of myself to give. It belongs to something else. And I could n't offer you a part; it is all the best men give to women, but from a woman it would do no man any good."

"You mean that you have the choice between giving up your work and giving up me, and that the last is easiest."

"I don't say that; but suppose I did, would it be so strange? Be honest, Nick. Suppose I asked you to give up the center and meaning of *your* life? Suppose I asked you to give up *your* work? And suppose I offered in exchange—marriage! No, no!" She shook her head. "Marriage is good; but what man would pay that price for it?"

"My dearest girl, is n't that just the opportunity of women?"

"The opportunity of the happy women—yes; but it is n't given to every one to see marriage like that. Even for women there is more than one kind of devotion."

"Oh, look here, Kate! A man is n't an orphan-asylum or a home for the friendless. You take him too seriously. You talk as if you had to make him your leading charity, and give up everything to the business. Of course you have to pretend something of the kind at the start, but in practice you only have to eat a few dinners, attend a semiannual board-meeting, and a strawberry-festival or two to keep the thing going. It's just a general agreement to drink your coffee with a man in the morning, and be somewhere around, not too far from the fire, in not too ugly a dress, when he comes home in the evening. Come! It's an easy contract. Try me, Kate, and you'll see how simple I'll make it for you. I know about the other things. I understand well enough that you would never care for a life which did n't allow you to make a lot of people happy besides your husband. I recognize that. I begin with it. And I say that's just what I want. You have a talent for making folks happy. Well, I secure you on a special agreement to make me happy, and after you've attended to that, I want you to sail in and make the whole world bloom with your kindness. And you'll do it, too. Confound it, Kate, *we* 'll do it! No one knows how good *two* people could be if they formed a syndicate and made a business of it. It has n't been tried. Try it with me! O Kate, I love you, I need you, and if you'll let me, I'll make a life for you!"

"I know, Nick, you would be kind. You would do all that a man can do. But it is n't the man who makes marriages happy or possible; it's the woman, and it must be. I should either do my part and shirk the other, and then I should be miserable; or I should shirk *you*, and be more miserable. Either way, such happiness is not for me."

Tarvin's hand found the Naulahka within his breast, and clutched it tightly. Strength seemed to go out of it into him—strength to restrain himself from losing all by a dozen savage words.

"Kate, my girl," he said quietly, "we have n't time to conjure dangers. We have to face a real one. You are not safe here. I can't leave you in this place, and I've got to go. That is why I ask you to marry me at once."

"But I fear nothing. Who would harm me?"

"Sitabhai," he answered grimly. "But what difference does it make? I tell you, you are not safe. Be sure that I know."

"And you?"

"Oh, I don't count."

"The truth, Nick!" she demanded.

"Well, I always said that there was nothing like the climate of Topaz."

"You mean you are in danger — great danger, perhaps."

"Sitabhai is n't going round hunting for ways to save my precious life, that's a fact." He smiled at her.

"Then you must go away at once; you must not lose an hour. O Nick, you won't wait!"

"That's what I say. I can do without Rhatore; but I can't do without you. You must come."

"Do you mean that if I don't you will stay?" she asked desperately.

"No; that would be a threat. I mean I'll wait for you." His eyes laughed at her.

"Nick, is this because of what I asked you to do?" she demanded suddenly.

"You did n't ask me," he defended.

"Then it is, and I am much to blame."

"What, because I spoke to the King? My dear girl, that is n't more than the introductory walk-round of this circus. Don't run away with any question of responsibility. The only thing you are responsible for at this moment is to run with me — flee, vamose, get out. Your life is n't worth an hour's purchase here. I'm convinced of that. And mine is n't worth a minute's."

"You see what a situation you put me in," she said accusingly.

"I don't put you in it; but I offer you a simple solution."

"Yourself!"

"Well, yes; I said it was simple. I don't claim it's brilliant. Almost any one could do more for you, and there are millions of better men; but there is n't one who could love you better. O Kate, Kate!" he cried, rising, "trust yourself to my love, and I'll back myself against the world to make you happy."

"No, no!" she exclaimed eagerly; "you must go away."

He shook his head. "I can't leave you. Ask that of some one else. Do you suppose a man who loves you can abandon you in this desert wilderness to take your chances? Do you suppose any man could do that? Kate, my darling, come with me. You torment me, you kill me, by forcing me to allow you a single moment out of my sight. I tell you, you are in imminent, deadly peril. You won't stay, knowing that. Surely you won't sacrifice your life for these creatures."

"Yes!" she cried, rising, with the uplifted look on her face — "yes! If it is good to live for them, it is good to die for them. I do not believe my life is necessary; but if it is necessary, that too!"

Tarvin gazed at her, baffled, disheartened, at a loss. "And you won't come?"

"I can't. Good-by, Nick. It's the end."

He took her hand. "Good afternoon," he responded. "It's end enough for to-day."

She pursued him anxiously with her eye as he turned away; suddenly she started after him. "But you will go?"

"Go! No! No!" he shouted. "I'll stay now if I have to organize a standing army, declare myself king, and hold the rest-house as the seat of government. Go!"

She put forth a detaining, despairing hand, but he was gone.

Kate returned to the little Maharaj Kunwar, who had been allowed to lighten his convalescence by bringing down from the palace a number of his toys and pets. She sat down by the side of the bed, and cried for a long time silently.

"What is it, Miss Kate?" asked the Prince, after he had watched her for some minutes, wondering. "Indeed, I am quite well now, so there is nothing to cry for. When I go back to the palace I will tell my father all that you have done for me, and he will give you a village. We Rajputs do not forget."

"It's not that, Lali," she said, stooping over him, drying her tear-stained eyes.

"Then my father will give you *two* villages. No one must cry when I am getting well, for I am a king's son. Where is Moti? I want him to sit upon a chair."

Kate rose obediently, and began to call for the Maharaj Kunwar's latest pet — a little gray monkey, with a gold collar, who wandered at liberty through the house and garden, and at night did his best to win a place for himself by the young Prince's side. He answered the call from the boughs of a tree in the garden, where he was arguing with the wild parrots, and entered the room, crooning softly in the monkey tongue.

"Come here, little Hanuman," said the Prince, raising one hand. The monkey bounded to his side. "I have heard of a king," said the Prince, playing with his golden collar, "who spent three lacs in marrying two monkeys. Moti, wouldst thou like a wife? No, no; a gold collar is enough for thee. We will spend our three lacs in marrying Miss Kate to Tarvin Sahib, when we get well, and thou shalt dance at the wedding." He was speaking in the vernacular, but Kate understood too well the coupling of her name with Tarvin's.

"Don't, Lali, don't!"

"Why not, Kate? Why, even I am married."

"Yes, yes. But it's different. Kate would rather you did n't, Lali."

"Very well," answered the Maharaj, with a pout. "Now I am only a little child. When I am well I will be a king again, and no one can refuse my gifts. Listen. Those are my father's trumpets. He is coming to see me."

A bugle-call sounded in the distance. There

was a clattering of horses' feet, and a little later the Maharajah's carriage and escort thundered up to the door of the missionary's house. Kate looked anxiously to see if the noise irritated her young charge; but his eyes brightened, his nostrils quivered, and he whispered, as his hand tightened on the hilt of the sword always by his side:

"That is very good! My father has brought *all his sowars*."

Before Kate could rise, Mr. Estes had ushered the Maharajah into the room, which was dwarfed by his bulk and by the bravery of his presence. He had been assisting at a review of his body-guard, and came therefore in his full uniform as commander-in-chief of the army of the state, which was no mean affair. The Maharaj Kunwar ran his eyes delightedly up and down the august figure of his father, beginning with the polished gold-spurred jack-boots, and ascending to the snow-white doeskin breeches, the tunic blazing with gold, and the diamonds of the Order of the Star of India, ending with the saffron turban and its nodding emerald aigret. The King drew off his gantlets, and shook hands cordially with Kate. After an orgy it was noticeable that his Highness became more civilized.

"And is the child well?" he asked. "They told me that it was a little fever, and I too have had some fever."

"The Prince's trouble was much worse than that, I am afraid, Maharajah Sahib," said Kate.

"Ah, little one," said the King, bending over his son very tenderly, and speaking in the vernacular, "this is the fault of eating too much."

"Nay, father, I did not eat, and I am quite well."

Kate stood at the head of the bed, stroking the boy's hair.

"How many troops paraded this morning?"

"Both squadrons, my General," answered the father, his eye lighting with pride. "Thou art all a Rajput, my son."

"And my escort—where were they?"

"With Pertab Singh's troop. They led the charge at the end of the fight."

"By the Sacred Horse!" said the Maharaj Kunwar, "they shall lead in true fight one day. Shall they not, my father? Thou on the right flank, and I on the left."

"Even so. But to do these things a prince must not be ill, and he must learn many things."

"I know," returned the Prince, reflectively. "My father, I have lain here some nights, thinking. Am I a little child?" He looked at Kate a minute, and whispered, "I would speak to my father. Let no one come in."

Kate left the room quickly, with a backward smile at the boy, and the King seated himself by the bed.

"No; I am not a little child," said the Prince. "In five years I shall be a man, and many men will obey me. But how shall I know the right or the wrong in giving an order?"

"It is necessary to learn many things," repeated the Maharajah, vaguely.

"Yes; I have thought of that lying here in the dark," said the Prince. "And it is in my mind that these things are not all learned within the walls of the palace, or from women. My father, let me go away to learn how to be a prince!"

"But whither wouldst thou go? Surely my kingdom is thy home, beloved."

"I know, I know," returned the boy. "And I will come back again, but do not let me be a laughing-stock to the other princes. At the wedding the Rawut of Bunnaul mocked me because my school-books were not so many as his. And *he* is only the son of an ennobled lord. He is without ancestry. But he has been up and down Rajputana as far as Delhi and Agra, ay, and Abu; and he is in the upper class of the Princes' School at Ajmir. Father, all the sons of the kings go there. They do not play with the women; they ride with men. And the air and the water are good at Ajmir. And I should like to go."

The face of the Maharajah grew troubled, for the boy was very dear to him.

"But an evil might befall thee, Lalji. Think again."

"I *have* thought," responded the Prince. "What evil can come to me under the charge of the Englishman there? The Rawut of Bunnaul told me that I should have my own rooms, my own servants, and my own stables, like the other princes—and that I should be much considered there."

"Yes," said the King, soothingly. "We be children of the sun, thou and I, my Prince."

"Then it concerns me to be as learned and as strong and as valiant as the best of my race. Father, I am sick of running about the rooms of the women, of listening to my mother and to the singing of the dance-girls; and they are always pressing their kisses on me. Let me go to Ajmir. Let me go to the Princes' School. And in a year, even in a year,—so says the Rawut of Bunnaul,—I shall be fit to lead my escort as a king should lead them. Is it a promise, my father?"

"When thou art well," answered the Maharajah, "we will speak of it again, not as a father to a child, but as a man to a man."

The Maharaj Kunwar's eyes grew bright with pleasure. "That is good," he said—"as a man to a man."

The Maharajah fondled him in his arms for a few minutes, and told him the small news of the palace—such things as would interest

a little boy. Then he said, laughing, "Have I your leave to go?"

"O my father!" The Prince buried his head in his father's beard, and threw his arms around him. The Maharajah disengaged himself gently, and as gently went out into the veranda. Before Kate returned he had disappeared in a cloud of dust and a flourish of trumpets. As he was going, a messenger came to the house, bearing a grass-woven basket piled high with shaddock, banana, and pomegranate,—emerald, gold, and copper,—which he laid at Kate's feet, saying, "It is a present from the Queen."

The little Prince within heard the voice, and cried joyfully, "Kate, my mother has sent you those. Are they big fruits? Oh, give me a pomegranate," he begged as she came back into his room. "I have tasted none since last winter."

Kate set the basket on the table, and the Prince's mood changed. He wanted pomegranate sherbet, and Kate must mix the sugar and the milk and the syrup and the plump red seeds. Kate left the room for an instant to get a glass, and it occurred to Moti, who had been foiled in an attempt to appropriate the Prince's emeralds, and had hidden under the bed, to steal forth and seize upon a ripe banana. Knowing well that the Maharaj Kunwar could not move, Moti paid no attention to his voice, but settled himself deliberately on his haunches, chose his banana, stripped off the skin with his little black fingers, grinned at the Prince, and began to eat.

"Very well, Moti," said the Maharaj Kunwar, in the vernacular; "Kate says you are not a god, but only a little gray monkey, and I think so too. When she comes back you will be beaten, Hanuman."

Moti had eaten half the banana when Kate returned, but he did not try to escape. She cuffed the marauder lightly, and he fell over on his side.

"Why, Lalji, what's the matter with Moti?" she asked, regarding the monkey curiously.

"He has been stealing, and now I suppose he is playing dead man. Hit him!"

Kate bent over the limp little body; but there was no need to chastise Moti. He was dead.

She turned pale, and lifting the basket of fruit quickly to her nostrils, sniffed delicately at it. A faint, sweet, cloying odor rose from the brilliant pile. It was overpowering. She set the basket down, putting her hand to her head. The odor dizzied her.

"Well," said the Prince, who could not see his dead pet, "I want my sherbet."

"The fruit is not quite good, I'm afraid, Lalji," she said, with an effort. As she spoke she tossed into the garden, through the open window, the uneaten fragment of the banana

that Moti had clasped so closely to his wicked little breast.

A parrot instantly swooped down from the trees on the morsel, and took it back to his perch in the branches. It was done before Kate, still unsteady, could make a motion to stop it, and a moment later a little ball of green feathers fell from the covert of leaves, and the parrot also lay dead on the ground.

"No; the fruit is not good," she said mechanically, her eyes wide with terror, and her face blanched. Her thoughts leaped to Tarvin. Ah, the warnings and the entreaties that she had put from her! He had said that she was not safe. Was he not right? The awful subtlety of the danger in which she stood was a thing to shake a stronger woman than she. From where would it come next? Out of what covert might it not leap? The very air might be poisoned. She scarcely dared to breathe.

The audacity of the attack daunted her as much as its design. If this might be done in open day, under cover of friendship, immediately after the visit of the King, what might not the gipsy in the palace dare next? She and the Maharaj Kunwar were under the same roof; if Tarvin was right in supposing that Sitabhai could wish her harm, the fruit was evidently intended for them both. She shuddered to think how she herself might have given the fruit to the Maharaj innocently.

The Prince turned in his bed and regarded Kate. "You are not well?" he asked, with grave politeness. "Then do not trouble about the sherbet. Give me Moti to play with."

"O Lalji, Lalji!" cried Kate, tottering to the bed. She dropped beside the boy, cast her arms defensively about him, and burst into tears.

"You have cried twice," said the Prince, watching her heaving shoulders curiously. "I shall tell Tarvin Sahib."

The word smote Kate's heart, and filled her with a bitter and fruitless longing. Oh, for a moment of the sure and saving strength she had just rejected! Where was he? she asked herself reproachfully. What had happened to the man she had sent from her to take the chances of life and death in this awful land?

At that hour Tarvin was sitting in his room at the rest-house, with both doors open to the stifling wind of the desert, that he might command all approaches clearly, his revolver on the table in front of him, and the Naulahka in his pocket, yearning to be gone, and loathing this conquest that did not include Kate.

XIX.

THE evening and the long night gave Kate ample time for self-examination after she had locked up the treacherous fruit, and consoled

the Maharaj, through her tears, for the mysterious death of Moti. One thing only seemed absolutely clear to her, when she rose red-eyed and unrefreshed the next morning: her work was with the women as long as life remained, and the sole refuge for her present trouble was in the portion of that work which lay nearest to her hand. Meanwhile the man who loved her remained in Gokral Seetarun, in deadly peril of his life, that he might be within call of her; and she could not call him, for to summon him was to yield, and she dared not.

She took her way to the hospital. The dread for him that had assailed her yesterday had become a horror that would not let her think.

The woman of the desert was waiting as usual at the foot of the steps, her hands clasped over her knee, and her face veiled. Behind her was Dhunpat Rai, who should have been among the wards; and she could see that the courtyard was filled with people—strangers and visitors, who, by her new regulations, were allowed to come only once a week. This was not their visiting-day, and Kate, strained and worn by all that she had passed through since the day before, felt an angry impulse in her heart go out against them, and spoke wrathfully.

"What is the meaning of this, Dhunpat Rai?" she demanded, alighting.

"There is commotion of popular bigotry within," said Dhunpat Rai. "It is nothing. I have seen it before. Only do not go in."

She put him aside without a word, and was about to enter when she met one of her patients, a man in the last stage of typhoid fever, being borne out by half a dozen clamoring friends, who shouted at her menacingly. The woman of the desert was at her side in an instant, raising her hand, in the brown hollow of which lay a long, broad-bladed knife.

"Be still, dogs!" she shouted in their own tongue. "Dare not to lay hands on this *peri*, who has done all for you!"

"She is killing our people!" shouted a villager.

"Maybe," said the woman, with a flashing smile; "but I know who will belying here dead if you do not suffer her to pass. Are you Rajputs; or Bhils from the hills, hunters of fish and diggers after grubs, that you run like cattle because a lying priest from nowhere troubles your heads of mud? Is she killing your people? How long can you keep that man alive with your charms and your *munttras*!" she demanded, pointing to the stricken form on the stretcher. "Out—go out! Is this hospital your own village to defile? Have you paid one penny for the roof above you or the drugs in your bellies? Get hence before I spit upon you!" She brushed them aside with a regal gesture.

"It is best not to go in," said Dhunpat Rai

in Kate's ear. "There is local holy man in the courtyard, and he is agitating their minds. Also, I myself feel much indisposed."

"But what does all this mean?" demanded Kate again.

For the hospital was in the hands of a hurrying crowd, who were strapping up bedding and cooking-pots, lamps and linen, calling to one another up and down the staircases in subdued voices, and bringing the sick from the upper wards as ants bring eggs out of a broken hill, six or eight to each man—some holding bunches of marigold flowers in their hands, and pausing to mutter prayers at each step, others peering fearfully into the dispensary, and yet others drawing water from the well and pouring it out around the beds.

In the center of the courtyard, as naked as the lunatic who had once lived there, sat an ash-smeared, long-haired, eagle-taloned, half-mad, wandering native priest, and waved above his head his buckhorn staff, sharp as a lance at one end, while he chanted in a loud, monotonous voice some song that drove the men and women to work more quickly.

As Kate faced him, white with wrath, her eyes blazing, the song turned to a yelp of fierce hatred.

She dashed among the women swiftly—her own women, whom she thought had grown to love her. But their relatives were about them, and Kate was thrust back by a bare-shouldered, loud-voiced dweller of the out-villages in the heart of the desert.

The man had no intention of doing her harm, but the woman of the desert slashed him across the face with her knife, and he withdrew howling.

"Let me speak to them," said Kate, and the woman beside her quelled the clamor of the crowd with uplifted hands. Only the priest continued his song. Kate strode toward him, her little figure erect and quivering, crying in the vernacular, "Be silent, thou, or I will find means to close thy mouth!"

The man was hushed, and Kate, returning to her women, stood among them, and began to speak impassionedly.

"O my women, what have I done?" she cried, still in the vernacular. "If there is any fault here, who should right it but your friend? Surely you can speak to me day or night." She threw out her arms. "*Sunlo, hamaree bhain-log!* Listen, my sisters! Have you gone mad, that you wish to go abroad now, half cured, sick, or dying? You are free to go at any hour. Only, for your own sake, and for the sake of your children, do not go before I have cured you, if God so please. It is summer in the desert now, and many of you have come from many coss distant."

"She speaks truth, she speaks truth," said a voice in the crowd.

"Ay, I do speak truth. And I have dealt fairly by ye. Surely it is upon your heads to tell me the cause of this flight, and not to run away like mice. My sisters, ye are weak and ill, and your friends do not know what is best for ye. But I know."

"*Arre!* But what can we do?" cried a feeble voice. "It is no fault of ours. I, at least, would fain die in peace, but the priest says—"

Then the clamor broke out afresh. "There are charms written upon the plasters—"

"Why should we become Christians against our will? The wise woman that was sent away asks it."

"What are the meanings of the red marks on the plasters?"

"Why should we have strange devil-marks stamped upon our bodies? And they burn, too, like the fires of hell."

"The priest came yesterday,—that holy man yonder,—and he said it had been revealed to him, sitting among the hills, that this devil's plan was on foot to make us lose our religion—"

"And to send us out of the hospital with marks upon our bodies—ay, and all the babies we should bear in the hospital should have tails like camels, and ears like mules. The wise woman says so; the priest says so."

"Hush! hush!" cried Kate, in the face of these various words. "What plasters? What child's talk is this of plasters and devils? Not one child but many have been born here, and all were comely. Ye know it! This is the word of the worthless woman whom I sent away because she was torturing you."

"Nay; but the priest said—"

"What care I for the priest? Has he nursed you? Has he watched by you of nights? Has he sat by your bedside, and smoothed your pillow, and held your hand in pain? Has he taken your children from you and put them to sleep, when he needed an hour's rest?"

"He is a holy man. He has worked miracles. We dare not face the anger of the gods."

One woman, bolder than the rest, shouted, "Look at this!" and held before Kate's face one of the prepared mustard-leaves lately ordered from Calcutta, which bore upon the back, in red ink, the maker's name and trade-mark.

"What is this devil's thing?" demanded the woman, fiercely.

The woman of the desert caught her by the shoulder and forced her to her knees.

"Be still, woman without a nose!" she cried, her voice vibrating with passion. "She is not of thy clay, and thy touch would defile her. Remember thine own dunghill, and speak softly."

Kate picked up the plaster, smiling.

"And who says there is devil's work in this?" she demanded.

"The holy man, the priest. Surely he should know."

"Nay, ye should know," said Kate, patiently. She understood now, and could pity. "Ye have worn it. Did it work thee any harm, Pithira?" She pointed directly toward her. "Thou hast thanked me not once but many times for giving thee relief through this charm. If it was the devil's work, why did it not consume thee?"

"Indeed, it burnt very much indeed," responded the woman, with a nervous laugh.

Kate could not help laughing. "That is true. I cannot make my drugs pleasant. But ye know that they do good. What do these people, your friends—villagers, camel-drivers, goatherds—know of English drugs? Are they so wise among their hills, or is the priest so wise, that they can judge for ye here, fifty miles away from them? Do not listen! Oh, do not listen! Tell them that ye will stay with me, and I will make ye well. I can do no more. It was for that I came. I heard of your misery ten thousand miles away, and it burnt into my heart. Would I have come so far to work you harm? Go back to your beds, my sisters, and bid these foolish people depart."

There was a murmur among the women, as if of assent and doubt. For a moment the decision swayed one way and the other.

Then the man whose face had been slashed shouted, "What is the use of talking? Let us take our wives and sisters away. We do not wish to have sons like devils. Give us your voice, O father!" he cried to the priest.

The holy man drew himself up, and swept away Kate's appeal with a torrent of abuse, imprecation, and threats of damnation; and the crowd began to slip past Kate by twos and threes, half carrying and half forcing their kinsfolk with them.

Kate called on the women by name, beseeching them to stay, reasoning, arguing, expostulating. But to no purpose. Many of them were in tears; but the answer from all was the same. They were sorry, but they were only poor women, and they feared the wrath of their husbands.

Minute after minute the wards were depopulated of their occupants, as the priest resumed his song, and began to dance frenziedly in the courtyard. The stream of colors broke out down the steps into the street, and Kate saw the last of her carefully swathed women borne out into the pitiless sun-glare—only the woman of the desert remaining by her side.

Kate looked on with stony eyes. Her hospital was empty.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

III. CREATION AND SELF-EXPRESSION.



THE difficulty that confronts one who enters upon a general discussion of poetry is its universal range. The portals of his observatory tower before him, flashing yet frowning, and inscribed with great names of all the ages. Mount its stairway, and a chart of the field disclosed is indeed like that of the firmament. In what direction shall we first turn? To the infinite dome at large, or toward some particular star or group? We think of inspiration, and a Hebrew seer glows in the prophetic East; of gnomic wisdom and thought, and many fixed white stars shine tranquilly along the equinox, from Lucretius to Emerson; of tragedy and comedy, the dramatic coil and mystery of life, and group after group invite the lens—for us, most of all, that English constellation blazing since “the spacious times of great Elizabeth”; of beauty, and the long train of poetic artists, with Keats like his own new planet among them, swims into our ken. Asia is somewhere beyond the horizon, and in view are countless minor lights—the folk-singers and minstrels of many lands and generations.

The future lecturer will have the satisfaction of giving his attention to a single master or school—to the Greek dramatists, to Dante, or Milton, or Goethe; more than one will expend his resources upon the mimic world of Shakspeare, yet leave as much for his successors to accomplish as there was before. Their privilege I do not assume; since these initiatory discourses have to do with the elements of which poetry is all compact, and with the spirit in fealty to which its orbs shine, and have their being, and rehearse the burthen of their radiant progress:

Beneath this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still:
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
On, on, forever!

Still, I wish in some way to review this progress of poesy. Essayng then, for the little that can be done, to look first at the broad

characteristics of the field, we see that there are, at all events, two streams into which its vast galaxy is divided—though they intersect each other again and again, and in modern times seem almost blended. These do not relate to the technical classification of poetry: to its partition by the ancients into the epic, dramatic, lyric, and the idyllic—unto which we have added the reflective, and have merged them all in the composite structures of modern art. Time has shown that we cannot overrate the method of those intuitive pagans. No one cares for Wordsworth's division of his own verse into poems of imagination, of fancy, and the like, the truth being that they all, with the exception of a few spontaneous lyrics, are poems of reflection, often glorified by the imagination, sometimes lightened by fancy, but of whose predominant spirit their author was apparently the least successful judge. The Greeks felt that the spirit shapes the form of art, and therefore is revealed by it. Assume, then, the fitness of poetic orders, styles, and measures; that these are known to you and me, and thus we may leave dactyls and choriambes to the metrical anatomists, and rhymes to the Walkers and Barnums. Passing to the more essential divisions of expression, you will find their types are defined by the amount of personality which they respectively hold in solution; that poetry is differentiated by the Me and the Not Me—by the poet's self-consciousness, or by the representation of life and thought apart from his own individuality.

That which is impersonal, and so very great at its best, appears the more creative as being a statement of things discerned by free and absolute vision. The other order is so affected by relations with the maker's traits and tastes that it betokens a relative and conditioned imagination; and is thus by far the larger division, since in most periods it is inevitable that the chief impulse to song should be a conscious or unconscious longing for personal expression.

The gift of unconditioned vision has been vouchsafed both to the primitive world, and to races at their height of action and invention. The objective masterpieces of poetry consist, first, of those whose origin is obscure, and which are so naturally inwrought with history and

popular traits that they seem growths rather than works of art. Such are the Indian epics, the Northern sagas, the early ballads of all nations, and of course the Homeric poems of Greece. These are the lusty product of the youth of mankind, the song and story that come when life is unjaded, faith unsophisticated, and human nature still in voice with universal Pan. The less spontaneous but equally vital types are the fruit of later and constructive periods — "golden" ages, whose masterpieces are composed with artistic design and still unwearied genius. Whether epic or dramatic, and whether traditional or the product of schools and nations in their prime, the significance of objective poetry lies in its presentment of the world outside, and not of the microcosm within the poet's self. His ideal mood is that of the Chinese sage, from whose wisdom, now twenty-six centuries old, the artist La Farge, himself imbued with the spirit of the "most eastern East," has cited for me these phrases: "I am become as a quiet water, or a mirror reflecting what may be. It keeps nothing, it refuses nothing. What it reflects is there, but I do not keep it: it is not I." And again: "One should be as a vacuum, so to be filled by the universe. Then the universe will fill me, and pour out again." Which dark saying I interpret here as an emblem of the receptivity of the artist to life at large. This it is his function to give out again, illumined, but unadulterate. The story is told, the song chanted, the drama constructed, with the simplest of understandings between audience and maker: as between children at their play, artisans at their handicraft, recounter and hearers around the desert fire. Every literature has more or less of this free, absolute poetry. But only in the drama, and at distinctively imaginative periods, have poets of the Christian era been quite objective; not even there and then, without in most cases having "unlocked" their hearts by expression of personal feeling. This process — exemplified in the sonnets of Shakespeare, and in the minor works of Dante, Tasso, Cervantes, Calderon, Camoëns — rarely suggested itself to the antique poets, whose verses were composed for the immediate verdict of audiences great or small, and in the Attic period distinctly as works of art: necessarily universal, and not introspective. Nor would much self-intrusion then have been tolerated. Imagine the Homeric laughter of an Athenian conclave, every man of them with something of Aristophanes in him, at being summoned to listen to the sonnetary sorrows of a blighted lover! There were few Werthers in those days. Bad poets, and bores of all sorts, were not likely to flourish in a society where ostracism, the custody of the Eleven, and the draught of hem-

lock were looked upon as rather mild and exemplary modes of criticism.

Now, in distinction from unsophisticated and creative song, comes the voice of the poet absorbed in his own emotions and dependent on self-analysis for his knowledge of life. Here is your typical modern minor poet. But here also are some of the truest "bards of passion and of pain" that the world has known. Again, there are those who are free from the Parnassian egotism, but whose manner is so pronounced that every word they utter bears its author's stamp: their tone and style are unmistakable. Finally, many are confined implacably to certain limits. One cares for beauty alone, an artist pure and simple; another is a balladist; a third is gifted with philosophic insight of nature; still another has a genius for the psychological analysis of life. Each of these appears to less advantage outside his natural range. The vision of all these classes is conditioned.

An obvious limitation of the speechless arts is that they can be termed subjective only with respect to motive and style. We have the natural landscapist, and the figure-painter, while nearly all good painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, are recognizable, as you know, by their respective styles, but otherwise all arts, save those of language, are relatively impersonal and objective.

The highest faculties of vision and execution are required to design an absolutely objective poem, and to insure its greatness. There is no middle ground; it is great, or else a dull and perfunctory mechanism. The force of the heroic epics, whose authorship is in the crypt of the past, seems to be not that of a single soul but of a people; not that of a generation, but of a round of eras. Yet the final determination of poetic utterance is toward self-expression. The minstrel's soul uses for its medium that slave of imaginative feeling, language. It is a voice — a voice — and the emotion of its possessor will not be denied. The poet is the Marinier, whose heart burns within him until his tale is told:

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

RACES themselves have a bent toward one of the two generic types, so that with one nation or people the creative poet is the exception, and with another the rule. The Asiatic inspiration, even in its narrative reliquæ, is more subjectively vague than that which we call the antique — that of the Hellenes. But the extreme Eastern field requires special study, and is beyond the limits of this course, so that I

will only confess my belief that much of our fashionable adaptation of Hindu, Chinese, Japanese literature represents more honestly the ethics and poetic spirit of its western students than the Oriental feeling and conceptions; that it is a latter-day illumination of Brahmanic esoterics rather than the absolute Light of Asia, — whether better or worse, not a veritable transfer, but the ideal of Christendom grafted on the Buddhist stock. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the Buddhists themselves fully comprehend their own antiquities; and if our learned virtuosos, from Voltaire and Sir William Jones to Sir Edwin Arnold, fail to do so, they nevertheless have found the material for a good deal of interesting verse. It will be a real exploit when some one does for the Buddhist epos and legendary what John Payne and Captain Burton have done for the Arabic "Thousand Nights and One Night." Then we shall at least know those literatures as they are; nor will it be strange if they prove to be, in some wise, as much superior to our conception of them as Payne's rendering of the "Arabian Nights" is to that of Galland, or as Butcher and Lang's prose translation of Homer is to Lord Derby's verse. Of such a paraphrase as Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," one at once declares, in Landor's phrase, that it is more original than the originals: the western genius in this instance has produced an abiding poem, unique in its interfusion of the Persian and the neo-English dispositions.

But with Hebrew poetry, that of the Bible, we have more to do, since we derive very closely from it. There is no literature at once so grand and so familiar to us. Its inherent, racial genius was emotional and therefore lyrical (though I am not with those who deem all lyrical poetry subjective), and a genius of so fiery and prophetic a cast that its personal outbursts have a loftiness beyond those of any other literature. The Hebrew was, and the orthodox Israelite remains, a magnificent egoist. Himself, his past, and his future, are a passion. But — and this is what redeems his egoism — they are not his deepest passion; he has an intenser emotion concerning his own race, the chosen people, a more fervent devotion to Jehovah — his own Jehovah, if not the God of a universe. Waiving the question whether the ancient Jew was a monotheist, we know that he trusted in the might of his own God as overwhelmingly superior to that of all rivals. His God, moreover, was a very human one. But the Judaic anthropomorphism was of the most transcendent type that ever hath entered into the heart of man.

I do not, then, class the Hebrew poetry, which, though lyrical, gives vent not so much to the self-consciousness of the psalmist or

prophet or chieftain as to the pride and rapture of his people, with that which is personal and relative, any more than I would count the winged Pindar in his splendid national odes, or even his patriotic Grecian followers, as strictly subjective, however lyrical and impassioned. Such bards are trumpet-tongued with the exaltation of their time and country; they speak not of themselves, but for their people. To the burning imagination of Moses and the prophets, and to the rhythmical eloquence of the Grecian celebrants, I may refer when noting the quality of inspiration. I think the national and religious utterance of the Hebrews even more characteristic than their personal outgivings; they were carried out of and above themselves when moved to song. But there is no more wonderful poetry of the emotional order than the psalms of David and his compeers relating to their own trials and agonies, their loves and hates and adoration. As we agonize and triumph with a supreme lyrical nature, its egoism becomes holy and sublime. The stress of human feeling is intense in such poetry as that of the sixth Psalm, where the lyrist is weary with groaning, and waters the couch with his tears, exclaiming, "But thou, O Lord, how long?" and that of the thirteenth, when he laments: "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? Forever?" and in successive personal psalms wherein the singer, whether David or another, avows his trust in the Deity, praying above all to overcome his enemies and to have his greatness increased. These petitions, of course, do not reach the lyrical splendor of the psalms of praise and worship: "The heavens declare the glory of God," "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" and those of Moses — "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," and its immediate successors. But the Hebrew, in those strains where he communes with God alone, other protectors having failed him, is at the climax of emotional song.

Modern self-expression is not so direct and simple. We doubt the passion of one who wears his heart upon his sleeve. The naïveté of the Davidic lyre is beyond question, and so is the superb unrestraint of the Hebrew prophecy and pæans. We feel the stress of human nature in its articulate moods. This gives to the poetry of the Scriptures an attribute possessed only by the most creative and impersonal literature of other tongues — that of universality. Again, it was all designed for music, by the poets of a musical race, and the psalms were arranged by the first composers — the leaders of the royal choir. It retains forever the fresh tone of an epoch when lyrical composition was the normal form of expression. Then its rhythm is free, unrestrained, in extreme opposition to

that of classical and modern verse, relying merely upon antiphony, alliteration, and parallelism. Technical abandon, allied with directness of conception and faithful revelation of human life, makes for universality—makes of the Hebrew Scriptures a Bible, a world's book that can be translated into all tongues with surpassing effect, notably into a language almost as direct and elemental as its own, that of our Anglo-Saxon in its Jacobean strength and clarity.

Advancing further, you perceive that where a work survives as an exception to the inherent temper of a people, it is likely to exhibit greatness. The sublimest poem of antiquity is impersonal, yet written in the Hebrew tongue. The book of Job, the life-drama of the Man of Uz, towers with no peak near it; its authorship lost, but its fable associated in mind with the post-Noachian age, the time when God discoursed with men and the stars hung low in the empyrean. It is both epic and dramatic, yet embodies the whole wisdom of the patriarchal race. Who composed it? Who carved the Sphinx, or set the angles of the Pyramids? The shadow of his name was taken, lest he should fall by pride, like Eblis. The narrative prelude to Job has the direct epic simplicity—a Cyclopean porch to the temple, but within are Heaven, the Angels, the plumed Lord of Evil, before the throne of a judicial God. The personages of the dialogue beyond are firmly distinguished: Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, Elihu,—to whom the inspiration of the Almighty gave understanding,—and the smitten protagonist himself, majestic in ashes and desolation. Each outvies the other in grandeur of language, imagination, worship. Can there be a height above these lofty utterances? Yes; only in this poem has God answered out of the whirlwind, his voice made audible, as if an added range of hearing for a space enabled us to comprehend the reverberations of a superhuman tone. I speak not now of the motive, the inspiration, of the symphonic masterpiece; it is still a mortal creation, though maintaining an impersonality so absolute as to confirm our sense of mystery and awe.

It has been said of the Hebrew language that its every word is a poem; and there are books of the Old Testament, neither lyrical nor prophetic, so exquisite in kind that I call them models of impersonal art. Considered thus, the purely narrative idyls of Esther and Ruth have so much significance that I shall have occasion to recur to them with reference to poetic beauty and construction.

TURNING from Semitic literature to the Aryan in its Hellenic development, we at once enter a naturally artistic atmosphere. Until after his

Attic prime, the Greek, with no trick of introspection, concerned himself very little about his individual pathology, being far too much absorbed with an inborn sense of beauty, and with his office of imaginative creation. His great lyrical poets—Alcæus, Simonides, Pindar—rehearsed, as I have said, the spirit of a people rather than of themselves. As with the Hebrews, but conversely, the few exceptions to this usage were very notable, else they could not have arisen at all. One extremity of passion for which, in their sunlit life, they found expression compulsive, was that of love; and among those who sang its delights, or lamented its incompleteness, we have the world's accepted type in Love's priestess of Mitylene, the "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho." The pity of it is that we have only the glory of her name, celebrated by her contemporaries and successors, and justified to us by two lyrics in the stanzaic measure of her invention, and by a few fragments of verse more lasting than the tablets of the Parthenon. But the "Hymn to Aphrodite" and the *Φαίβεταί μοι κῆνος* are enough to assure us that no other singer has so united the intensity of passion with charm of melody and form. A panting, living woman, a radiant artist, are immanent in every verse. After twenty-five centuries, Sappho leads the choir of poets that have sung their love; and from her time to that of Elizabeth Browning no woman has so distinguished her sex. The Christian sibyl moved in a more ethereal zone of feeling, but could not equal her Ægean prototype in unerring art, although, by the law of true expression, most artistic where she is most intense.

The note which we call modern is frequent in the dramas of Euripides, and in those of his satirist, Aristophanes; it drifts, in minor waves of feeling, with the lovely Grecian epitaphs and tributes to the dead—that feeling, the breath of personal art, which Mahaffy illustrates from the bas-reliefs and mortuary emblems which beautify the tombs west of Athens. The Greek anthology is rich with sentiment of this cast, so pathetic—and so human. As an instance of what I mean, let me repeat Cory's imitation of the elegiacs of Callimachus on his friend Heracleitus:

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were
dead,—
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter
tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down
the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian
guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales,
awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

This, to be sure, is a paraphrase, yet it conveys the feeling better than the more compact version by the poet-scholar Andrew Lang. Nothing can exceed, in its expression of the spirit, Mr. Lang's handling of Meleager's verses to the memory of his loved and lost Heliodora:

Tears for my lady dead,
Heliodore!
Salt tears, and strange to shed,
Over and o'er.

But I quote no more of this melody, since you can find it, in a certain romance of "Cleopatra," shining by contrast with much of that story like the "jewel in an Ethiop's ear." Others of Mr. Lang's elusive, exquisite renderings, done as it seems by the first touch, are incomparable with any lyrical exploits of their kind since "Music's wing" was folded in the dust of Shelley.

Follow the twilight path of elegiac verse to the Alexandrian epoch, and you find the clear Athenian strain succeeded by a compound of artifice and nature, so full of sentiment withal as to seem the forerunner of Christian art—in some respects the prototype of our own idyllic poetry. The studiously impassioned lament of Moschus for Bion is nearer than the poetry of his dead master, and of that master's master, Theocritus (always excepting the latter's "Thalysia"), to our own modes of feeling and treatment. It set the key for our great English elegies, from Spenser's "Astrophel" and Milton's "Lycidas" to Shelley's "Adonais" and Arnold's lament for Clough. The subjectivity of the Greek idyllists is thus demonstrated. They were influenced largely by the Oriental feeling, alike by its sensuousness and its solemnity, and at times they borrowed from its poets—as in the transfer by Moschus of a passage from Job into his Dorian hexameters, of which I will read my own version:

Even the mallows—alas! alas! when once in the garden
They, or the pale-green parsley and crisp-growing anise, have perished,
Afterward they will live and flourish again at their season;
We, the great and brave, and the wise, when death has benumbed us,
Deaf in the hollow ground a silent, infinite slumber
Sleep: forever we lie in the trance that knoweth no waking.

We pass with something like indifference to the Latin poets, because their talent, in spite of many noble legacies bequeathed us, so lacked the freedom, the originality, the inimitable po-

etic subtleties which animated everything that was Grecian. Hellas was creative of beauty and inspiration; Italia, too, was a creative soil, but of government, empire, law. Her poetry, as it was less an impulse and more a purpose, belongs largely to the mixed class. In its most objective portions there is an air of authorship and self-expression. I will not speak now of Lucretius, who sends out the one dauntless ray of contemplative splendor between the Hebraic sages and the seers of our new dispensation. But Vergil is a typical example of the poet whose style is so unmistakable that every verse overflows with personal quality—a style that endures, establishes a pupilage. Vergil borrowed fire from Greece to light the altars of beauty in a ruder land. The Iliad and Odyssey kindled the invention and supplied the construction of his *Æneids*; the *Georgics*, his sturdiest cantos, took their motive from Hesiod; the *Eclogues* are a paraphrase upon Theocritus. But the Mantuan's style is preëminently his own—the limpid, liquid, sweet, steadfast Vergilian intonation on which monarchs and statesmen hung enchanted, and which was confessedly the parent-voice of many an after bard. Tennyson, in point of a style whose quality is the more distinct for its diffusiveness,—whose potency, to borrow the homeopathic term, is the greater for its perfect trituration,—has been the English Vergil of our day. Browning's trade-mark is, plainly, the antithesis of what I here mean by style. Our own Longfellow furnishes the New World counterpart of Vergil. In the ascetic and prosaic America of his early days he excited a feeling for the beautiful, borrowing over sea and from all lands the romance-forms that charmed his countrymen and guided them to taste and invention. His originality lay in the specific tone that made whatever Longfellow's sweet verse rehearsed a new song, and in this wise his own. Mentioning these leaders of to-day only to strengthen my reference to Vergil,—and as illustrating Schlegel's point that "what we borrow from others, to assume a true poetical shape, must be born again within us,"—I may add that there is a good deal of personal feeling and expression in the Latin epigrammatists and lyricists. We have Ovid with his *Tristia* of exile, and Catullus with his Sapphic grace and glow, and a Latin anthology of which the tenderest numbers are eloquent of grief for lover and friend gone down to the nebulous pagan under-world. The deaths that touched them most were those of the young and dear, cut off with their lives un-lived, their promise of grace and glory brought to naught. Both the Greeks and the Latins, in their joy of life, strongly felt the pathos of this earthly infirmity. That famous touch of Vergil's, in the sixth *Æneid*, was not all artifice: the passage in which

Æneas sees a throng of shades awaiting their draught of Lethe and reincarnation in the upper world—and among them the beauteous youthful spirit that in time will become Marcellus, son of the Emperor's sister Octavia, and heir to the throne of the Cæsars.

Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores.¹

Every school-boy, from the poet's day to the present, knows how this touch of nature made Vergil and his imperial listeners kin. Its consecrating beauty, in a new world and after nineteen centuries, supplies the legend—*Manibus date lilia plenis*—of our American hymn for Decoration Day. Out of the death of a youth as noble and gracious,² in whom centered limitless hopes of future strength and joy, the spirit of poetry well may spring and declare—as from yonder tablet in this very place—that his little life was not fruitless, and that its harvest shall be perennial.

A passing reference may be made at this point to a class of verse elegantly produced in various times of culture and refinement: the hearty overflow of the taste, philosophy, good-fellowship, especially of the temperament, of its immediate maker. Thus old Anacreon started off, that Parisian of Teos. When you come to the Latin Horace, who like Vergil took his models from the Greek, you have, above all, the man himself before you: the progenitor of an endless succession, in English verse, of our Swifts and Priors and Cannings and Dobsons, of our own inimitable Holmes. There are feeling and fancy, and everything wise and witty and charming, in the individuality of these Horatii; they give us delightful verse, and human character in sunny and wholesome moods. One secret of their attractiveness is their apt measurement of limitations; they have made no claim to rank with the great imaginative poets who supply our loftier models and illustrations.

RETURN for a moment to that creative art which is found in early narrative poetry and the true drama. The former escapes the pale cast of thought through the conditions of its formation and rehearsal. Primitive ballads have a straightforward felicity; many of them a conjuring melody, as befits verse and music born together. Their gold is virgin, from the rock strata, and none the better for refining and burnishing. No language is richer in them than

the English. Our traditional ballads, such as "Clerk Saunders," "Burd Ellen," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Chevy-Chace," "Edward! Edward!" usually are better poetry than those of known authorship. Not until you come to Drayton's "Agincourt" do you find much to rival them. What I say applies to the primitive ballads of all nations. Touch them with our ratiocination, and their charm vanishes. The epos evolved from such folk-songs has the same directness. The rhythm of its imagery and narrative, swift and strong and ceaseless as a great river, would be sadly ruffled by the four winds of a minstrel's self-expression—its current all set back by his emotional tides,

The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

The modern temper is not quick to apprehend a work of simple beauty and invention. It presupposes, judging from itself, underlying motives even for the legends and matutinal carols of a young people. Age forgets, and fails to understand, the heart of childhood: we "ancients of the earth" misconceive its youth. We even class together the literatures of races utterly opposed in genius and disposition. Some would put the Homeric epos on the same footing with the philosophical drama of Job, the end of which is avowedly "to justify the ways of God to men." Professor Snider, who has exploited well the ethical scheme of "Faust," would similarly deal with the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer, he thinks, had in mind a grand exposition of Providence, divine rule, the nature of good and evil, and so forth, in relation to which the narrative and poetry of those epics are subordinate and allegorical. But why should we reason too curiously? Both instinct and common sense are against it. Whether the Homeric epos was a growth, or an originally synthetic creation, I believe that the legends of the glorious Ionian verse were recited for the delight of telling and hearing; that the unresting, untiring, billowy hexameters were intoned with the unction of the bard; that they do convey the ancestral reverence, the religion, the ethics, of those adventurous dædal Greeks, but simply as a consequence of their spontaneous truth and vitality. Their poets sang with no more casuistic purpose than did the nightingales in the grove of Colonus. Hence their directness, and their unconscious transmission of the Hellenic system of government and worship. If you wish instruction, everything is essentially natural and true. A perfect transcript of life—the best of teachers—is before us. In the narrative books of the Bible the good and bad appear without disguise. All is set forth with the frankness that made the heart of the Hebrew

¹ "Ah, dear lamented boy! if thou canst break fate's harsh decrees, thou wilt be our own Marcellus. Bring lilies in handfuls; let me strew the purple flowers!"

² Percy Græme Turnbull: born May 28, 1878; died February 12, 1887.

tent-dweller the heart of the world thereafter. In Homer, the deities are *dramatis personæ*, very human, with sovereign yet terrestrial passions; they dwell like feudal lords, slightly above their dependents, alternating between contempt for them and interest in their affairs. But where is the healthy man or boy who reads these epics without an absorption in their poetry and narrative that is the clue to their highest value? I have little patience with the critics who would disillusionize us. What is the use of poetry? Why not, in this workaday world, yield ourselves to its enjoyment? Homer makes us forget ourselves because he is so self-forgetful. He accepts unquestioningly things as they are. The world has now grown hoary with speculation, but at times, in art as in religious faith, except ye be as children ye cannot enter into the kingdom. We go back to the Iliad and the Odyssey, to the creative romance and poesy of all literatures, as strong men wearied seek again the woods and waters of their youth, for a time renewing the dream which, in sooth, is harder to summon than to dispel. Such a renewal is worth more than any moral, when following the charmed wanderings of the son of Laertes, by isle and mainland, over the sea whose waters still are blue and many-voiced, but whose mystic nymphs and demigods have fled forever; it is worth more than a philosophy,

When the oars of Ithaca dip so
Silently into the sea.
That they wake not sad Calypso,
And the hero wanders free.
He breasts the ocean furrows
At war with the words of fate,
And the blue tide's low susurrus
Comes up to the Ivory Gate.

THE dramas of the Attic prime, although equally objective with these epics, are superb poetry, with motives not only creative but distinctly religious and ethical. They recognize and illustrate the eternal law which brings a penance upon somebody for every wrong, the inscrutable Nemesis to which even the Olympian gods are subject. In this respect the "Prometheus Bound," deathless as the Titan himself, is the first and highest type of them all. The chorus, the major and minor personages, the prophetic demigod, and even the ruthless Zeus, take for granted the power of a righteous Destiny. The wrong-doer, whether guilty by chance or by will, as in the case of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, even pronounces and justifies his own doom. I will not now consider the grandeur of these wonderful productions. Through the supream endurance of poetry they have come down to us, while the pictures of Zeuxis and Apelles, and the "Zeus"

and "Athenes" of Pheidias, are but traditions of "the glory that was Greece." The point I make is that these are absolute dramas. They are richly freighted, like Shakspeare's, with oracles and expositions; but their inspired wisdom never diverts us from the high inexorable progress of the action. It is but a relief and an adjuvant. You may learn the bent of the dramatist's genius from his work, but little of his own emotions and experiences. Nor is the wisdom so much his wisdom, as it is something residual from the history and evolution of his people. The high gods of Æschylus and Sophocles for the most part sit above the thunder: but the human element pervades these dramas; the legendary demigods, heroes, gentes, that serve as the personages—Hermes, Herakles, the houses of Theseus, Atreus, Jason—all are types of humankind, repeating the Hebraic argument of transmitted tendency, virtue, and crime, and the results of crime especially, from generation to generation. The public delight in the Athenian stage was due to its strenuous dramatic action at an epoch when the nation was in extreme activity. Its religious cast was the quintessence of morals derived from history, from the ethics of the gnomic and didactic bards, from the psychological conditions following great wars and crises such as those which terminated at Salamis and Plateæ. Æschylus and Sophocles were inspired by their times. They soared in contemplation of the life of gods and men: no meaner flight contented them. The apparent subjectivity of Euripides is due to his relative modernness. No literature was ever so swift to run its course as the Attic drama, from the Cyclopean architecture of the "Prometheus" to the composite order of "Alcestis" and "Ion." Euripides, freed somewhat from the tyranny of the colossal myths, was almost Shaksperian in his reduction of them to every-day life with its vicissitudes and social results. His characters are often unheroic, modern, very real and emotional men and women. Aristophanes, still more various, and at times equal to the greatest of the dramatists, as a satirist necessarily enables us to judge of his own taste and temper; but in his travesties of the immediate life of Athens he is no more self-intrusive than Molière, twenty centuries later, in his portraits of *Tartuffe* and *Harpon* and "Les Précieuses." Men create poetry, yet sometimes poetry creates a man for us—witness our ideal of the world's Homer. The hearts of the Grecian dramatists were so much in their business (to use the French expression) that they have told us nothing of themselves; but this implies no insignificance. So reverse to commonplace, so individual were they each and all, that in point of fact we know from various sources more of their respective characters, ambitions, stations, than we know

of that chief of dramatists who was buried at Stratford less than three centuries ago.

But I well may hesitate to discourse upon the Greek and Latin poets to the pupils of an admired expounder of the classical literatures;¹ and I use the word "literatures" advisedly, since, with all his philological learning, it is perhaps his greatest distinction to have led our return to sympathetic comprehension of the style and spirit of the antique masters—to have applied, I may say, his genius not only to the materials in which they worked, but to the grace and power and plenitude of the structures wrought from those materials. With less hesitation, then, I change, in quest of strictly dramatic triumphs, from the time of Pericles to the period of Calderon, of Molière, of Shakspeare and his Elizabethan satellites. Lowell says that Pope and Dryden together made a man of genius. Terence and Plautus between them perhaps display the constituents of a master-playwright, but not, I think, of a strongly imaginative poet.

I have alluded to the process by which the epic and dramatic chieftains appear to reach their creative independence. As a preliminary, or at certain intervals of life, they seem to rid themselves of self-consciousness by its expression in lyrics, sonnets, and canzonets. Of this the minor works of Dante, Tasso, Boccaccio, Michelangelo, Cervantes, Calderon, Camoëns, Shakspeare are eminent examples. But nothing so indicates the unparalleled success of the last-named poet in this regard, as the fact that, unambiguous as are his style and method, and also his moral, civic, and social creeds, we gather so little of the man's inner and outer life from his plays alone: except as we seem to find all lives, all mankind, within himself—all experiences,

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame;

and Coleridge, when he called him the myriad-minded, should have added, "because the myriad-lived."

THE grand drama, then, like the epic, gives us that "feigned history" which is truer than history as written, because it does not attempt to set things right. Its strength must be in ratio to its impersonality. It follows the method of life itself, which to the unthinking so often seems blind chance, so often unjust; and of which philosophers, reviewing the past, are scarcely able to form an ethical theory, and quite helpless to predicate a future. Scientifically, they doubt not—they must not doubt—that

Through the ages one increasing purpose
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns.

Right prevails in the end; crime brings punishment, though often to the innocent. We have seen that, if poets, they deal with phenomena, with the shows of things, and, as they see and faithfully portray these, the chances of life seem much at haphazard. Hamlet, for all his intellect and resolve, is the sport of circumstance. Rain still falls upon the just and the unjust. The natural law appears the wind of destiny. Man, in his conflicts with the elements, with tyranny, with superstition, with society, most of all with his own passions, is still frequently overthrown. It *seems* as if the good were not necessarily rewarded except by their own virtue, or, if self-respecting, except by their own pride, holding to the last; the evil are not cast down, unless by their own self-contempt, and the very evil flourish without conscience or remorse. The pull of the universe is upon us, physically as well as morally. When all goes well, and a fair ending is promised, then

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

Thus Nature, in her drama, has no temporary pity, no regret. She sets before us the plots of life, and its characters, just as they are. The plots may or may not be laid bare; the characters often reveal themselves in speech and action. As the stream rises no higher than its fount, the ideal dramatist is not more learned than his teacher. He may know no more than you of his personages' secrets. Thackeray confessed, you remember, that Miss Sharp was too deep for him.

Tragedy, according to Aristotle and in Dryden's English, is "an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told but represented, which, by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds." And so its reading of the book of life, even with our poor vision, is more disciplinary, more instructive in ethics and the conduct of life, than any theoretic preachment. The latter will be colored, more or less, by the temper of the preacher. Besides, through the exaltation to which we are lifted by the poet's large utterance, our vision is quickened: we see, however unconsciously, that earthly tragedies are of passing import—phenomenal, formative experiences in the measureless progress of the human soul; that life itself is a drama in which we are both spectators and participants; that, when the curtain falls, we may wake as from a dream, and enter upon a life beyond

¹ Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve.

terrestrial tragedies and which fears not even a disembodied phantom, "being a thing immortal as itself."

The Greeks conceived their gods to be almost as powerless as a human protagonist to divert the tides of circumstance, and postulated a Destiny above them all. The dramatists of Christendom, while also impelled to treat life as it is, its best and its worst, recognize no conflict between Deity and Destiny. Pagan and Christian alike present man, the image of his Maker, as exercising his highest function when he rises superior to fate. Thus Job rises, and thus rise Prometheus, Ædipus, Brutus, Hamlet, Wallenstein, Faust, Van Artevelde, and Gregory VII.; and likewise their fine heroic countertypes, Electra, Alcestis, Antigone, Cordelia, Desdemona, Thekla, Jeanne D'Arc, Doña Sol, and all the feminine martyrs of the grand drama.

In arguing that the strength of a play is in ratio to its objectivity, I assume, of course, that other things are equal. After all, the statements are the same, for only the poet endowed with insight and passion *can* give a truthful, forcible transcript of life. Otherwise many would outrank Shakspeare, being equally impersonal, more artistic in plot-structure, truer perhaps to history and to the possibilities of events. They often compose successful plays, striking as to incident and use of stage accessories: but more is required—the imagination that creates brave personalities, the cognate high poetic gifts—to make a composition entirely great. Add to such endowments the faculty of self-effacement, and Shakspeare stands at the head thus far. His period fitted him—one of action and adventurous zest rather than of introspection. At that time, moreover, literary fame and subsistence were won by play-writing. His mind caught fire by its own friction, as he wrote play after play directly for the stage, knowing himself to be in constant touch with the people for whom and from whom he drew his abundant types.

I HAVE often thought upon the relative stations of the various classes of poetry, and am disposed to deem eminence in the grand drama the supreme eminence; and this because, at its highest, the drama includes all other forms and classes, whether considered technically or essentially. Its plot requires as much inventive and constructive faculty as any epic or other narrative. Action is its glory, and characterization must be as various and vivid as life itself. The dialogue is written in the most noble, yet flexible measure of a language; if English, in the blank verse that combines the freedom of prose with the stateliness of accentual rhythm. The gravest speech, the lightest and sweetest,

find their best vehicle in our unrhymed pentameter; again, a poetic drama contains songs and other interludes which exercise the lyrical gift so captivating in the works, for example, of our English playwrights: the Elizabethans having been lions in their heroics, eagles in their wisdom, and skylarks in their rare madrigals and part-songs. Tragedy and comedy alike are unlimited with respect to contrasts of incident and utterance, light and shadow of experience; they embrace whatsoever is poetic in mirth, woe, learning, law, religion—above all, in passion and action. So that the drama is like a stately architectural structure; a cathedral that includes every part essential to minor buildings, and calls upon the entire artistic brotherhood for its shape and beauty: upon the carver and the sculptor for its reliefs and imagery; upon the painter and the decorative artist for its wall-color and stained glass; upon the molder to fashion its altar-rail, and the founder to cast the bells that give out its knell or pæan to the land about. The drama is thus more inclusive than the epic. There is little in Homer that is not true to nature, but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakspeare.

Analyze the components of a Shakspearean play, and you will see that I make no overstatement.

"The Tempest," a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

Full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt
not.

The personages comprise many types—king, noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air, Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem. Consider the poetic thought and diction: what can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution that shall leave "not a rack behind," or his stately abjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there, to the songs of his tricky spirit, his brave chick, Ariel: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five thy father lies," "Where the bee sucks, there suck I." Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakspeare, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece; and such a play as "The Tempest"

shows the possibilities of invention and imagination in the most sympathetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain.

For one, I think that Sophocles and Shakspeare have taught us, by example, that greatness in the noblest of poetic structures must be impersonal. The magician must not directly appear; though, from reflecting upon a *Prospero*, a *Benedick*, or a *Hamlet*, we may guess at certain of his maker's traits; and in sooth he must know his own heart to read the heart of the world, even while he stands so far aloof that it may be said of him, as of one translated,

Far off is he—

No more subjected to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets.

Yet there is a subjective drama which, as we have learned in our day, is not without greatness derived from the unique genius of its constructor. The poet of England and Italy, whose ashes Venice has so recently surrendered to their shrine in Westminster, doubtless possessed a sturdier dramatic spirit than any Briton since the days of John Webster and John Ford. Browning was a masterful poet in his temper and insight, his flashes of power and passion, his metaphors, and distinguished for his recognition of national and historic types, his acceptance of life, his profound conviction that the system of things is all right, that we can trust it to the end. But his incessant recurrence to this conviction was a personal factor significant of many others. There are numerous and distinct characters in his repertory, but it requires study to apprehend them, for they have but one habit of speech, whatsoever their age or country. They all indulge, moreover, in that trick of self-analysis which Shakspeare confines to the soliloquies of special personages at critical moments. Even Browning's little maids study their own cases in the spirit of *Sordello* or *Paracelsus*. Finally, his whole work is characterized by a strangely individual style and atmosphere. True, it is difficult to mistake an excerpt from Shakspeare at his prime. But why is this? Because Shakspeare's style has unapproachable beauty, strength, flexibility, within the natural method of English verse; his inimitableness is due not to eccentricity, but to a grandeur of quality. His tone, characterization, and dialogue are as varied as nature. Browning's method hardly suggests either our native order of thought or nature's universality. It seems the result of a decision to compose in a peculiar way, but more likely is the honest reflex of his analytic mental processes. That at

times it is great, and above that of his contemporaries, must be acknowledged, for his intellect was of a high order.

Swinburne calls his plays "monodramas, or soliloquies of the spirit." The subjectivity which blends their various personages in a common atmosphere does not detract from the effect of his powerful dramatic lyrics and monologues, each the study of a single character. The most striking of these pieces,—their abundance is prodigal, and not one is without excuse for being,—from "My Last Duchess," "Bishop Blougram," "Childe Roland," "Saul," to "A Forgiveness," including nearly all the "Dramatic Lyrics," and "Men and Women," place him among the century's foremost masters. In such studies, and in certain of his dramas, he has created a new type of English poetry that is second only to the Elizabethan. His eminence is taken for granted when we begin to measure him, if only in contrast, by Shakspeare himself: a tribute rendered to scarcely any other poet save John Keats, and, in that instance, not on the score of mature dramatic quality, but for a diction so prophetic of what in time might be that the world thinks of his youthful shade among the best as the one permitted to sit at Shakspeare's feet.

I spoke of our sovereign dramatist as being in spirit with his own people, and writing directly for their stage. Browning's earlier plays were written for enactment, and one or two were produced with some success. These, however, to my mind, are not his best work, and his most effective dramas are not, as we say, adapted to stage performance. Yet I rebuke myself, when repeating this cant of the coulisses, as I reflect upon the quality that does find vogue with managers and audiences at the present time. Who can predict what will be thought best "adapted to stage performance" when Jove lets down "in his golden chain the Age of better metal" for which Ben Jonson prayed—the age, at least, of different metal? Even now we follow a grand drama, though it be one of the outlived classical and recitative cast, with absorbed delight, when it is revived by a Salvini. But I believe that Browning himself would have written more and greater dramas, and of an impersonal order, if there had been a theatrical demand for his work after the performances of "Strafford" and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon." Mischance, and the spirit of the time, may have lost to us a modern Shakspeare. As it is, we have gained a new avatar of dramatic poetry in the works of our Victorian Browning.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The People's Money.

WHAT is the best kind of money for the people — using the latter word in the sense in which it is employed by the advocates of free silver coinage? These advocates, like the champions of all other forms of cheap money during the past three centuries, speak of gold as the money of the rich, of bankers and money-lenders, of capitalists and rich corporations, whom they denominate “gold-bugs,” and whose center of activity is Wall street. All the remaining elements of the population are classed together as “the people,” to whom, it is now claimed, free silver is the money which would bring the largest measure of prosperity and happiness. Is this claim well founded; or is it, like all other alleged cheap-money benefits, a delusion founded partly upon ignorance of economic laws and principles, and partly upon private and personal greed?

The silver dollar which the free-coinage advocates desire to have bestowed upon the people is one containing $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of pure silver, worth in the markets of the world, at the present writing, about 70 cents. The proposition is that the United States government shall take this amount of silver, coin it free of charge, stamp it “one dollar,” and make it a legal tender for all public and private debts. That means that the United States shall pay \$1.29 an ounce for silver, in any and all amounts from any and every quarter, though the market price is only 90 cents an ounce, and shall make payment in legal-tender money interconvertible with gold at par.

What would be the first effect of the passage of this law? There is not an economist of any standing anywhere in the world who will not say that the first effect would be the disappearance of gold entirely from our circulation, and the descent of the country to the silver standard. The silver advocates claim that the mere passage of the law would force the price of silver from 90 cents up to \$1.29 an ounce, but there is no possibility of such an effect. They claim that silver has fallen in value because of its demonetization by nearly all the nations of the world, whereas the real cause is an enormous increase in production, and great improvements in mining, by which the cost of production has been diminished. The yearly average product of silver from 1851 to 1875 was \$51,000,000, and from 1876 to 1890 it was \$116,000,000, an increase of 127 per cent. The yearly average product of gold between 1851 and 1875 was \$127,000,000, and between 1876 and 1890 \$108,000,000, a decrease of 15 per cent. That is why gold has more than maintained its value, while silver has depreciated. In 1873 silver was worth \$1.30 an ounce, in 1874 it had dropped to \$1.27, in 1875 to \$1.24, and in 1876 to \$1.15. In 1877 a free-coinage bill was introduced in Congress, and in 1878 it was amended so as to provide for the coinage of not less than two million nor more than four million dollars' worth of silver bullion per month into dollars to be full legal tender at their nominal value. This was passed, vetoed by President Hayes, and passed over his veto. It was claimed that this would raise the price of silver. Since it became a law 405,000 silver dollars

have been coined, 348,000,000 of which are locked up in the Treasury vaults, never having passed into circulation. The price of silver dropped to \$1.12 an ounce in 1879, reached \$1.14 in 1880, \$1.13 in 1881 and 1882, fell to \$1.11 in 1883, to 99 cents in 1886, to 93½ cents in 1889, and to 90 cents in 1892. In 1890 Congress enacted a law which authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase four and a half million ounces of silver bullion per month at the market price, and to give in return for it legal-tender notes redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the Government. Even this enforced purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver a year has not stayed the downward progress of the price.

A striking demonstration of the utter folly of the claim that free coinage would lift the price of silver from 90 cents to \$1.29 an ounce is made by Mr. Louis R. Ehrich of Colorado Springs, to whose luminous and valuable publications upon the silver question we are indebted for much exact information. At the time he wrote silver was 95 cents an ounce, but his demonstration is none the less effective. He says:

There is on our planet, in round figures, three billion nine hundred million dollars' worth of silver held as money or as a fund for money redemption. That is to-day all worth about 95 cents an ounce. Now these free-silver men tell us that the natural alchemy of free coinage by the United States all alone is going to raise these thirty-nine hundred millions from 95 cents to \$1.29. That is, it is going to add a value of over a billion dollars to the world's silver stock. Astonishing proposition!

All authorities agree that the silver of the world would be dumped almost in a body upon us, at the advanced coinage price which our Government would have to pay till we abandoned the gold standard, or gold went to a premium, which would be in a very short time after the law went into operation. We should then have only one kind of money, a dollar worth 70 cents, which every man who had a debt the payment of which was not stipulated to be in gold, could use to pay off 100 cents' worth of debt, and which every man who earned money in any way would have to receive for a 100 cents' worth of work. All debts would therefore be scaled down 30 per cent., except those with a gold-payment stipulation, and all wages, pensions, salaries, life-insurance policies, and savings-bank deposits would be cut down in the same way. There would be no escape. The dear money, gold, would be driven out of circulation by the cheaper money, silver, by the working of a law as inexorable as the law of gravitation.

Attention was called to this effect upon the pensioners of the Government in a circular which Congressman Harter of Ohio sent to all the Grand Army Posts a few weeks ago. In that he said:

If a *Free-Silver Bill* becomes law, a veteran who now gets a pension worth to him \$4.00 per month would receive *actually* but \$2.80, with the chance of it going down to an actual value of \$2.40. Take the case of a soldier who is a total physical wreck and utterly unable to do for himself. Such a man gets \$72.00 per month. If a *Free-Silver Bill* passes, while he would *nominally* get the same, he would really get but \$50.40, with a strong probability that in the early future his \$72.00 of monthly pension would be

worth not over \$43.20. This coinage question should not be one of party politics. It rises above partisanship. The honor of the country is at stake. Its business interests from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf are jeopardized. Its good faith not only to its living soldiers is brought in question, but if a so-called free-coinage bill becomes law, the widows and orphans of the nation's dead will be robbed by the laws of the land they died to save. The law would work a monstrous wrong, for from the moment it goes upon the statute book it represents over \$45,000,000 per year taken from the ex-soldiers, their widows, and their orphans.

That would be the effect upon the pensioners, without a doubt. No man who has a rudimentary knowledge of economic laws can question that for a moment. Let us see what would be the effect upon savings-bank deposits and life-insurance policies.

There are deposited in our savings-banks sixteen hundred millions of dollars, a sum greater than the entire amount of money in active circulation in this country. These deposits are for the most part made up of small amounts, and represent the savings of the working-classes. Of these savings a thousand millions are invested in mortgages. Many of these mortgages are made payable in gold, but many others are not. Every one of them which has not a gold-paying clause can be paid off in silver; that is, the holder of it can be compelled to receive \$700 as full payment for every \$1000 of money lent. Is this honest or wise? Would a man who paid his honest debts in that way ever be able to secure another loan? Every mortgage in future would bear a gold-paying clause, and it would be very difficult to induce lenders who had been cheated once to trust the persons who had cheated them with a further loan on any terms.

Who are the lenders who would be cheated if mortgage indebtedness were to be paid in silver at 70 cents on a dollar? Are they "gold-bugs"? On the contrary, in many cases they are widows and orphans who are living on the hard earnings of industrious people, saved through many years of economy and toil. The "gold-bugs" have been merely the agents for the investment of this money, seeking for it a sure and safe return to the people who have put it in their care. The indispensable requisite for such return is the most sure and unvarying standard of value known to man—that is, the gold standard. The "gold-bug" who insists upon that is the truest possible friend and servant of the people, whether he be acting as their agent in lending them money, or investing and caring for it at the head of an insurance company, or in any other capacity. Rich men do not lend money; they borrow it—borrow it from the banks and insurance companies to invest it for their profit, and for the profit of its owners. They are the agents for all the money-savers of the land, seeking to win for them the best income possible upon their savings. They place the mortgages upon the western farms, and upon the buildings and other property in western cities, and the money which they use for that purpose is the money which the people, the workers and savers of the land, place in banks and insurance companies for their families and for use in their hour of need.

These are the people who would suffer by the swindle of making 70 cents do the work of a dollar by process of law. Every workman in the land, every person drawing a salary, would suffer in the same way. He would receive the same number of dollars as before,

but each dollar would buy only 70 cents' worth of commodities. He is in fact a creditor for every day's or every week's work, and he is cheated of more than a third of his earnings if, when pay-day comes around, he must take \$7 in place of \$10, or \$14 in place of \$20.

The true "people's money" is the best money; that is, the money which will buy the most of what every man needs, and which will be worth the same this week as it was last, the same next year as this year. There is no security for savings of any kind with any other standard of value, no safety for loans, no interest on bank deposits. The man who declares cheap money in any form to be the "people's money" is the worst possible enemy of the people, for his policy, if carried out by the Government, would rob the people of a large portion of their hard-earned savings; would cut down their wages, and would throw the whole business of the country into confusion and doubt, sending paralysis and disaster into every industry and into every branch of trade and commerce. The worst sufferers would be the toilers of all kinds, the people of moderate means, and the poor. If the advocates of free coinage were honest in their contention that the country's welfare would be enhanced by having both silver and gold as a basis for its currency, they would consent to the coinage of a silver dollar worth 100 cents; but this they refuse to do. They refuse to accept an honest dollar, and insist upon a dishonest dollar. They are not serving the people, but are serving the devil, and the issue which they raise, far from being a political one, is a moral one of the first magnitude.

No great party in the United States, in national convention assembled, will dare make itself responsible for the distress that would fall upon the masses of our population from free and unlimited silver coinage.

The Machine versus the People.

It has been our custom for many years to discuss in this department of THE CENTURY questions of political science, that is, of politics in the widest and truest sense of the word, which is the attainment of that method of administering public affairs which will best promote the safety, peace, and prosperity of the whole people. Into the wrangles of partizan politics this magazine cannot enter. It can concern itself only with general movements and tendencies which promise on the one hand to promote the cause of good government, or threaten, on the other, to retard or even to destroy it. If in criticizing and condemning bad political methods and schemes for dishonest government we seem to be condemning any particular politician or class of politicians, the fault will not be with us, but with him or them; for the politician whose champions hasten to say that he is assailed whenever dishonest political methods are attacked, has become so identified with those methods that the public instinctively thinks of him when they are mentioned. No man gets a reputation of this kind save by his own conduct.

The most dangerous tendency in this country during the past twenty-five years has been the steadily increasing power of the political machines. From being the necessary organizations through which the voters of the great political parties were enabled to express their will in an orderly and authoritative manner, they have been developed into compact and disciplined bod-

ies of political workers, blindly subservient to a few leaders, or to a single leader or boss. Instead of registering the will of the whole party, a machine of this character uses all its power to suppress that will, and to force upon the party the will of the leaders or boss. The party is forced to acquiesce or to overthrow its own recognized organization and to subject itself to the danger of defeat. Rather than incur this danger, both political parties have frequently rallied to the support of notoriously unfit candidates for State and minor offices, and not infrequently have elected them. By general consensus of opinion, the harm which has been caused to good government in States and cities by this abuse of the legitimate use of political organization is incalculable. It has given the believers in popular government in all parts of the world serious misgivings as to its capabilities and its perpetuity—misgivings which we do not share, but which cannot be ignored.

This abuse of machine power is bad enough, and disastrous enough, when applied to State and municipal politics. If now it shall be extended to National politics, and if it shall prove strong enough to secure a presidential nomination by suppressing the will of a great party, the issue made will be so serious as to rise at once above politics and to become purely a question of morals. From the nature of the case this must be the outcome, for machine power is never exerted to extreme ends save in the interest of the worst and most objectionable politics.

We cannot illustrate this contention better than by enumerating the long-continued series of steps by which a politician of the machine type has advanced to the point at which a presidential nomination is sought to be captured for him. He begins his political career in the ward politics of a small city. He receives his elementary instruction in political methods from a professional corruptionist, and under this tutelage soon becomes an expert in debauching and perverting the suffrage. He is able to get himself elected to the State legislature, and while in that body forms an alliance with the greatest corruptionist of the time. From the legislature he advances by successive stages till he reaches the highest office in the State—becomes its chief executive. He wishes to be reelected, and needs money to help him to succeed in his purpose. He gives his personal notes for \$15,000 to the chairman of his party committee or machine. He has these notes converted into cash by inducing certain political friends to indorse them. The chairman of his machine, who happens to be a large contractor on one of the State's public works, subsequently pays both notes, and charges them against himself upon the books of his contracting firm. He uses his influence to induce a majority of the commission controlling a public work to award to the firm of contractors of which the chairman is a member a contract for which that firm's bid is \$54,000 higher than the lowest competing bid. When the contract has been awarded, it is immediately sold by the chairman to one of the lower competing bidders for \$30,000 clear profit, the chairman never having done any work under it. Thus the city has been robbed of \$54,000, and the machine chairman has obtained \$30,000 of it with which to pay himself for \$15,000 which he gave to the chief executive for the latter to use in his reelection.

Let us follow this career a little further. The term

of chief executive, lasting through a period of several years, is devoted to the most untrusting and unscrupulous efforts for the building up and strengthening of his personal political machine. To this end the public service, all its offices and patronage, and all the power which the executive's veto-privilege confers over the members of the legislature, are used without scruple, and without regard to anything save the individual advantage of the executive. The most intimate relations are established by the executive with the liquor interests of the State, and with the most unruly and dishonest elements of the population in all the cities. No legislation restricting the spread of liquor-selling is permitted to become law, and all legislation in the interest of honest elections and a secret and untrammelled ballot is either vetoed or, through executive opposition, injuriously modified—as is demonstrated when finally put into practice. So successful are these years of machine-constructing, that when the term of the executive draws near its end he is able to order and secure his own election to a senatorship of the United States. As he wishes to make that a stepping-stone to a presidential nomination, he does not go to Washington, but retains possession of both senatorship and governorship at the same time, in order to maintain his control upon his machine. When the election of his successor has been held, and it is found that his party has a majority in one branch of the legislature but not in the other, he at once sets his machine in motion to capture control of the other by manipulating canvassing boards. He is overruled by the courts, and he denounces and defies them. Some of the legal returns are abstracted from the delivered mails in the State offices before they can reach the final canvassing officers, and thus it is made possible for those canvassing officers to count as legal a return which the highest court in the State had declared to be illegal, thereby getting full possession of the legislature. To the most shameless of the minor State officers who help in this theft is awarded, through a subservient successor in the governorship, a judgeship on the bench of the highest court in the State, whose decrees have been defied.

With this theft of a legislature as his crowning achievement he announces himself a candidate for the presidency, his champions pointing with pride to that as his strongest claim upon his party for its highest honor. He then sets his perfected machine in motion to commit his State to his candidacy; calls a convention at an unusual date; leaves his seat in the Senate and personally directs the machine in its work of packing and running his convention; and when all is done appears before the delegates and thanks them for the honor which he has bid them confer upon himself.

When the candidacy has been launched before the country on this record and in this manner, let us suppose that this aspirant for the presidency goes into every State, either personally or by means of his agents, and inspires the political elements in each which correspond to those behind him in his own State to go to work by similar methods to defeat the will of the whole party in the national convention, forming, as it were, a compact union of all the worst members of the party for the defeat of the wishes of all the other members.

Does not a manifestation of machine power like this call for serious attention from all honest men, no matter what their political faith may be? Can a presi-

dential nomination be sought by such a man and with such methods, and not raise an issue of morals in politics in which the whole country will take a vital interest? No American who has faith in his country and in its capacity for self-government believes it possible that, if such a candidate were to succeed in forcing his nomination upon a party, he could be elected. The moral sense of the country would be so aroused by the insult that it would sweep away all party lines, and unite all honest men in a grand committee of safety to defend the nation's honor from so base an assault. It would be a national disgrace for a great party to confer a nomination upon such a candidate, for its doing so would be a confession that half the voters of the country were in slavery to machine rule; but when the righteous indignation of the people made itself heard at the polls, the disgrace would be wiped out forever.

Regularity and Independence.

THE most useful word in the vocabulary of the man who makes a mere business of politics is "regularity." The "regular" politician, when he sincerely desires votes for his side, is eloquent in calling upon every man of character, principle, and independence to cease voting for the other party, and to come and vote for the politician's party. In fact the calls to national conventions of all parties are largely made up of such appeals,¹ and are based upon the idea that a human being not only can, but should, think independently and vote independently. It is only when this independence becomes troublesome that men of independence of character are covered with the politician's inelegant abuse.

And yet there is nobody more irregular than a regular politician of the unprincipled sort. He is essentially and brazenly irregular. His very rules are often constructed for entirely irregular purposes. While making certain apparent use of rules, his whole scheming is against rule; that is, he lends all his energies to falsify public opinion; he misrepresents majorities; he is autocratic, tyrannical, and purely self-seeking. The securing of fair dealing and just regularity is the very life and intent of rules; whereas this is exactly what the regular politician labors, through his use of regulations, to avoid. We say through his use of regulations; but it is notorious that nobody can break his own rules with more effrontery than the most pedantic of regulars.

¹ See "Partisan Recognition of the Independent Voter," Topics of the Time for October, 1890.

As for independence, there is no one, in a sense, so independent as the regular politician. It is he (with the assistance, perhaps, of a little group of cronies) who decides—often with complete indifference to public opinion—what shall be the "principles" of a party, and who shall be its candidates at any given election. When the regular politician, therefore, denounces independence and irregularity, he does it with his tongue in his cheek; and yet there are good men who are innocently beguiled by this sort of talk at every election.

We are not of those who denounce the idea of party. Every good movement, every valuable idea in human progress, tends to the formation of a party and the breeding of partisans. Primarily a party is nothing other than the association of men to put into practice some principle of government to which they are attached. It is only when party names are degraded to mere pretexts for plunder and means of selfish aggrandizement that they become a menace to the public good; and that this is the tendency of all large political associations history proves.

It happens that in the career of every great party a moment arrives when the mere machine politician endeavors to use an organization sacred to a purpose and a cause for ends solely personal and corrupt. In other words, a moral crisis is sure to arrive in the course of every political association. Then comes throughout the length and breadth of the land a sure test of clear vision and integrity. One of the saddest sights at such an epoch is the pitiful and apologizing use of clean reputations for the bolstering of sordid causes; the alliance of fair and cherished fames with all that is sinister in the forces that influence the destinies of a people. Look around, and look back over the political history of America! It is always so. The weakly good, and the cynically and selfishly decent, just at the time when designing and corrupt manipulators should be opposed by all the strength of public opinion, lend their names and services to the cause of immorality, and conspire with evil men for the degradation of government. But discouraging as is this melancholy phenomenon, there is always deep encouragement in the spectacle presented in moral crises such as we have described of brave and cool-headed independence, of unselfish devotion to principle, of right feeling showing itself often in unexpected places, of wide-spread enthusiasm for moral ideals, and for sound and elevated views of public duty.

OPEN LETTERS.

The German Emperor and the Russian Menace.

THE German Emperor shares with the best-informed men in his army the belief that Russia intends to attack him at the earliest convenient opportunity. It is not the Czar who is urging war. Those who know that monarch well scout the idea. He loves peace and quiet, and does not wish to be disturbed. How long he can make his personal wishes prevail we cannot say, for he may have to choose between war and disquieting agitation. His ministers, who see more clearly than their master, realize that the economic condition of Russia has been going from bad to worse under a system of protection and repression that has no parallel in mod-

ern times. Commercial enterprise is hampered by a swarm of police, who are able to levy blackmail upon any tradesman who is not "protected." Inquiry of every kind is carefully stifled, and even French newspapers are "blacked out" by the censor if they contain news contrary to police wishes. Popular discontent exists, and it is the object of the Government to divert attention from domestic affairs to the enemy beyond.

Russia's active hatred of Germany dates from 1878, and is one of the many legacies of the Bismarck era. Every one remembers that the Russian army was in sight of Constantinople, and was prepared to take pos-

session, when England interfered. The Russians returned from the war expecting to receive at the Berlin Congress, in a diplomatic way, all that they had given up on the battle-field. In this they were mistaken, and their ambassador returned from Berlin to tell his people that the fruits of the war of 1877 had been lost to them through German perfidy. From that day to this hatred of Germany has been preached as the national gospel of Russia, and in this hatred have been included Jews, Poles, Swedes, Finns—in short, all the unorthodox whose civilization draws inspiration from the western neighbor. "Russia for the Russians!" is now the cry, and the orthodox Russian Church shouts louder than any one in the congregation.

The famine which spread over part of Russia last year does not abate this cry of revenge. On the contrary, there is not a peasant who does not believe that in some mysterious way the heretic Jew or German is responsible for his misery, and for that matter German and Jew are one to him, for both are unorthodox, both un-Russian. With this aspect of the case in mind, it seems strange indeed that the government of Russia should be acting in a manner to alienate the sympathy of subjects on her western frontier. It is possible that the Czar's ministers disapprove of the extreme measures taken in the Baltic provinces to expunge the German language and the Lutheran faith, but they know the power of the orthodox clergy, and dare not resist the only expression of what has to pass for public opinion.

The famine in Russia is real, although it is equally true that there is always a failure of crops somewhere in a country so vast. I lost no opportunity during the height of the newspaper discussion of the subject to make inquiry in proper quarters regarding the nature and extent of the alleged distress. The Government seems incapable of giving friends of Russia any satisfactory idea of the situation, and, worst of all, does not inspire any great confidence in the breasts of sympathizers. One day a minister reports that the famine is of no serious character; soon afterward the press announces that twenty millions of people are perishing. In any event, the situation is not cheering, famine or no famine.

If, however, a famine really exists on a large scale, then is there all the more reason to expect war. The peasant suffers first; next suffers the storekeeper, who supplies the few things the peasant cannot make himself; next suffers the wholesale dealer, who gets no more orders; next suffer the merchant and the banker of the capital and the seaport; at last suffers the only one worth considering—the Government, which feels it finally in the confession of hundreds and thousands of police officials that the peasant has been taxed to his last copeck. At this point the news becomes serious, for the Government is a costly one, and only money can sustain it: money for the interest on a huge public debt; money for the huge military machine; money for the police; money for the imperial family; money for secret service; money to maintain political jails; money to guard prisoners on the way to the mines of Siberia. When the Government finds that money is wanting to sustain its prestige, and that empty stomachs are growling, it may choose war as the lesser evil.

Germany is not blind to the dangers that threaten her, particularly from France. She will have one army on the Rhine, another on the Vistula. Von Moltke clearly

foresaw the intention of Russia to attack, and never failed to urge upon William I. the military necessity of forcing the war as soon as possible. His reasons, of course, were purely military. "Russia," he argued in 1875, "is arming against us; each year she becomes more formidable. We, on the contrary, remain stationary. Our duty is to fight now, while the heroes of 1870 are still fresh, and not wait until they are retired from active service." Von Moltke saw more clearly than Bismarck. William I. was old, and relied on his prime minister, who kept telling him that Russia was Germany's natural ally; that Russia must be humored at any cost. On the part of the venerable William I. there were strong family reasons dictating friendship for the Russian Czar; but this does not explain Bismarck's apparent indifference to the fact that, for the last fifteen years, Russia has been cultivating hatred of Germany, second only to that prevailing in France.

The present German Emperor foreshadowed Russia's attitude of to-day three years before he came to the throne. He has been nearly four years in power, and has not only not declared war, but has not made a single warlike demonstration of a practical kind. His military family, if I may use the expression, are ready to anticipate the blow of Russia; but Germany keeps the peace because her Emperor is too conscientious to precipitate the conflict. Personally he is deeply pained by the hostile attitude of the Russian government; his efforts in the direction of closer commercial intercourse have been met by sullen objection; he has been treated with personal discourtesy by the Czar; his own people are outraged by the daily account of persecution to which Germans in Russia are subjected; he knows that the line of the Narew, the Niemen, and the Vistula is fortified by a chain of strong forts, and that Kirghiz Cossacks patrol all the roads crossing his frontier. He is perfectly well aware that France is ready to coöperate with Russia, and that her forces are better organized than ever before.

The German Emperor is not unpopular in Germany. This fact cannot be too strongly presented, because many important consequences flow from it. He has done many things to disquiet moderate Liberals; has done things indicating a disposition to assume responsibility which might better be shared with Parliament. He has made many impromptu speeches which a prime minister would cheerfully have recalled; he has written texts which a strictly constitutional ruler would wish relegated to privacy. Granted all this and much more, for the sake of argument, let us come to what he has positively done, in order to understand why, in spite of this, he is Emperor in the German heart as well as in the German army. He has shown himself accessible to complaints from all classes of the community, and has interested himself in remedies; he has abolished the special laws against socialism with most excellent results; he has removed much of the irritation on the French frontier; he has met the grievances of the Polish Prussians in the same spirit; he has shown a liberality in dealing with the press and platform agitators unknown in Bismarck's day; he has inaugurated a commercial policy which, if not free trade, is a complete denial of the principle that one class has a right to enrich itself at the expense of another; he has drawn together the trade relations of Germans so wisely that Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin seem now like sister cities

of a free federation, and has spread the blessing of commercial freedom more widely than was ever before known in Europe; he has instituted legislation for the benefit of wage-earners and wage-payers, not as a socialist, but in the spirit of arbitration and fair play. In all of this he has moved independently, fearlessly, moderately, and in opposition, not merely to the teachings of Bismarck, but to the school of politicians created for him by that master of medievalism. Not only this, but he has interfered energetically on behalf of the soldier in the ranks; has insisted upon his troops being treated with proper respect by officers, and particularly by corporals and sergeants. He has vigorously put down gambling and fast living among his officers; he has at last interfered on behalf of the overworked school-children, and is the first to say that a teacher shall not cram the pupil's brain at the expense of general health.

All this sounds as though a stroke of the pen could make such reforms real, but it is not so. All academic Germany sets its face against school-reform, and the utmost exercise of tact and persistence is necessary on the part of the Emperor to make his proposals bear fruit. These instances suggest some of the reasons why Germans respect their Emperor. There are others of a negative kind. For instance, we have yet to hear of anything he has done for the gratification of selfish tastes. He is a plain liver; he has never indulged in the vices sometimes associated with royalty; no officer in his army can say that the Emperor taught him to gamble; in his family he is exactly what a German would wish him to be; and the keenest sportsman could not wish a better companion. Finally, he is a thorough soldier: he has served from the ranks up; he can do sentry duty with a guardsman, and can also manoeuvre combined army corps according to the principles of strategy and modern tactics. He has his faults, and none sees them so well as the German general and the German parliamentarian. But he has elements of strength and popularity which vastly outbalance any faults so far discovered—and this is what outside critics are apt to ignore. He has sources of strength totally closed to the Czar. The Kaiser is a man of flesh and

blood; he feels as a German; his work is in harmony with the spirit of German progress; his failings, such as he shows, are German. There is no German who does not admire him in his private relations, even though differing from him in matters official; and we all know that in times of political danger the people are drawn to the man of strong personal character rather than to the cautious and colorless figurehead.

The forces behind William II. are such as have never been cultivated in Russia, whose Czar lives in hourly dread of assassination, and whose people are so many items of an official budget, so many units in a military report. The German Emperor walks about the streets of his towns as fearlessly and naturally as any other man, although the life of his grandfather was twice attempted. One day, in November of 1891, he was walking with a guest through the narrow and crowded thoroughfare of a city not far from Berlin. The sidewalks were narrow, and, as the Emperor is a fast walker, he frequently had to step out into the street to pass other pedestrians, and especially clusters of people who stopped for a chat. His companion, who had been in Russia, was struck by the democratic manner in which the German Emperor rubbed in and out amongst porters, fish-wives, peasants, and the rest of the moving crowd, chatting the while, and acting as though this was his usual manner of getting about. He was struck still more by the fact that no precautions against a possible murderous fanatic appeared to have been taken, and ventured to speak of this. The Emperor laughed heartily, and said: "Oh, if I had to stop to think of such things, I should never get through with my day's work."

It is with this man that Russia will have to reckon when her Cossacks start for Berlin; and this man is strong, not merely because he represents a strong army and a strong political administration, but because in him center the feelings of unity and development, of pride of achievement, and of promise of a still greater future which lie dormant in the hearts of those who regard Germany as the bulwark of civilization against barbarism—Europe against Asia.

Poultney Bigelow.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Sleeping-Car.

CŒLUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT.

WE lie with senses lulled and still
'Twixt dream and thought, 'twixt night and day,
While smoke and steam their office fill
To bear our prostrate forms away.
The stars, the clouds, the mountains, all
Glide by us through the midnight deep;
The names of slumbering cities fall
Like feathers from the wings of sleep.
Till at the last, in morning light,
Beneath an alien sky we stand;
Vast spaces traversed in a night;
Another clime, another land.

T. W. Higginson.

The Arbutus.

ARBUTE, blossom of the May,
Thou and the wind together
Make, whatever the almanacs say,
The spirit's brightest weather.
When youth is gone and fancy flown,
When thought doth little and dwells alone,
The blooming foot-paths open a way
To many a long-past holiday.
Though youth be flown and fancy gone,
The mind's sweet memories may live on.
Only let the south wind blow,
Thou and the South together;
For thou and the balmy south wind make
The spirit's brightest weather.

James Herbert Morse.

Charlie and the Possum.

It was a day of great excitement in the court-room of the 2057th District, G. M. Charlie Brood had been arrested for larceny, the particular charge being that he had stolen a possum and a steel trap, the property of Peter Thompson. Charlie having demanded that he be tried by a jury of his peers, the justice, with that accommodating spirit peculiar to some backwoods officers, had called in six colored gentlemen as a jury, arraigned the prisoner, and put the prosecutor under oath

nigger den, I would n' er be'n hyah now, an' he would n' nuther. I'd er kill 'im right deir!

"Well, sah, I run t'rough dem fiel's like er man's tracks; las' I struck de railroad. I look dis way an' I look dat way, an' den I saw dis hyah nigger wid er bag on es shoulder 'way down de railroad. Fus news he know, I was deir. I say, says I, 'Mornin', Charlie,' des so. An' he say:

"'Mornin'."

"'How you do?'" says I.

"'I'm toler'ble,' says 'e. 'How you do?'"



"DOES YOU WAN TER GIT EN CHARLIE'S WARM BAG?"

to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. As Peter Thompson laid his aged lips upon the well-worn Bible, he rolled the white of his eyes into prominence and let fall an ominous glance upon the prisoner at the bar, who had sunk down into his chair until the top of his shoulders was about level with his ears.

"Jedge, I tell you how hit was," the witness began. "I drives er dray fer Marse Mansfiel' up en Macon, an' I works hard. I ain' got no time ter hunt up deir; I got er wife an' fambly ter tek cyah of. So when I come down hyah ter my aunt's fun'al, I fetch erlong er trap ter sot out, 'cause nigger 'bleege ter hab possum some time. An' I sot hit out en de fur corner of er corn-fiel' en de edge er de swamp, by er black-gum tree, ter catch er possum. I ain' got but fo' days down hyah, Jedge, an' I go ter dat trap ev'y mornin' 'bout day, 'spectin' ter fin' er possum deir ter tek home ter my wife an' fambly. Las', one mornin' I go deir an' I see 'possum signs all ober der place. I say, 'Peter, bless goodness! dat sho big-bo' possum.' Den I say 'g'in, 'Huh, dat strong possum! Done tote trap off.' But I knowed 'e ain' tote hit fur, an' I 'gin ter look erbout. I look, an' I look, an' I look. Ain' see no possum nowhar! Den bimeby I see nigger track, an' 'bout dat time I know wha' de matter. I was sho mad. I des tek dat trail like er houn' dog. Jedge, ef I had er-cotch dat

"An' I up an' say, 'I'm toler'ble.' He don't say no more, an' bimeby I up an' come erg'in:

"'What you got en dat bag, Charlie?' Den 'e say:

"'Unc' Peter, I so tired. Be'n 'way down ter de station ter git my wife some 'taters. She mighty sick, an' hank'rin' atter 'taters, an' our 'taters all got de dry rot.' He ain' answer de question, Jedge, an' I gi' hit ter 'im erg'in. Says I:

"'What you got en dat bag, Charlie?'"

"Den 'e say, 'Hit 's er long way ter de station, an' ef my wife had n' be'n sick she 'd hatter done 'thout 'taters.'"

"Jedge, 'e ain' say 'taters en de bag: des keep on talk'n' roun' 'bout es sick wife an' bein' tired. Den I wan' ter see how big er liar de nigger kin be, an' I ax de question erg'in. 'Bout dat time, while he was studyin' up er new lie, I see de possum twist en de bag, an' right deir I re'ch out my han' an' grab de bag f'om 'im, an' shek hit, 'cause I was determ' ter see what en dat bag. He ain' try ter hender me, an' he better not, 'cause ef 'e had, deir 'd er b'en er rookus right deir. Well, Jedge, I shuk, an' I shuk, an' I shuk, but nuthin' drap. An' den I say:

"'Charlie, look like dem 'taters mus' hab toofs an' toe-nails ter hol' on wid.' An' I shuk erg'in.

"'Charlie,' says I, des so, 'mebbe dem 'taters got de tail wrap' roun' er knot en de bag'; an' wi' dat I turn

hit wrong side out, an' down drap de possum wid he foot en de trap. De lyn' nigger threw up bofe han's, an' say:

"Lordy mussy! what dat possum gwine do wid dat trap?"

"Jedge, I done eat dat possum; hyah he foot en de trap, hyah de trap, an' deir de nigger. He ain' done me right, no 'e ain'."

There was silence for a few moments. Fingal Cave Scotland, the oldest man on the jury, bent his gray head down close to the ear of Obadiah Lafayette and whispered solemnly. The face of the Rev. Septimus Smith, who sat at the other end of the jury, was grave. Others exchanged comments. Evidently it was a threatening moment for Charlie, but Charlie came to the stand smilingly.

"Hit 's des lak dis, Jedge," he began. "I ain' no town nigger, an' I 'm proud er de troof. I ain' so triflin' I cya'n't git work whar I was borned, an' hat ter run ter town. An' I 'm proud er de troof erg'in. Dese hyah town niggers"—and all eyes were directed toward the late witness—"dey 'low as how dey own de whole worl' an' ev'yt'ing dat wears hair er feeders fom hen-roos' ter possum holler. Dey ain' satisfy en town; dey mus' come down hyah an' bre'k up de ole-time huntin' an' fishin' wi' dey trappings an' dey nets. Ef dey 'd come lak er white man an' hunt wid er dog an' er gun, hit 'u'd er be'n diffunt, an' folks 'u'd had some 'spec' fur 'em. Ain' dat so, Unc' Finger?"

This appeal to the prejudices of the country negro had an immediate effect upon the jury.

"Hit sho es de troof," replied Fingal; and his companions seemed to coincide with him. The prisoner continued:

"Jedge, I sort er like possum-merse'f, but I ain' sot no trap. I hunt 'im wid de dog an' de torch like er man. Dat night I was out tryin' ter show er fool puppy how ter trail, an' bimeby he opened up an' lit out. I says ter merse'f, 'Charlie, you gwine ter hab possum fur dinner.' An' 'bout dat time I des natch'lly laugh out loud. 'You gwine ter hab barbecue possum,' says I. Jedge, I see dat possum right 'fo' me en de dish, brown all over."

A slight shudder shook the form of the Rev. Septimus Smith, and a momentary sensation swayed the other jurymen. It was as a little breeze wandering in among sleepy rushes.

"I seed dem split sweet 'taters roun' dat possum like er yaller hawberry chain roun' er nigger gal's neck. I seed de brown gravy leakin' down es sides as 'e lay deir cryin' fur joy all ober, an' er jug er 'simmon beer—"

"Hyah! hyah! hyah! hyah-h-h-h! Hyah! hyah! hyah! Hoo-ee-e!"

This explosion came from Fingal Cave Scotland, who doubled up, and would have fallen out of the chair but for the restraining hand of his next neighbor. The sensation was complete; the little breeze had become a whirlwind.

The court administered a ponderous rebuke, and the witness proceeded:

"Hit was des dat way, Jedge; an' I hope yo' Hono' ain' t'ink hard er Unc' Finger fur his natch'll feelin's, 'cause las' possum I taste hit war fixed up an' on es table like I tell yer. An' dey 'd be deir more

oftener ef hit war n't fur dese hyah biggitty town niggers an' dey traps."

"Go on with your story." The judge rapped the table with his knuckles.

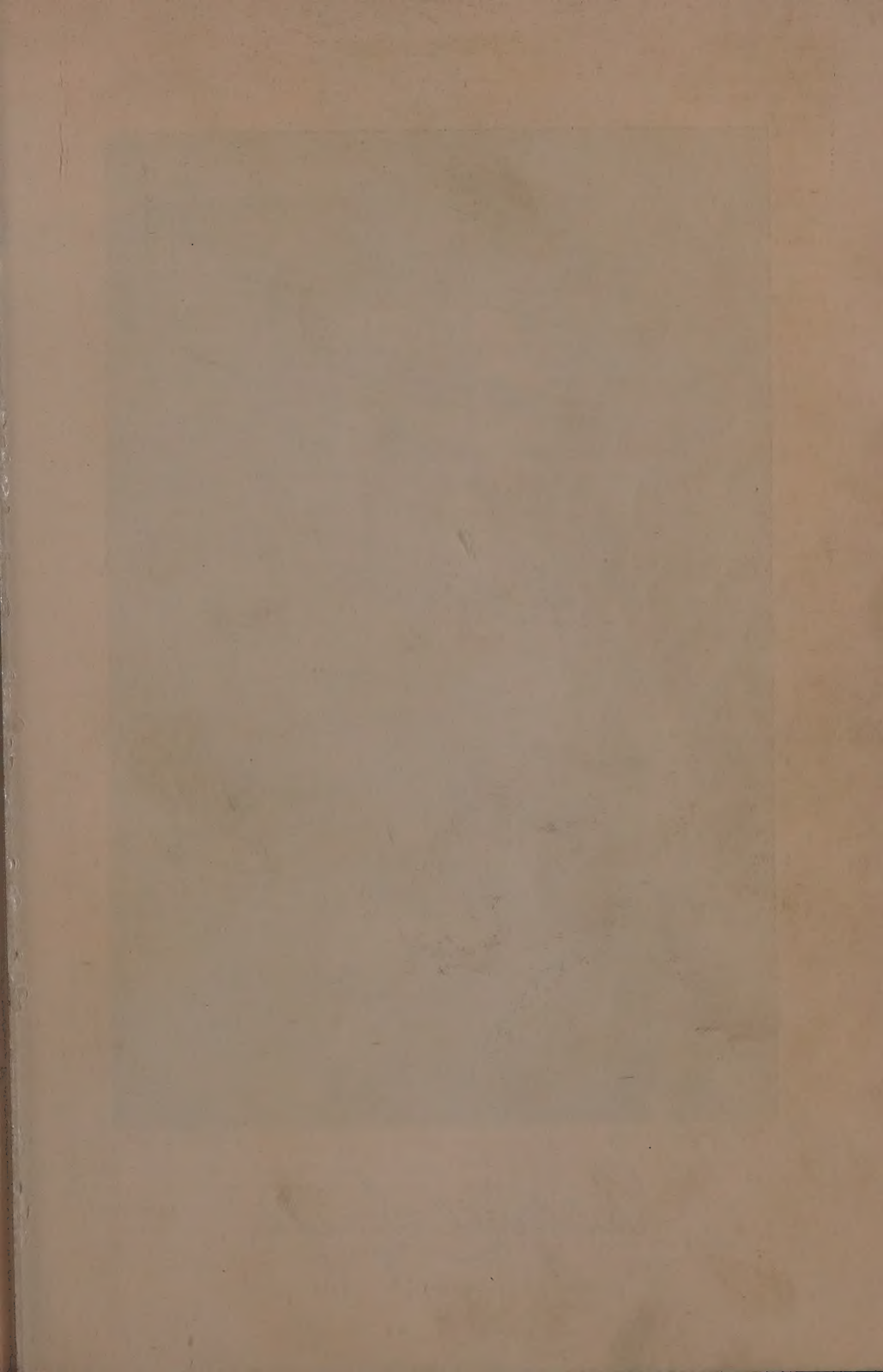
"Yes, sir. Well, Jedge, by dat time de fool puppy plum' out er hearin', an' I knowed he done struck er fox. Hit was de 'July' blood en 'im. I 'gin ter look roun' fur home, 'cause day breakin', when I stumble on sumpin', an', bless God! deir was de possum settin' right 'fo' me. I says, 'Charlie, hyah possum de Lord sont you.' Possum he settin' up deir, by esse'f, an' eyes des er-shinin'. I says: 'Huh! dis possum he sick. No, possum ain' sick; he des too fat ter trabbel. I sho eat dis possum.' Den I look erg'in. Dah, now! Possum hitch en er trap! I say ter merse'f, 'Charlie, dis ain' yo' possum; dis somebody else's possum. You ain' gwine tek 'n'er man's possum, is you?' Den I say, 'No; course I ain' gwine tek dis hyah possum! What I want wid 'n'er man's possum?' an' walk right off, sort er singin' ter merse'f, 'Raccoon tail ain' ringed all roun'.'"

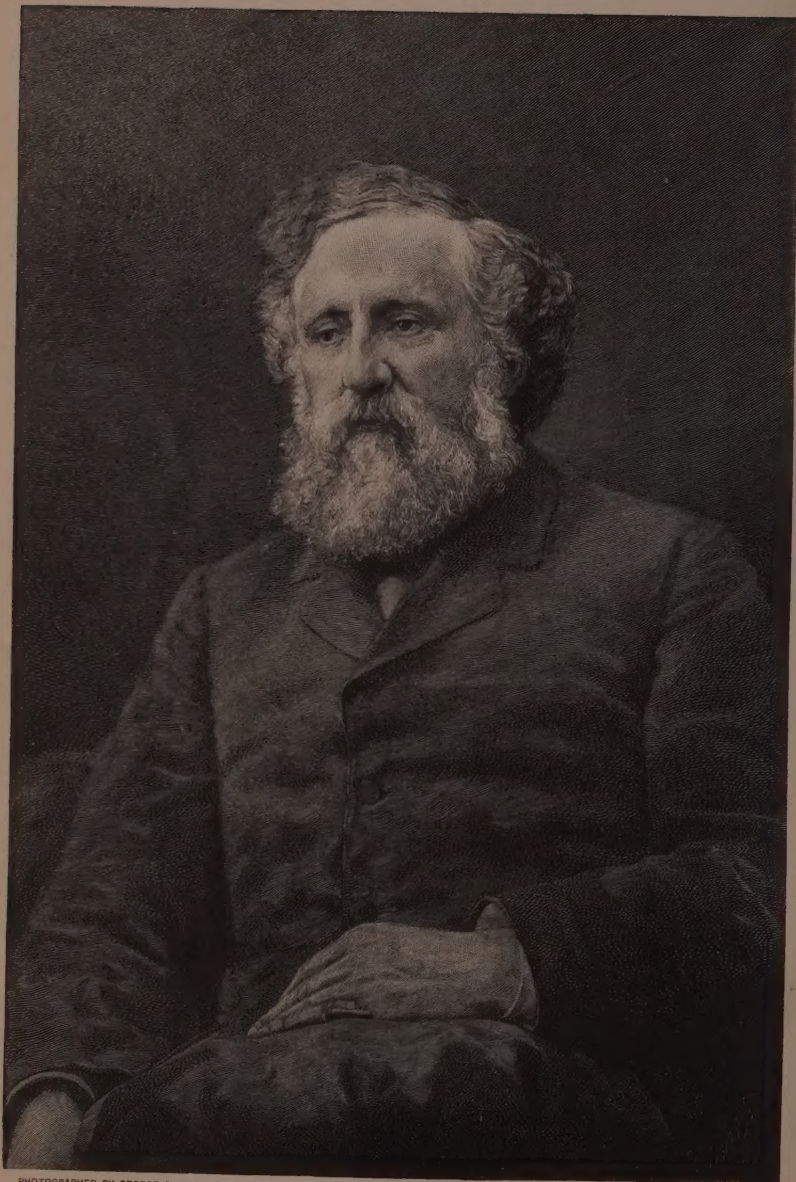
"I git 'bout fifteen foot erway, an' den I kin' er natch'lly look back, an', Jedge, hit 's God's troof, dat little ole possum settin' back deir on dat trap look so col' an' shiv'rin', I feel sorry fur 'im—settin' back deir 'way out en de wet swamp so col' an' lonesome, an' de owls des er-hollerin' an' de heel-taps er-hammerin' up en de dead trees. I says ter merse'f: 'Charlie, you sho ain' gwine lef' dat po' little possum out hyah all by esse'f en de big swamp, es you? Sumpin' bou'n' ter cotch 'im sho.' Den I says: 'Who 'e belong ter, anyhow? Did de man wha' sot dat trap raise 'im? Does dat man own dis hyah lan'? Does 'e own de holler tree dis hyah po' little wand'rin' possum born en? No; 'e don't,' says I. 'Possum is es own boss.' Den I go back an' look 'im en de eye, an' I say, 'Little possum, you col', ain't you?' An', bless goodness! he smile cl'ar back twell es jaw-toof shine. An' I says, 'Does you wan' ter git en Charlie's warm bag an' go 'long back ter sleep?' An' 'e smile erg'in. An' I says, 'All right; but how 'bout dat trap?' An', Jedge, den dat possum look se'-ious, an' lay es nose down on es leg. I tell 'im den: 'Little possum, Charlie ain' gwine lef' you out hyah en de col', an' you be'n up all night. He gwine ter drap you en de bag, 'cause you yo' own boss an' kin come an' go; but ef you fetch dat trap erlong, hits yo' own 'sposibleness. Charlie ain' got no business ter tech 'n'er man's trap. But I gwine shet bofe eyes, an' deir won' be no witness."

"Den de possum he smile erway back erg'in, an' I drap 'im en de bag, bofe eyes shet. An', Jedge, dat 's de Lord's troof. I ain' tech dat trap. Deir hit es down deir on de flo', wi' de possum han' still on hit. I ain' git er smell er dat possum, an' I ain' stole nuthin'."

There was a murmur of applause as Charlie concluded, but this was quickly repressed. The justice, putting on his glasses, read the law as to wild animals to the jury, and explained what was meant by larceny; and the jury retired. When they returned they brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." This was explained afterward by the Rev. Septimus Smith. He said that the jury was clearly of the opinion that a possum was no man's property until actually in his possession, and that if the trap was stolen, it had been stolen by the possum and not by Charlie Brood.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE C. COX.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

Roswell Smith